





# Blood pressure drug is linked with cancer

LIZ HUNT  
Health Editor

A range of top-selling drugs used to treat high blood pressure has been linked with an increased risk of cancer, according to a study which has prompted calls for a moratorium on their use.

A study of 750 people with high blood pressure by teams in the United States and Italy has suggested that those who were taking calcium channel blockers were twice as likely to develop cancer as those taking

other anti-hypertensive drugs. The findings are the latest in a series which have raised questions about the long-term safety of calcium channel blockers, which include the world's second best-selling drug, Adalat (nifedipine).

American researchers last year said that patients taking such drugs had a 60 per cent greater risk of heart attack compared with those on cheaper alternatives such as beta-blockers.

The news sent share prices of some pharmaceutical companies plummeting, and called

into question their marketing methods. Calcium channel blockers are believed to have gained their market position through a combination of positive marketing and over-emphasis on the side-effects of rival medication.

Following the heart attack

study doctors in Britain began rethinking their strategy for treating high blood pressure which affects 25 per cent of adults in the country - about 14 million people - and is a lucrative market.

Then another study pub-

lished in the *Lancet* journal earlier this year suggested that calcium channel blockers caused increased gastrointestinal bleeding in elderly patients. Now the new findings, published in the current issue of the *American Journal of Hypertension*, have uncovered a possible link with cancer.

In a group of 202 elderly patients on three different calcium channel blockers there were 27 cancers, 13 more than would be expected, according to scientists from the National Institute on Aging in Maryland and the

Catholic University in Rome. A US cancer specialist, Janet Daling of the Fred Hutchinson Cancer Research Center in Seattle, says there is a "biologically plausible" explanation for the role of the drugs in cancer development. They are known to inhibit the death of cells and could, in theory, allow cancerous cells to persist in the body.

Doctors here said yesterday that the safety of calcium channel blockers was an "issue" but definitive answers would not be forthcoming until an Anglo-

Scandinavian clinical trial reports in six years time. They urged patients taking calcium channel blockers such as nifedipine, verapamil, and diltiazem, not to panic and to continue with their medication.

Gareth Beevers, president of the British Hypertension Society, professor of medicine at Birmingham University School of Medicine, said: "The American/Italian findings are interesting but they do not constitute proof of anything. We need proper randomised, controlled clinical trials. Until then we

said that the drug had been used in 90,000 patients worldwide over 20 years and there was no evidence of any problems.

He said the new study was in too small a group of patients to be significant, and that the earlier studies linking calcium channel blockers with heart attacks and bleeding, had been disputed by other independent researchers. "Our first concern is to make sure that patients are not put at risk, and that they don't come off their drugs on the basis of questionable findings," he said.

**Animal crackers:** TV presenters go into battle as Johnny Morris condemns popular BBC show as disgusting and unpleasant

## Fur flies as performing pets receive a clawing

LOUISE JURY

The fur flew, the claws were out. The man who brought the natural world to life for generations of children had gone on the offensive on behalf of the animal world.

Johnny Morris, the presenter who gave voices to characters such as Dotty the Lemur and Broly the Umbrella-Cockatoo in the classic television series *Animal Magic*, condemned *Pets*,

sideration is given to the animals'.

Certain creatures suffered stress much more than others and the warning signals could be difficult to spot, he said from the home he shares with three cats in Hungerford, Berkshire.

"Animals like dogs are used to being with us and doing what we ask them to do. But pussy cats, for example, don't like strange situations. They want to be at home."

His objections were nothing to do with the argument that the animals were made to look fools. "They don't know what that means," he said, dismissively.

Mr Morris suspected the real fools were the viewers and the producers. "I'm concerned about the level of intelligence of the audience going to watch this programme. And the BBC are definitely out of their minds. They are bloody bonkers."

Mr Morris and the BBC parted company on the subject of animals some 13 years ago when the 21-year-old children's classic series *Animal Magic*, based at Bristol Zoo, ended amid acrimony over the corporation's attempts to update it.

The former presenter still receives scores of letters from people asking for a return to the old days - "when I think we paid respect to animals" and children were informed as well as being entertained.

"We all knew what our families liked and we considered very carefully what we did. [Pets] is devoid totally of any concern or consideration to animals."

-We have no doubt that the

millions of people who enjoy *Pets Win Prizes* appreciate that great care is taken to ensure animals are properly looked after," a spokeswoman said.

Bill Swann, assistant chief veterinary officer of the Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals said the society had written to the programme over incidents in the past, such as when hamsters were placed inside plastic spheres and when pigs were brought into the studio to hunt for truffles.

"One of our basic guidelines is that animals should not be put in circumstances where they cannot extricate themselves if they become frightened or distressed," he said.

Personally, he did not approve of animals being used in this way. "I don't find it suitable family entertainment," he said.

Not so magic: Johnny Morris - at home with his cat, Charlie - has launched an attack on 'Pets Win Prizes' and its presenter, Dale Winton (right)

Photograph: Stuart Harrison



**'Animals like dogs are used to being with us and doing what we ask them to do. But pussy cats, say, don't like strange situations. They want to be at home'**

*Pets Win Prizes*, BBC1's hit Saturday evening show, as "disgusting".

*Pets Win Prizes* features animals playing games and performing stunts to the joy of their owners and amusement of 5 million viewers.

But Mr Morris, now 80, said it was "not pleasant for the animals and not nice to watch."

"This is a case where animals are being used for the benefit of the presenter and little con-

## Game of chicken ends in arrest

DAVID USBORNE  
NEW YORK

Played out almost daily in shopping malls and back alleys across America, it is the kind of situation every American police officer dreads: a stand-off with a suspected felon who, in a last desperate attempt at self-preservation, seizes a hostage and threatens instant murder unless the law backs off.

In Uniondale, Long Island, however, the script was less *The Taking of Pelham 1 2 3* and more Woody Allen or the Goodies. "Stop right there or the rooster gets it," might have been the

demand of Roderick Baker, as police detectives and state sanitation officials arrived at his quiet suburban home.

The fuzz were chasing Mr Baker not because he was accused of any dramatic sort of crime. Rather, his neighbours had simply complained about the chickens in his backyard. The birds were malodorous and noisy and were threatening the otherwise cosy atmosphere of the street, they said.

But Mr Baker, 70, a self-proclaimed antiques dealer, did not take kindly to the intrusion. Feathers flew (and more) as he vowed to kill one bird every

minute until the fuzz went away. The authorities refused to comply and, you might say, a bloody game of chicken ensued. Before Mr Baker was finally rushed by the startled officers, three birds met an untimely end.

More shocked than anyone by the brouhaha were the neighbours, who had filed the police complaint in the first place. "He is such a quiet man," said Angela Avila, who lives next door. "Nobody liked the chickens running around, but he was always very polite. You wouldn't expect this."

Bird lovers were also less than

delighted by the episode, even if they considered it was Mr Baker who had behaved in a cock-eyed fashion, not the police. "He just went whack," said Larry Wallach of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals after the drama.

Once inside, the police found no fewer than 50 hens and roosters crammed into Mr Baker's small back garden, which was also filled with other assorted urban junk.

Mr Baker, meanwhile, was sent to the coop. The precise charges against him are not yet known. Fowl play in the first degree might be appropriate.



## The PC that isn't PC is lost for words

JOHN WILLCOCK

Bill Gates' company Microsoft has been forced to perform a humiliating U-turn after Spanish users of the computer giant's Windows 95 dictionary attacked it as racist, fascist, sexist and offensive.

The company has suffered a deluge of complaints in recent weeks from customers who have been angered by a plethora of outdated and insulting definitions. According to the magazine *Computer Weekly*, the word "lesbian" is defined as "perverted and vicious" while "homosexual" is described as merely "perverted and deviant".

Suggested alternatives for "woman" do not even include "human being" or "person". The dictionary does, however, suggest "doncella", which means servant or virgin. "Señorita", the Spanish for "Miss", "Venus" and "Eve".

Indigenous peoples around the world also get a rough ride. Alternative words include cannibal, savage, barbarian and kafir, alongside aborigine, Indian and Bedouin. In contrast a "Westerner" gets a glowing if sexist, description that includes

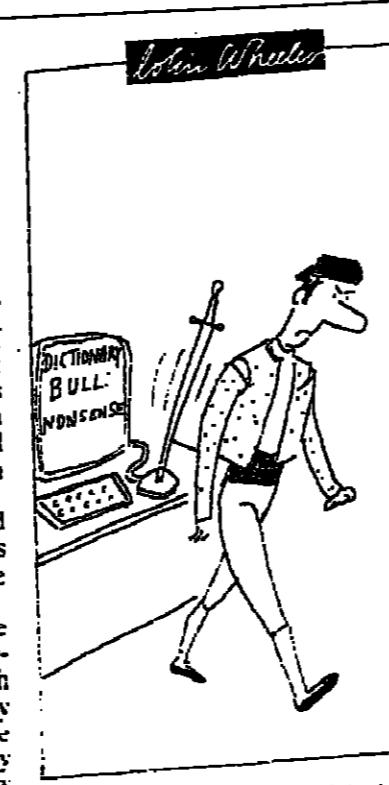
"a European man, Aryan, white, civilised and cultured".

The Human Rights Association of Andalucia in southern Spain was one of the first to lodge a formal complaint with Microsoft, calling the definitions racist and sexist. Newspapers such as *El País* then took up the issue and Microsoft launched a damage-limitation exercise.

Bill Gates, who is one of the United States' richest men, is acutely conscious of his public image and he is keen to be seen as a progressive.

A Microsoft spokeswoman in the company's European head office in Ireland said yesterday: "It's not that Spanish dictionary thing again, is it? We are very aware of the problem. We are in the process of correcting it. We welcome any input from customers in compiling the new dictionary."

A Spanish linguist has been hired and the new dictionary has been prepared in just over a week since the scandal broke. However, local critics complain that it still does not contain any Andalucian or Catalan dialect synonyms for everyday words.



Microsoft claims that the original errors must have been caused by the use of an old dictionary in compilation. But this excuse is of little comfort to teachers and parents who say that millions of youngsters have already been able to access the offensive words.

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## CAREY'S CRUSADE

# 'It's a do-it-yourself morality. We've



Dr Carey: 'The vocabulary of moral discourse – virtue, sin, good, bad, right, wrong – has come under acute suspicion'

Photograph: Tom Pilston

ANDREW BROWN  
Religious Affairs Correspondent

The Archbishop of Canterbury, Dr George Carey, yesterday claimed that the tide was turning in favour of objective morality, and against the notion that moral questions were subject to personal preference. Speaking to an alternative House of Lords, he said that passive immorality was damaging the moral health of the nation.

"Non-smokers may be affected and even damaged by the lifestyle of others who do smoke. The same is true when it comes to the moral health of a nation. There is a widespread tendency to view what is good and right as a matter of private taste and individual opinion. Under this tendency God is banished to the realm of the private hobby, and religion becomes a private activity for those who happen to have a taste for it."

"The traditional vocabulary of moral discourse – virtue, sin, good, bad, right, wrong, moral, wholesome, godly, righteous, and sober – all these terms have

come under acute contemporary suspicion."

However, having painted this picture of moral desolation, the Archbishop said: "When we see how people react to an event such as the Dunblane massacre, we see that the assumptions of moral relativism do not reflect what virtually everyone actually believes."

He urged schools to teach morality by example as well as exhortation. "The moral and spiritual dimensions of education should be present in the teaching of arts, music, literature, science, and the use of science."

Dr Carey dealt only briefly with the question of whether the values missing from society should be religious: "We take it for granted, my Lords, that you cannot play a game of football without rules. Rules do not get in the way of the game; they make the game possible. Rules which make life worthwhile and keep relationships faithful and true are inextricably linked to the deepest things we believe about God and the values which transcend us all. Our nation, steeped deeply in the faith and values of the Judeo-Christian tradition, has been shaped by the Ten Commandments, and the teachings and example of Jesus Christ. We are in danger of squandering this inheritance."

Other peers were franker about the difficulties of such a

project. Lord Morris of Castle Morris wanted religious education to be in the hands of teachers who practised and believed one of the great faiths. However, he confessed that this would be impossible in practice: there just weren't enough believing teachers.

The chamber, which had been nearly full for Dr Carey's speech, thinned out rapidly as speakers took their obsessions for a Friday morning canter.

Lord Longford, for example, spent four minutes congratulating those who had spoken before him. He then moved on to sex, a subject Dr Carey had carefully avoided. "If you ask 10 humanists about adultery, you will get 10 different answers," he stated. "The mind reeled. What sort of answers? No? Depends on the circumstances? Tuesday next week all right?"

The noble Lord continued: "On sexual morals there has been a steady decline. Sex before marriage leads to divorce. Divorce leads to broken homes. Broken homes lead to crime."

I twisted around to see how the packed public gallery was taking this. Most just looked bewildered. But one middle-aged woman was rubbing tears away from her eyes with a fingertip, as if pierced to the heart by Lord Longford's analysis. Her anguished face was a sudden, violent reminder that even the most plonking public discussions of morality are really about private lives and private pain.

## Humphrys versus Carey

Lord Longford's speech was immediately followed by an intervention from the Labour peer, Lord Humphrys, who argued that the House of Lords had a duty to speak and the public had a right to say their views. The two themes were not enough issues to divide us all, and we should not the same old story of adultery is wrong.

It is very important that it is important for us all to be responsible because involved at the family.

## Approval mixed with suspicion

The Home Secretary, Michael Howard, said he "strongly welcomed" the call for better moral instruction for children. "There can be no greater influence for society's good than giving young people an unequivocal moral framework for their lives."

"Nowhere is that clearer than in dealing with crime. There must be much greater emphasis on the part which schools and parents can play in teaching children the difference between right and wrong."

But David Deeks, general secretary of the Methodist Churches' division of social responsibility, said: "The Archbishop has underestimated the huge gap between his starting point and where most people are in society in terms of values and interests and aims."

"Parents do teach children values. They teach them values which the Archbishop disapproves of," he said.

Terry Dicks, Tory MP for Hayes and Harlington, said: "It'll become a churchman to say that we should go back to traditional values when he allows perverts, such as homosexuals, to preach from the pulpit. On that basis, this seems an illogical and hypocritical stand for a churchman to take."

Professor Bernard Williams, professor of Moral Philosophy at Corpus Christi College, Oxford University, said there was

Politicians and theologians are divided, reports Michael Streeter

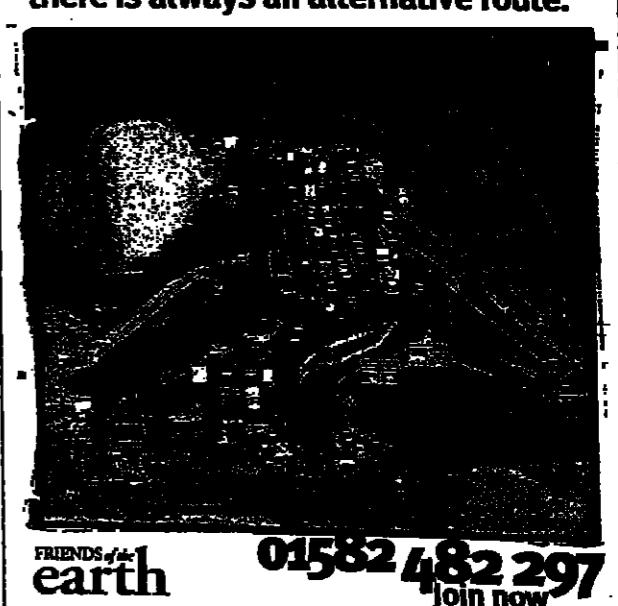
a problem with who had the moral authority to make pronouncements on the way people lived their lives. "I think a list of things from authoritative figures is not likely to make a tremendous impact on that."

"The fact that something is drawn up by a Bishop or his associates or his advisors is not going to make a great deal of impact on people because the question arises of what their authority is in these matters."

Speaking on BBC Radio 4's *The World At One*, he said it was "a humbug" to extol the virtues of the individual and their success in society and then say that we should all be nicer; most people were aware of morality in their own way.

Sir Rhodes Boyson, MP for Brent North and an ex-headmaster, said the 1944 Education Act on religious assemblies should be more strictly enforced. "The intentions of the Act have been largely betrayed with little or no protest from the churches."

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## 6 news

## Jersey's people are made kings of their castles

PHILIP JEUNE

Britain has finally decided that two great castles, built on the Channel Island of Jersey to keep French invaders at bay, are no longer needed.

The ownership of Mont Orgueil Castle and Elizabeth Castle is to be transferred from the Crown to the people of Jersey today when Lieutenant-Governor General Sir Michael Wilkes, the Queen's representative on the island, hands over the keys of each castle to the Bailiff of Jersey, Sir Philip Bailhache.

Sir Michael will be accompanied at the two ceremonies by a guard made up of members of the Company of Pikemen and Musketeers which forms part of Britain's oldest regiment, the Honorary Artillery Company. Their usual role is to provide a bodyguard for the Lord Mayor of London on ceremonial occasions.

Mont Orgueil - Mount

Pride - which overlooks Gorey Harbour on Jersey's east coast, is an imposing medieval castle in an excellent state of preservation. Built in the 13th century to defend the island after King John lost Normandy, which is just 14 miles away across the sea, it was successfully occupied by the French on several occasions over the following centuries.

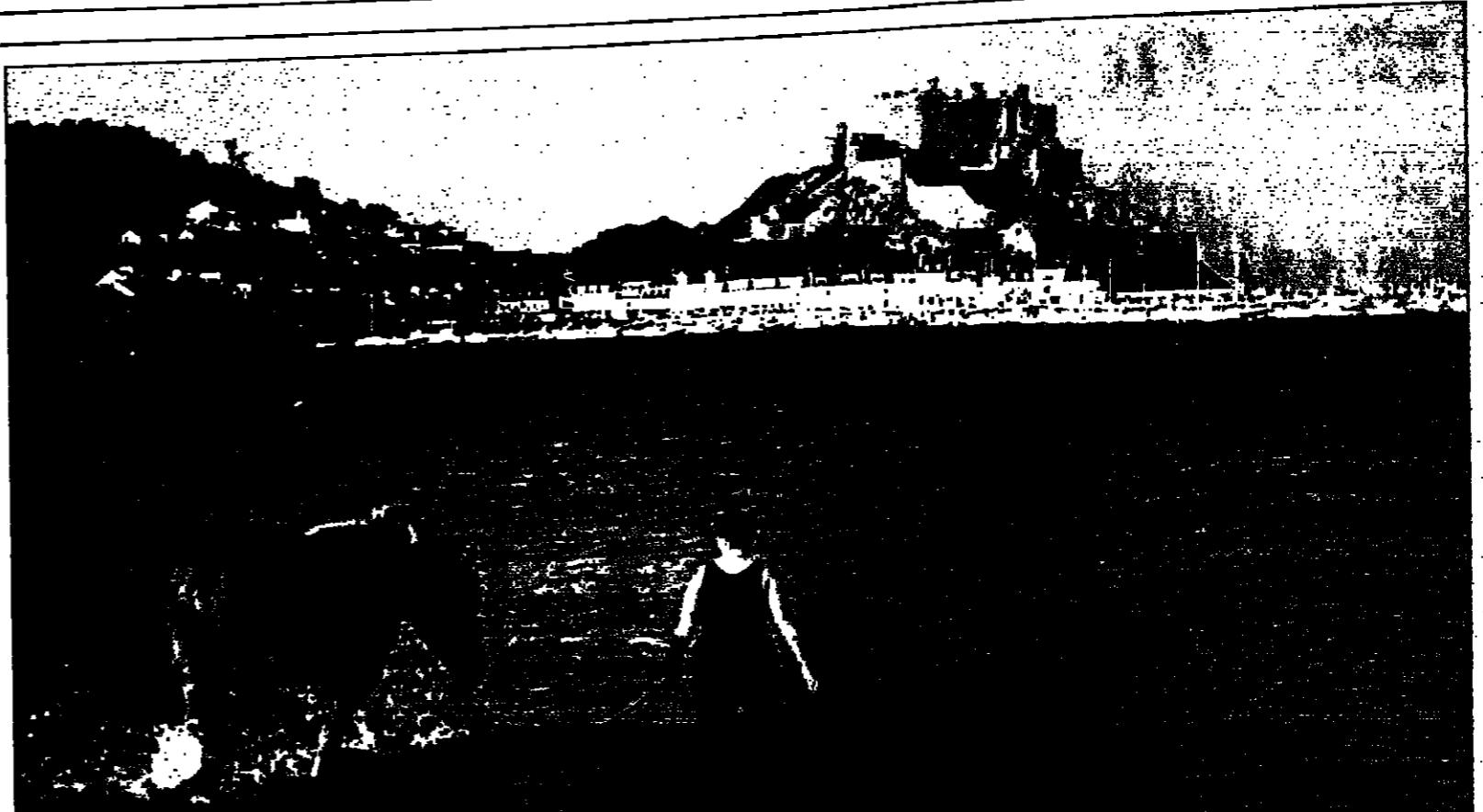
Elizabeth Castle was built at the end of the 16th century half a mile out to sea from St Helier, which was rapidly developing as the island's centre of trade. The castle was built on a rocky outcrop where the Belgian hermit Helier lived in the sixth century before he was murdered by pirates.

Like Mont Orgueil, Elizabeth Castle was used as a residence by the island's governor. One of the first to live at Elizabeth Castle was Sir Walter Raleigh, who flattered Queen Elizabeth I by renaming the castle Fort Elizabetha. It was Raleigh

who secured a future for Mont Orgueil by blocking plans to demolish it. Elizabeth Castle having taken over the defensive role. The most recent invaders of the castle were the German forces who occupied the Channel Islands during the Second World War, both now feature gun emplacements, bunkers and observation towers built by captive, mainly Russian, labour.

Earlier this century the maintenance of the castles was handed over to Jersey, and following an approach by the island authorities, the Queen recently agreed to the transfer of ownership.

Over the centuries the castles have seen visits by Charles II, Queen Victoria and King George V. Today, however, the castles' military duties as defenders of the realm come to an end, leaving them to face the more welcome annual invasion by tens of thousands of less regal visitors.



Keeping watch: Mont Orgueil, one of two castles on Jersey whose ownership will today pass from the Crown to the Island's people. Photograph: CIPA

## You must be serious about Self Assessment

A vital point to remember for everyone who usually receives a tax return form. The first Self Assessment tax year has begun. There's no disputing that to stay ahead of the game you should be keeping a full record of your income and expenses.

### What records should you be keeping.....?

They include bank and building society statements and dividend vouchers. If you are self-employed you should also be keeping details of business earnings and receipts, payments to employees or sub-contractors, personal withdrawals, cash books and any other documents that could relate to your tax. Making a record of these details as you go along will make it easier to fill in the new-style Self Assessment tax return which will be sent out next April.

### How to avoid penalties.....

There will be a clear timetable setting out what you have to do by when. Keeping to the right dates for sending back your tax return and making payments will help you avoid interest and penalties.

### The ball's in your court.....

Find out more, by reading the special leaflet on Self Assessment included with your latest tax return.

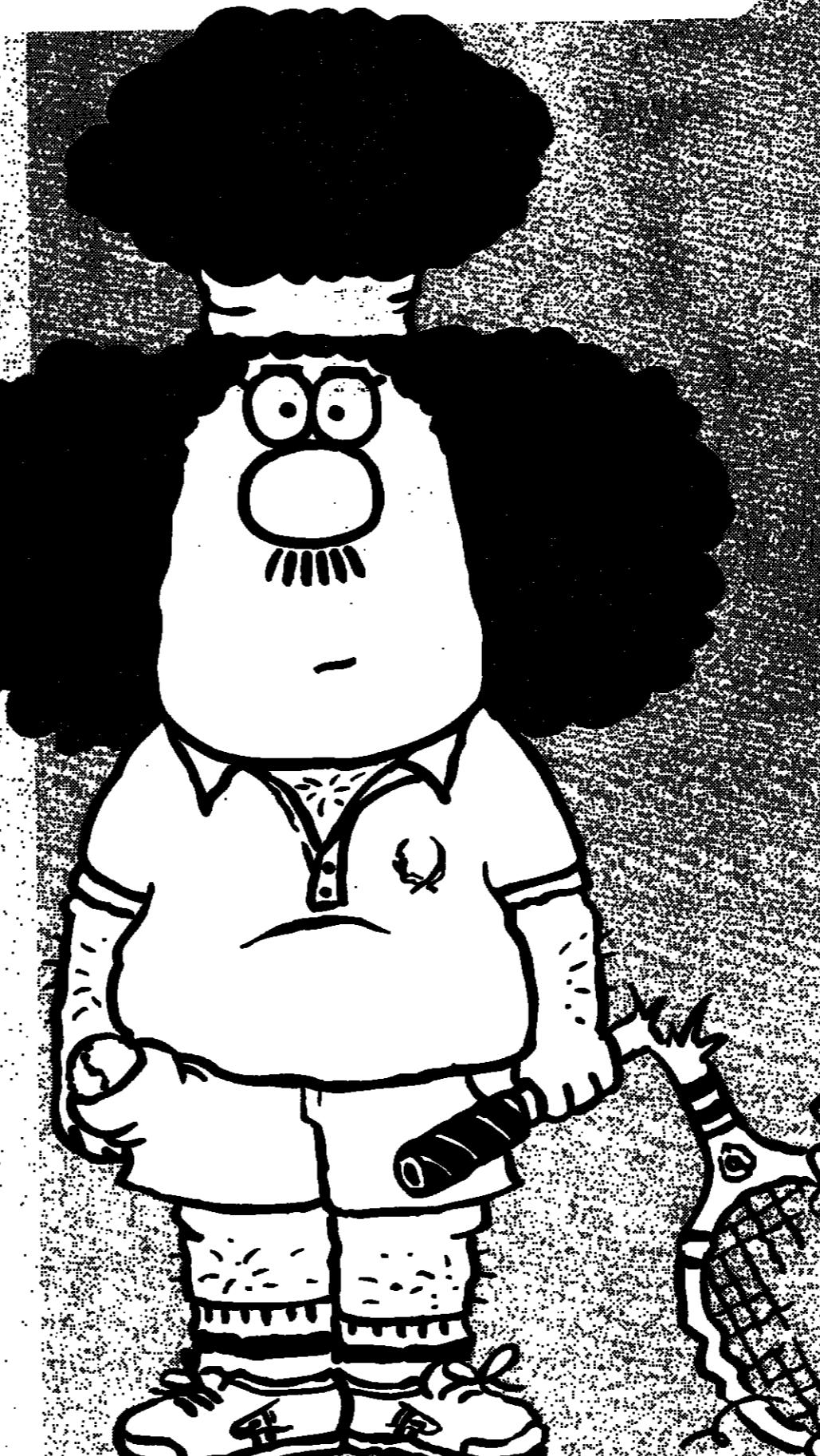
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## Glasgow calls time on street drinking

### JAMES CUSICK

Glasgow, the former European City of Culture, which has pushed hard in recent years to portray itself as a civilised city where al fresco wine bars sit happily alongside old-fashioned pubs, has decided to take the drastic step of making its streets alcohol-free.

Worried about the growing rate of street assaults and breaches of the peace related to hard drinking, and because of beer bottles as the portable weapons of violence, the police and the city's Licensing Board have passed a new by-law which introduces street prohibition and aims to fine offenders up to £100.

The by-law legislation is now in the hands of the Scottish Office and will become law by the autumn.

Since January this year, according to police records, drink-related violent crime in Glasgow has soared, especially in city centre areas where it is up by 50 per cent.

The chairman of the city's Licensing Board, James Coleman, confirmed the creation of a city-wide alcohol-free zone was intended to solve the problem of drink-related crime. However, Mr Coleman does anticipate a problem with the 'displacement' of committed street drinkers who will simply move to other areas.

There is also real concern among some city senior officials and police officers at how the ban will be enforced. One city official said: "... no one is quite

sure how this prohibition will work."

Concern over drink-related violence centred on the numerous pubs and clubs in the streets and squares around the city centre. The trend towards the consumption of bottled beers, drunk without a glass, has meant many customers taking their purchase with them as they leave the pub. And if there is subsequent trouble, a ready weapon is to hand.

The ban aims to stop the removal of beer bottles, but how it would apply to citizens lawfully buying bottled or canned alcohol from off-licences, and drinking them peaceably, is something the council and the police will have to address.

Chief Superintendent James Guy said his force's concern was with violent street crime, especially in the Argyle Street, St Enoch's Square and Charing Cross areas of the city, where violent crime involving the use of bottles has increased.

Yesterday, however, away from the city centre, in the park area of Kelvin Grove opposite Glasgow University, impromptu picnics were taking place. Ian and Eileen, two undergraduates, seemed astonished at the prospect of street prohibition. Ian said: "Pardon? A drinks ban? You mean this picnic could become an illegal subversive gathering?"

Eileen, on the other hand, appeared to take her prohibition lessons from the United States of the 1920s. "We'll just have to hide the stuff in the vacuum flask, won't we?" she said.

## 'Cruel and barbaric' cockfighters jailed

Three men arrested when police and RSPCA officers swooped on a cockfight were yesterday jailed for what were described as "cruel and barbaric" offences.

Scripary magistrate Ian Gillespie told them, and three other offenders at Durham City court, that it was "quite incredible that on the eve of the 21st century I should be dealing with such illegal and barbaric practices".

William Ross, 49, of Kelloc, Co Durham, was jailed for four months after admitting cruelty to a cockerel, permitting premises to be used for cockfighting, and possessing equipment for cockfighting use.

Joseph Kelbie, 34, of Newark, Nottinghamshire, and John Hawthorn, 42, of Murton, Co Durham, were sentenced to 10 weeks and eight weeks respectively after admitting assistance in cockfighting. All three were banned for life from owning cockerels. Kelbie's offence, the magistrate said, was aggravated by the fact that he took four birds to fight and had his eight-year-old son with him.

Thomas Waugh, 32, David Littley, 34, and John Bell, 27, all from Co Durham, admitted being present at a cockfight. Bell was fined £800, and Waugh and Littley £200 each, plus costs.

All six pleaded guilty at a hearing last month.

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news

# Students count cost of study: a £3,000 debt

FRAN ABRAMS  
Education Correspondent

Students owe an average of almost £2,000 in loans and overdrafts, a rise of more than 30 per cent on last year, according to a survey published today.

The fifth annual Barclays Student Debt Survey shows that the amount owed by the average undergraduate has doubled since 1992. Two-thirds

of the money is borrowed through the Government's student loan scheme; the rest comes from banks, parents and credit cards.

Most students now think they will be £3,000 in debt by the time they finish their courses. The full student grant, £1,885 a year for students outside London, has been cut over the past five years, while the loan, £1,385 a year, has increased.

More students now save money before going to university in order to try and avoid getting into debt. Half arrive at university with some money in the bank – an average of £1,074.

More students take part-time jobs to support themselves. This year 32 per cent did so, a 2 per cent rise since last year. On average, they worked 12 hours a week and earned £52.

Researchers who interviewed

almost 1,500 students from 16 universities found that those on maths and science courses were the deepest in debt, while those studying more than one subject owed least. This probably reflected the cost of books and equipment on their courses, Barclays said.

Arts students were less likely than others to have part-time jobs, but were more likely to have chosen their

degree subjects because they were interested in them.

Social science students expected to earn the highest salaries after they graduated, but their expectations were unrealistic, the survey found. They thought they would earn an average of £14,400 a year after graduating, while in fact last year's social science graduates earned an average of £11,700.

Students on vocational courses

earned the most, taking home an annual average of £13,600 in their first jobs.

The researchers said students were becoming increasingly realistic about the debt they were likely to incur while at university. Four out of 10 said they were worried or angry about being in debt, whereas 61 per cent were resigned to it.

More women students than men had jobs, but their hours

tended to be shorter and they earned an average of £46 against £61 for men.

Richard Harvey, head of youth strategy at Barclays, said students had sought to replace shrinking grants with money from a wider range of sources.

"The message coming through the media or from brothers and sisters is that students will be in debt, and that the more they can do to

help themselves, the better. Students are supplementing their incomes by turning to their parents or banks, either as a stop-gap or as a long-term measure," he said.

Douglas Trainer, president of the National Union of Students, said, "This survey proves what we have been saying for some time. A series of grant cuts has left students financially devastated."

Mickey Rourke joins the catwalk for a day, reports Tamsin Blanchard

## Britain's designers bring out the stars in Paris

British menswear is making its strongest impact yet on the international fashion scene, as five designers cross the Channel this week to show their collections for spring/summer '97.

Two other British names have already made their mark at the menswear shows in Milan: Katharine Hamnett, and Vivienne Westwood with her wild combinations of traditional tailoring and high-heeled shoes.

On Thursday, Ozwald Boateng, the newest, sharpest tailor on Vigo Street just off Savile Row, led the way with his third bespoke couture collection, a fusion of ready-to-wear designs and traditional tailoring, at the Cirque d'Hiver. The collection took *Mission: Impossible* as its theme, the mission in this case being to "keep the crease in your trousers at all costs".

Tom Cruise, star of the film and the man every designer wants to dress, chose to wear a suit by Jigsaw for Men, price less than £200, at the premiere in London on Thursday.

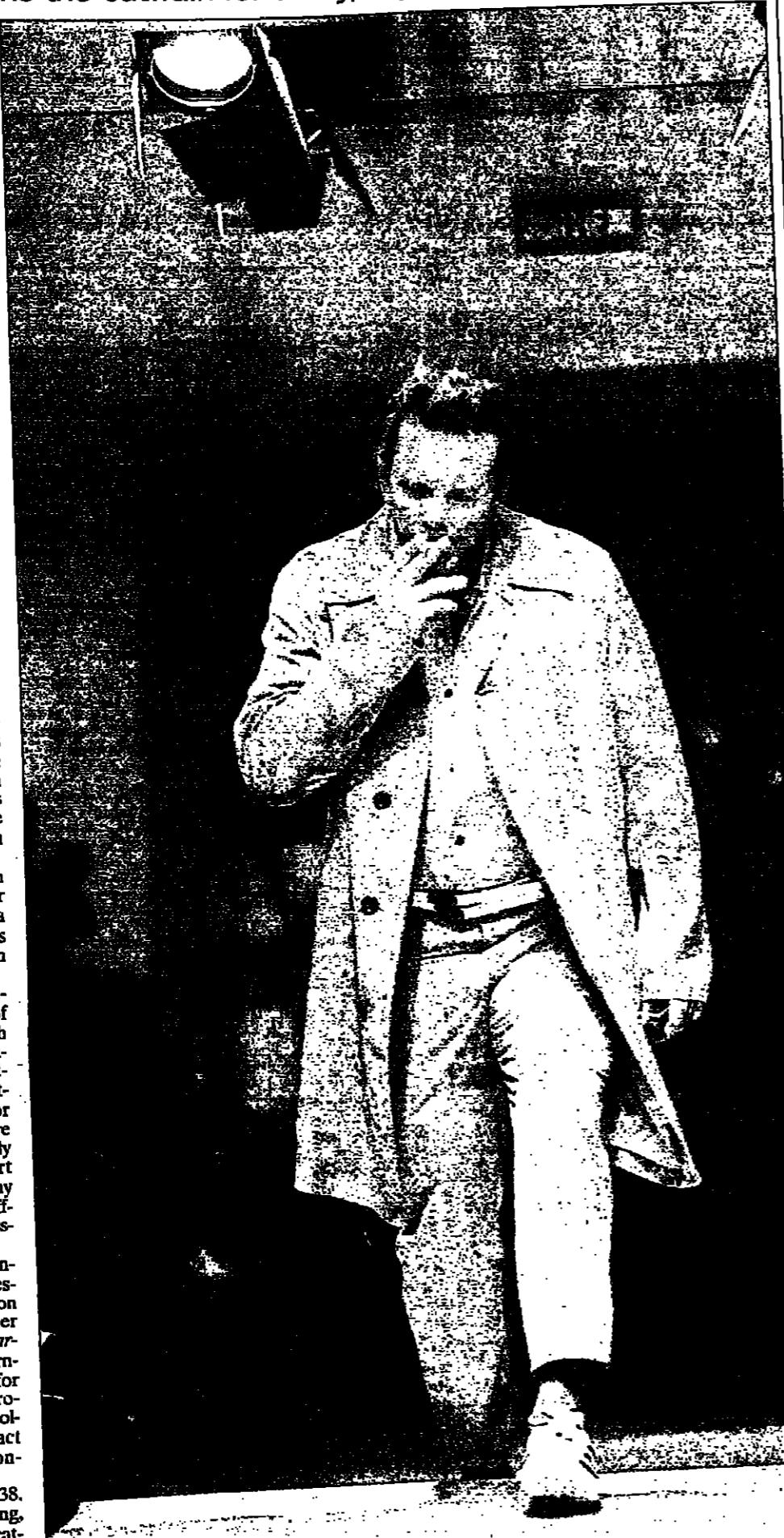
The show attempted to re-enact the opening sequence of the Sixties cult spy series with a burning fuse, a self-combusting tape recorder and a shoot-out. As for the clothes, Boateng's collection is not for casual dressers. His suits are leanly tailored, and a brightly coloured, unbuttoned shirt worn with a pair of skinny trousers and finished with cufflinks is as close to easy dressing as this designer gets.

John Rocha, the Dublin-based, Hong Kong-born designer, followed with a collection of clothes inspired by another television series, *High Chaparral* – with a touch of Californian beach party thrown in for high summer. He also introduced a less expensive jeans collection designed to attract younger, more fashion-conscious customers.

Yesterday Nigel Curtiss, 38, who was born in Worthing, Sussex, presented his first catwalk show. Mickey Rourke, star of *9: Weeks Part II*, due for release this autumn, modelled the clothes. He has sworn his allegiance to Curtiss since the designer dressed him for the movie. "Nigel is a good friend," Rourke said later, "I wouldn't have done the show if I didn't like the clothes."

Also modelling for this designer was Joel Cantona, younger brother of Eric and also a French football star.

Nigel Curtiss has built up his name in smart UK menswear boutiques such as Strand in Newcastle and Jones in London's Covent Garden. Shirts sell



Dressed to thrill: American movie star Mickey Rourke models clothes from a collection by Nigel Curtiss on the catwalk in Paris

Photograph: Sheridan Morley

BKCC fashion weekly newsmen's award for export. The show is sponsored by Eurostar.

On Sunday Joe Casely-Hayford presents his collection, which concentrates on menswear rather than women's wear.

Paul Smith shows his collection today. The designer, who is celebrating his fifth birthday, is the UK's leading designer export, with a turnover last year of £109m. He has 162 Tokyo outlets, and can barely

keep pace with demand. Many UK menswear exporters, well established continental Europe and Japan, lack a platform for their collections in London.

In September a new trade show, Arena, is to be launched at Olympia as the menswear equivalent of London Fashion Week. Here relatively new names such as Designworks, Burro and Byrne, will show off the commercial and creative success of British menswear.

## Union takes stand on 'fat cats'

BARRIE CLEMENT  
Labour Editor

Union "fat cats" who stand to receive huge severance packages worth up to £500,000 are threatened with a grassroots revolt.

Two senior Irish officials have left the Amalgamated Engineering and Electrical union and are urging thousands of members to follow them, while left-wingers are urging activists to set up "democracy committees" against the leadership.

Concern over the stewardship

of the union has mounted since the *Independent* revealed the unprecedented early retirement packages.

Members of the ruling executive have since placed a "gagging order" on Davey Hall, the union's newly-elected president and the only member of the executive not to be covered by the deal.

Activists are furious that a democratically-elected president with a 24,000-vote majority has been prevented from speaking about the severance deal.

The latest issue of the *Engineering Gazette*, a journal produced by left-wingers at the AEEU argues that the union is being "fractured beyond repair" and urges members to fight against "petty dictatorship".

Under the early retirement package agreed some two years ago, £40,000-a-year executive members can opt to leave the union 10 years early on the equivalent of full pay. On leaving the union they would also receive lump sums of up to £50,000 and be allowed to keep

cars worth more than £20,000. At the age of 65 they would also draw a full pension.

The deal was worked out to reduce the council from 22 members to nine following the merger of the electricians' and engineers' unions four years ago. It is now down to 13.

While leftist elements in the union are the most vociferous critics of the "hammers" as they are known by executive members, both left-wingers and right-wingers on the ruling council stand to benefit.

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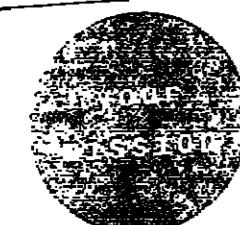
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## international

## Poland presses Nato to speed up its act

ADRIAN BRIDGE  
Warsaw

Just two days after Boris Yeltsin's re-election as Russian President, Aleksander Kwasniewski, his Polish counterpart, yesterday set off for a five-day trip to the United States to press for speedy clarification of his country's bid to join Nato.

Although he himself is a former Communist, Mr Kwasniewski has successfully reinvented himself as a Western-style social democrat and was quick to hail Mr Yeltsin's victory over his Communist rival, Gennady Zyuganov as good news for Poland and its prospects for joining the military alliance.

In a series of meetings with President Bill Clinton and other senior American officials, he will call for decisive action on the issue now that the victory of Mr Yeltsin - who is slightly less opposed to Nato enlargement

than Mr Zyuganov - appears to have opened a window of opportunity. "For a long time we have been asked to be patient because of the Russian election," said Marek Siwiec, a presidential adviser in Warsaw. "Now... we want to know what the real timetable for enlargement will be."

Since defeating Lech Wałęsa in last November's presidential election, Mr Kwasniewski has sought to reassure Western leaders that Poland remains committed to joining both Nato and the European Union and that it could make a positive contribution to both. "This [US] visit should show that governments can change, presidents can change, people can change, but [Polish] policy does not change," he said.

It is an open secret that Poland is among the front-runners from central and east Europe for Nato membership, possibly as early as 1999. The country's cause has recently received a boost in the form of an unexpectedly strong endorsement from Bob Dole, Mr Clinton's Republican rival in the November US presidential election. According to Mr Clinton of dragging his feet on enlargement, Mr Dole has singled out Poland, Hungary and the Czech Republic as all being ready for Nato membership now and called for their speedier integration.

Polish officials privately

doubt whether a President Dole would bring them into the alliance any sooner. But they are glad that the issue is being aired in the US. "The more discussion on the subject the better," a Foreign Ministry source said. "We want people to see that Poland is not some sort of desert... there are military installations here, we can fulfil military missions (in Bosnia for example) and bringing us into

Nato won't be as expensive as some fear."

While in Washington, Mr Kwasniewski will meet the Defense Secretary, William Perry, to discuss Poland's planned purchase of a fleet of jet fighters, possibly from Lockheed Martin or McDonnell Douglas, in a deal which could be worth some \$3.5bn (£2.1-3.2bn).

He is also planning a series of meetings with US Jewish leaders to discuss a \$100m plan to turn the former Nazi concentration camp at Auschwitz into a fully protected zone and a centre of learning.

Polish-Jewish relations plummeted earlier this year when it emerged that a local developer wanted to build a supermarket and fast-food outlet right next to the Auschwitz camp gates. Mr Kwasniewski quickly condemned the supermarket proposal, thereby helping to ensure it was blocked.



Clash of opinion: Tempers flare when anti-immigration protesters meet defenders of immigration rights outside a federal building in the Westwood area of Los Angeles, California

Photograph: AP

## Madman looks set to win over Ecuador voters

PHIL DAVISON  
Latin America Correspondent

"Vote for the madman. Vote for the clown." Not your average presidential campaign slogan. But then, Abdala Bucaram is not your average candidate.

Mr Bucaram, a 44-year-old former Olympic hurdler who could become President of Ecuador in elections tomorrow,

has no qualms about using his nicknames. He prefers "el loco", the madman, because, he says, "crazy people speak from the heart and see with their soul".

His opponents have a stronger nickname for him, "Hitler", but that's really only because of his moustache.

Mr Bucaram, a populist heading his own party, was running slightly ahead of Jaime Nebot, 49, a conservative lawyer, on the eve of tomorrow's two-man run-off. Mr Nebot, the Social Christian Party, beat Mr Bucaram by 29 per cent to 27 per cent in the original ballot on 19 May, necessitating another round of voting. The conservative incumbent, Sixto Duran-Ballén, is constitutionally barred from running again.

"I am the madman who is going to be your President," Mr Bucaram - like his opponent, of Lebanese extraction - told supporters in a rap-like pre-election speech backed by a rock band. "Power to the poor." Many Ecuadoreans consider

tomorrow's decision as "a choice between Aids and cholera". Mr Nebot, dubbed "the Anti-Christ" by his opponent, is perhaps best known for trying to whip a fellow congressman and threatening to urinate on him.

"Bucaram reached this runoff with the votes of pimps, prostitutes and potheads," Mr Nebot told his supporters.

The currency, the sucro, has slipped in recent days with the prospect that Mr Bucaram, who ran in the hurdles for Ecuador in the 1972 Munich Olympics, might soon be running the country. With strong support in the shanty towns around Guayaquil, he has pledged to reverse free-market economic reforms pushed through by Mr Duran-Ballén.

"Maidas should have their salary tripled. Society matrons with their perfumed armpits should know what it's like to wash their own knickers," he said in a campaign speech. He was elected mayor of Guayaquil in 1984 after telling slum-dwellers he understood perfectly "the urge... to escape the paintwork of every Mercedes in sight". His popularity slipped when he banned mini-skirts in the city.

Mr Bucaram has spent half the last 10 years in exile, once after criticising the Ecuadorean army for being "good for nothing but marching in parades" and once after allegations of embezzlement while mayor.

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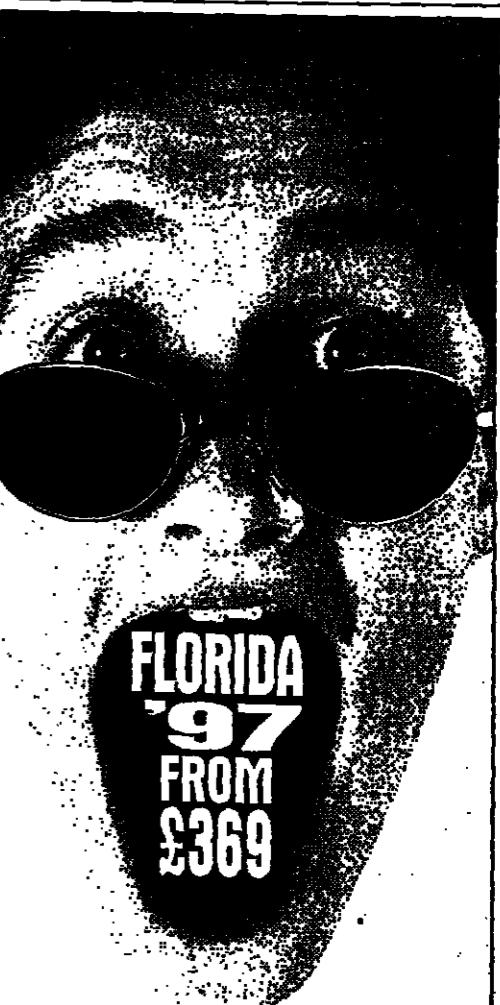
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## Professor Ghita Ionescu

Ghita Ionescu, Emeritus Professor of Government at Manchester University, had a career of remarkable diversity and adaptation, from fledgling Romanian diplomat to American propagandist to English scholar, author and editor.

The vagaries of international politics determined the directions of his earlier career, and his mastery of the subject of politics marked the achievements of his later years. Educated at the University of Bucharest, he joined the diplomatic service but stayed abroad when the Communists took over the government.

He lived in England and the United States in the early post-war years, serving as Secretary of the Romanian National Committee, an *étrange* organisation supported by the United States, and then went to Munich to head Radio Free Europe's Romanian service there. He was successful in the quality and effect of his broadcasts but much less so in holding his own amid the ambitions and intrigues of his American bosses, and not really happy in the role of paid and controlled propagandist.

Not reluctant to give up his job at RFE, Ionescu moved to London, became a British subject (his wife was Scottish), and set out to make his way in the academic world. He had already been given an assignment by Chatham House to write a book on Romania, which he now completed. *Communism in Romania* (1965) was a classic, probably the best study of how the system worked in any of the East European countries. He followed it in due course with three shorter books on Eastern Europe, one of which, *The Reluctant Ally: a study of Communist neo-colonialism* (1965), frankly recognised Romanian tendencies under the Communists to put some distance between Bucharest and Moscow, at least in foreign policy.

A major milestone in Ionescu's life was his decision in 1965 to launch *Government and Opposition*, a quarterly devoted to politics, one which would be useful to both scholars and politicians. Some friends were sceptical but he persisted. The magazine slowly established itself and grew in stature and recognition: never flamboyant, it was solid and often original. Its distinguished board of editors and international advisors helped to make its name, but

the guidance, not to mention the burden of just plain work, was always that of Ionescu himself.

At the same time he was teaching both at Manchester University and at the London School of Economics and Political Science, shuttling constantly between the two cities. He also found time to play an active role in the International Political Science Association, serving as president of its research committee on European unification.

Unity in Western Europe, indeed, was one of his ideals. Freedom for Eastern Europe was the other. But those ideals in simplified form were not enough to satisfy his urge to explore the essence of politics. The books he wrote in his later years bear witness to his continuing search. A moderate conservative, he found democracy a necessary historical agent in the regulation of co-existence of human beings, but it was often corrupted by ideologies, whether Marxist-Leninist, liberal-utilitarian or other. He saw them as helping to eliminate the necessary commandments of duty and virtue. He urged for the "deideologisation" of political judgement in a book, *Politics and the Pursuit of Happiness* (1984), which received far less public or academic attention than it deserved.

This and Ionescu's other works illustrated how far he had come from being a specialist on Communism or on Romania. Several of his books dealt with both the underlying and the passing problems of European integration (*Between Sovereignty and Integration*, 1973, *Centripetal Politics*, 1975, and *The European Alternatives*, 1979). Another, more difficult and perhaps less successful, was an effort to assess and compare in style the achievement of several prominent political leaders. The book was *Leadership in an Interdependent World* (1991); the subjects were Adenauer, de Gaulle, Thatcher, Regan and Gorbachev. Many a historian will have another go at these particular leaders later on.

After an absence of half a century, following the overthrow of the Ceausescu regime in Romania, Ghita Ionescu was invited to pay a visit to his native country, where an honorary degree was duly conferred on him by the University of Bucharest. It was an event he greatly appreciated.

He leaves no survivors. His wife Valence predeceased him by some three months.

John C. Campbell

**George Ghita Ionescu, political scientist:** born Bucharest 21 March 1913; General Secretary, Romanian Commission of Armistice with Allied Forces 1944-45; Counsellor, Romanian Embassy, Ankara 1945-47; General Secretary, Romanian National Committee, New York 1955-58; Director, Radio Free Europe 1958-63; Nuffield Fellow, LSE 1963-68; Professor of Government, Manchester University 1970-80 (Emeritus); married 1950 Valence Ramsay de Bois Macdonald (died 1990); died London 28 June 1996.

## Births, Marriages & Deaths

### DEATHS

**SASBURG:** Yoma, on 2 July 1996, peacefully, wife of Bill, 81. **PARIS:** Funeral service 12 July, 2.30pm, St Paul's Cathedral. All enquiries to F.G. Pynn & Son Funeral Directors, telephone 01628 23822.

**ANNOUNCEMENTS FOR GAZETTE: MARRIAGES & DEATHS (Births, Adoptions, Marriages, Deaths, Memorials and Wedding Anniversaries in Memoriam) should be sent in writing to the Gazette Editor, The Independent, 1 Canada Square, Canary Wharf, London E1 5DL, telephone 0171-293 2012 or faxed to 0171-293 2016, and any charge of £5.50 a line (VAT extra) for the Gazette's services should be submitted in writing (or faxed) and are charged at a line VAT extra. They should be accompanied by a day-time telephone number.**

### ROYAL ENGAGEMENTS

**TODAY:** The Duke of York, Viscount, presents the prizes on Sports Day at the Royal Hospital School, Hendon. **SATURDAY:** Princess Margaret, Countess of Snowdon, 75, and her husband, Sir Anthony, 77, celebrate their 40th wedding anniversary. **SUNDAY:** The Queen and Prince Philip, 76, host a garden party at the Royal Lodge, Windsor, to mark the 50th anniversary of the Queen's Coronation. **MONDAY:** The Queen and Prince Philip, 76, host a garden party at the Royal Lodge, Windsor, to mark the 50th anniversary of the Queen's Coronation. **TUESDAY:** The Queen and Prince Philip, 76, host a garden party at the Royal Lodge, Windsor, to mark the 50th anniversary of the Queen's Coronation. **WEDNESDAY:** The Queen and Prince Philip, 76, host a garden party at the Royal Lodge, Windsor, to mark the 50th anniversary of the Queen's Coronation. **THURSDAY:** The Queen and Prince Philip, 76, host a garden party at the Royal Lodge, Windsor, to mark the 50th anniversary of the Queen's Coronation. 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Top 150 150

# The Independent Weekend



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Children's books special, pages 12 & 13

Illustration: Catherine Donnelly

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## My week

Paul Malcolm  
Actor / lifer



## 'He's in a band that just got signed, and now he's acting distant, yadda, yadda'

**T**here is nothing more miserable than a wet cat. Apart from a girl wearing high-heeled open-toed sandals and an angora sweater in the pouring rain. "I call this look drowned sex kitten," I tell Grace, who is trying to hail anything - cabs, buses, bikes. Finally, we find a night bus going our way. Grace, who an hour ago was riotously tipsy, is now just a tired girl with mascara running down her face.

The next morning, at ten past eight, I have to appear live on the *Today* programme and explain why. The Who's Hyde Park concert is a bad idea. My skin is itchy from where the wet angora was rubbing. On air, the main thrust of my argument is that "Pete Townshend looks like Donald Pleasance and Roger Daltrey looks like a mad old lion". I'm clever. But, Lord, last night was exhausting. Patti had her heart broken by a guy she didn't even fancy in the first place.

"I'm fantastic. Why doesn't he want me?" The boy is in a band that just got signed, and now he's acting distant.

yadda, yadda, yadda. Just as she's mopping her tears, Oasis's "Don't Look Back in Anger" comes on the juke-box. Bad timing, Noel. "Please don't put your life in the hands of a rock and roll band! We're gonna throw it all away." The table falls silent. It's not like this in an Anita Pallenberg/Marianne Faithfull convention, but that lyric chills us all.

Nikki and I go to the toilets but end up staring in the mirror until Grace comes to fetch us. First we practise pouting. Then we turn around. We are horribly transfixed by our own beauty. "My God," cries Nikki, "mine is all flat and weird. It's like a games teacher's." There are no words to express the hostility she feels towards my backside. I hate it mainly because, even in the mirror, I can never properly see it properly, so I don't know what it might be up to:

The girls drink up and we head for the late-licence drinking club that I've just joined thanks to the daff amount paid by a German magazine who wanted to reprint a piece I wrote.

Things I spent the money on: a Woody Allen *Bananas* poster, a pale-blue shift, a Lana Turner fluffy sweater, aforementioned exclusive drinking club.

Things I didn't spend the money on: the phone bill, the rent, food. I'm like Rain

Man. I don't really understand how money works, or the price difference between a pizza and a car.

The most significant gift to myself was the club membership. My whole life, "Seventeen" by Janis Ian has been my theme: "To those whose names were never called/ When choosing sides at basketball." Or netball. Or rounders. Even though I had to pay lots of money to be picked, I still feel vindicated by my little purple club card. You like me, you really like me.

Club rules say you are only allowed to bring three guests. There are five of us. The smart thing seems not to go up to the desk and tell the lady very politely that I have two extra guests. Our plan is that Grace and Lauren should run up the stairs before anyone notices they're come in. Remember, we only left school last summer. We haven't quite adjusted. They are collared straight away.

"How many of you are there?" demands the terrifyingly elegant woman

at reception. "Three," I stammer. "I can see five of you." "Well, yes, now there are five." "Oh, there were three of you and now there are five?" Yes, by the power of physics, yes. "What's your name?" she demands. "Oh my God, I'm going to get sent to the headmistress's office.

Obviously, this has happened before. I wonder if Alan Yentob did it, too. Anyway, she gives us such a telling-off that we have to hide in the toilets and guip their butts in the mirror. Besides, you did break the rules. She has a point. We quit while we're ahead. Patti wants to go home and listen to Oasis, regardless of the almighty rainstorm brewing outside. I just want to go home. Why did I break club rules on the first day? Why didn't I wear a jacket? Why do fools fall in love? Moral of the story? Don't look back in anger, or wet angora.

## EMMA FORREST

Saturday night  
Sunday morning

## Thailand's transvestite volleyball champs and other stories from the frontiers of the believable

What if he has an operation and grows breasts? The question was asked by an official of the Volleyball Association of Thailand, explaining their decision to ban from the national side two members of a gold-medal winning provincial team, most of whose players are transvestites. "If we travel abroad," the official reasoned, "foreigners might think that Thailand doesn't have enough real men for its team." The "Steel Women" are now established as the best provincial side in Thailand, and have grown a large following through their habit of playing in long hair, makeup and lipstick.

Wife-carrying goes international today, as the annual woman-carrying race in the Finnish village of Sonkajarvi opens its doors to the first time to competitors from abroad. Male contestants must each pick up a woman ("preferably someone else's wife" according to the rules) and run with her over a 235-metre course. The winner will receive his partner's weight in beer.

Eight South Africans have been jailed for burning a witch. A court in Northern Province passed 10-year jail sentences on eight men who had burnt to death a 71-year-old woman whom they believed to be a witch.

Police in Australia helped a witch-burning ceremony, which protesters had attempted to disrupt. The Scandinavian Society in Darwin were celebrating St Hans' Day, as they have done every year since 1973, with a bonfire. Feminists had hidden among the wood in protest at the witch effigy on top of the pyre. "It was the typical representation of a witch," said one of the protesters: "long hair, big wart on nose, the hat - all the negative sides of women." Police arrived when a fight broke out. "The Scandinavian Society had all the appropriate permissions to hold the bonfire," a police spokesman said.

Police disarmed a three-year-old in Southampton after a car chase. Scott Schillemore had a tummy ache when he went shopping with his mum and grandparents, so they bought him a plastic gun with a bright red muzzle. On the drive home, they noticed a police car behind them, but were surprised when officers in bullet-proof jackets jumped out and two more police cars blocked each end of the road as soon as they arrived home. Apparently, the police had received two telephone calls about a man with a gun in the car. After frisking the shoppers as they stood by the car with their hands on the roof, then searching their shopping bags, the police drove off. Scott doesn't play with the gun anymore because he is afraid the police will return.

A dead fish in the glove compartment was among the objects left by forgetful motorists in a worldwide survey by Budget Rent a Car. The list also includes a panting dog, complete with dog bowl, a hedgehog, poisonous snakes, a dead cat, a dead chicken, soft drugs, condoms, nude photographs, sexy underwear, £3,000 in cash, false legs, false arms, a glass eye, a bail of hay and a baby still asleep in the baby chair.

Police disguised as paramedics arrested drug-pushers disguised as clowns in Chapultepec park in Mexico City. They also arrested the park janitor, said to be the clowns' business partner.

Fat tart gains planning permission. Bakers in Frankfurt have been given permission to erect a 23ft high cake which they believe will earn a place in the Guinness Book of Records. Since the "fountain torte" will be over five metres high, it required planning consent. Ingredients include 2,000 eggs, 50kg of butter and two crates of marzipan.

Doves have been grounded in Switzerland. The Swiss army has disbanded its corps of carrier pigeons after 77 years. A 100,000-signature petition to keep the birds in the air had threatened to force a national referendum on the subject, but pigeon-fanciers have accepted a compromise whereby the pigeons will still be available for research purposes at a military post near Bern. The petitioners had pointed out that pigeons are faster than cars over mountainous territory.

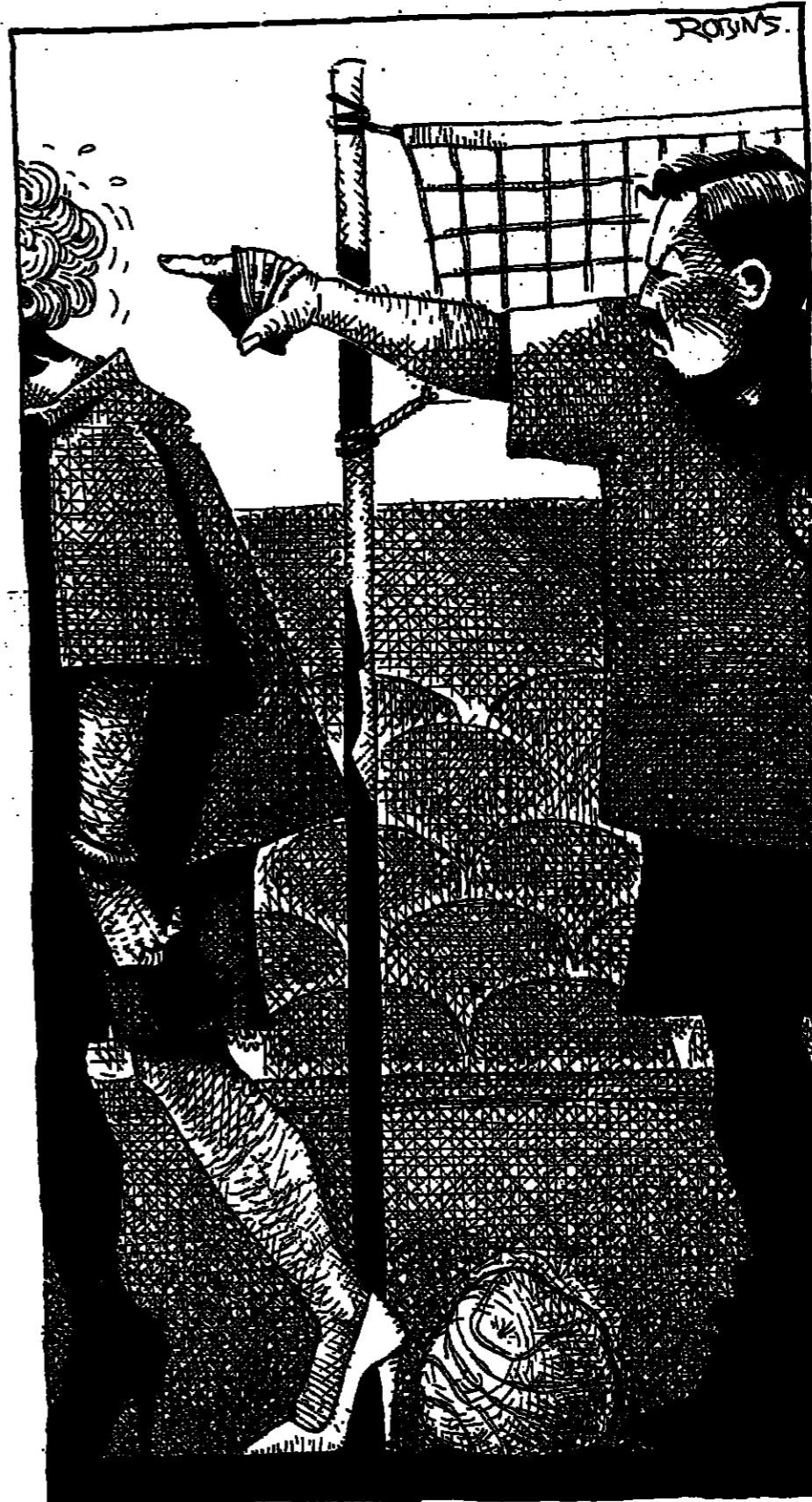
But *Bonitas Bonitas Garlic* on your barbecue. A pungent flavouring of that name has been marketed by the New Vaal Farm Store in Johannesburg. Bottles went on sale at New York's UN building last week, with profits going to charity.

Cruden Nikolic had a close shave after running away from his home in the former Yugoslavia because he didn't want a haircut. He was found balancing on top of an electricity pylon and fell off before he could be rescued. The boy was not seriously hurt, but his hair had to be cut to allow an examination for possible head injuries.

There are six more ferrets to fancy. Until recently there were only three known strains of ferret - the white Albino, the brown Fitchet and the Sandy, but a report lists the Bronze, Mahogany, Sealpoint, Cinnamon, Silver and Dark-eyed White as recent additions which could create an explosion in the numbers of ferret-fanciers.

Judge finds for judges after judge complains. The Supreme Court in Buenos Aires has quashed fines imposed on 10 judges after a raucous party at a courthouse last Christmas. After complaints about the noise, another judge had arrived with police to restore order. Ten judges were subsequently fined a third of their monthly salaries by a tribunal for "conduct unbecoming the rank of magistrate". The appeal court overturned the verdict citing "constitutional considerations".

What do you buy a gorilla for its birthday? Koko the gorilla, who was 25 last week, was the first of her kind to use sign language and now has a working vocabulary of some 500 words. She was given, at her own request, a box of scary rubber snakes. Researchers at the Gorilla Foundation in Woodside, near San Jose, California, said that she doesn't understand that



play Ben, who's a ruthless character. People say that lunatics are the best parts to play, but it's difficult to get under the skin of someone like that. I'm trying to introduce a flicker of compassion to the part. In the evening we went to see *Secrets and Lies*. It was very good, but it's still a big decision to give up a chunk of free time in the cinema. Afterwards we went back to Jessica's flat and played Cut-throat Gin Rummy, but we both felt a bit down. Tonight is our last night together. Up until now I've been free from Friday morning until Sunday night, but the Home Office has just changed the rules so I've got to go back to my hostel every night now until I'm released. You start to wonder where punishment ends and cruelty begins. We got to bed about 10.30pm and I worried about the production. We've got grants and we've all put a lot of our own money into the play, so success is vital.

**MONDAY**  
This morning I met my probation officer, who said she can't do anything about the weekend curfew. When I got back to Jessica's flat the other Escape Artists had

arrived: Neil from Cambridge and Simon from Bath. We spent the afternoon rehearsing in the flat. In the middle of rehearsals we got a call from Pinter's assistant saying that he couldn't make it for press night, but would come tomorrow - which put us all in a panic. Afterwards I had to go back to the hostel. Jessica walked me to the tube and we tried to lighten the mood with a bit of banter, but when the tube doors closed they might as well have been prison doors - I felt totally sealed off again.

**TUESDAY**  
I got up at 6am to meet my lawyer and the deputy warden of the hostel to talk about the weekend visits. They didn't turn up, and I had to leave for our last rehearsal. *The Dumb Waiter* was written in 1962, but it's still an incredibly powerful drama. Hopefully we can bring a certain menace and claustrophobia to the play from our experiences in prison. We spent a lot of today putting up the set and feeling nervous. Neil told a story about Pinter walking out of some production. Apparently an actor missed a

line, so Pinter stood up and said "this is not my play" before storming out.

## WEDNESDAY

After last night's performance I felt really miserable. Pinter laughed a few times, but I wasn't happy with the way it had gone. The way I was feeling I didn't want to meet Pinter at all, but the whole company ended up having a good discussion with him and Lady Antonia in the beer garden afterwards. Lady Antonia looked like she hadn't been in a pub for years. Tonight was press night.

## THURSDAY

When I got back to the flat this morning it looked like a bombsite. I rehearsed with Neil and Simon, then it was back to the theatre. Tonight a group of 20 schoolchildren came along, which was great, but I still wasn't pleased. We're just not getting the right tension. Some audiences come to see us as a voyeuristic thing, but I don't want them to make allowances for us, I want them to leave gobsmacked. We had the usual postmortem in the beer garden,

then I got the tube back to the hostel.

## FRIDAY

Tonight was the first time we had to worry about getting people in off the street, but we did and the play finally went well. We need to make enough money to keep the company going, because I know what it meant to me when I was inside and I want it to be there for others when they get out. I've been thinking about my friend Lee a lot this week. He's served 15 years and he's got another five to go. When he went inside he was barely literate, now he writes, acts, paints and sculpts. He's totally changed. These kind of productions help break down stereotypes about prisoners. I've done something that I can never forgive myself for, but I've got to keep on living. Hopefully, if people come and see *The Dumb Waiter* they'll realise that people like me are human beings, capable of good things as well as bad.

Interview by Liese Spencer.  
"The Dumb Waiter" is at the Etcetera Theatre, London NW1 to 14 July. (0171-482 4857)



# 'But where was Jeremy Paxman?'

It's a common complaint levelled at the BBC TV information centre during 'Newsnight', usually from women with a certain quiver in their voice. But nothing fazes our team, even if it's a viewer angry that Cliff's impromptu gig at Wimbledon wasn't in the 'Radio Times'. 'Thanks for your comment. I'll pass that on'

I may have caused a few hot flushes among the blue rinses, but Cliff Richard's impromptu concert at Wimbledon on Wednesday made the staff at the BBC TV Information Office very tired. The phones, you see, started ringing from the moment the wrinkled one started glinting his tinted specs and waving his elbow in front of the royal box. The callers seemed to believe that the BBC was responsible for the rain that had stopped play and that, furthermore, they should have warned viewers that the Bachelor Boy was going to be printing it in the *Radio Times*.

The incident took place late afternoon, but related calls continued throughout the evening. "Get that man off!" cried one viewer over a cacophonous background wail. "He's upsetting my children!" A woman claimed she needed a copy on videotape for her dying daughter, and was most put out when told that they were unable to help. The information office can't distribute tapes of programmes and films, the copyright laws are rather strict on that point. Still, it doesn't stop the punters from asking for them. Someone even requested a copy of *Batman* at Christmas. They must have hoped it would be cheaper than going to Our Price.

The information office is the conduit between the BBC and the real world. In a windowless room on the third floor of TV Centre in Wood Lane, a team of between one and six beleaguered individuals deal courteously with the public. The walls are plastered with boards displaying phone numbers, names, addresses. Shelves buckle beneath reference books, leaflets and ring-binders of old copies of the *Radio Times*. Above the clock, a digital read-out says how many callers are on the line and how long they have been waiting. By the door, a bank of televisions silently shows the output of all the terrestrial channels: the public frequently ring in to complain about something on Carlton. The number handed out most regularly is that of Channel 4.

SERENA MACKESY



In another life

"It's like being in the Tardis on *Dr Who*," says Leonie Moore, manager of the outfit and veteran of six years' front-line action. "You can't see out, we have this central console covered in computer equipment and, particularly at night, the only thing you see of the outside world is what comes through the television and the telephone lines. These people pepper their speech patterns with visual, particularly visual, images: after all, the basic qualification for working here is knowing more about television than anyone in the outside world. Knowledge which they disseminate with the patience of Job. The corporation's switchboard receives around 15,000 calls a day, of which this department handles around 10 per cent. Fifteen per cent of the callers are griping, 10 per cent are praising, five per cent 'don't really know what it is they want' and the other 70 per cent are after information. That is around 85 completely unpredictable calls each hour on any subject from Motocross to *Postman Pat*.

Each call is logged, either as "comment" or "information request" on their computer system, with whatever reply was given. Over the years, they have built up an extraordinary database of television ephemera. "It happened inadvertently," says Leonie on Wednesday evening, clicking her mouse at great speed as her staff faced the onslaught. "It was



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Information, of course, is a blanket term as far as the licence-fee payer is concerned: everyone knows, after all, that the BBC is an omniscient organisation. Leonie once had a call from a woman who wanted to know where she could buy a nuclear fallout shelter with a cat flap. When Michelle Fowler failed to get married on *EastEnders*, five women rang to ask where she got her suit and they have had numerous requests for the telephone number of the Queen Vic. A man once rang from Calcutta to enquire about the weather at Lord's cricket ground that afternoon and a woman wanted to know if it would be safe to hang out her washing. And numerous people have wanted to know over the years if Tom Robinson was Ann Robinson's son.

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"Comment", as they studiously label the random complaints of the mutters on the streets, is religiously collated and turned into a daily log for the consumption of high-ups and programme makers. This isn't just a palliative exercise: considerable attention is paid to comment, both pleasant and

adverse, and adjustments are made as far as they can be. At the top of the rota comes scheduling (or alterations thereto), sports programmes and anything that gets high ratings. After that, it's a bit of a free for all. Past comment has included a complaint during the D-Day celebrations that the BBC was biased against Hitler and a stated belief that Marmaduke Hussey is a communist. "We get people moaning about the fact that Ireland has won the Eurovision Song Contest again," says Leonie. "As if we could do anything about it." Rather satisfactorily, the individual who garners complaints whenever he appears is Sir Bernard Ingham. Jimmy Hill, Danny Baker and Dale Winton figure high as well. Complaints soar when Jeremy Paxman isn't on. Nigel thinks it's a sexual thing. "It's always women, and they always think that tone in their voice when they say his name."

They are a close team. They have to be. "It's a stressful job and we're really the only people we can talk to about it: no one else gets the point," Jeremy Aspinall, a history graduate who has been at this game for 18 months, explains. One thing they absolutely don't do is admit what they do for a living at parties. Unless, that is, they want an hour's run-down on their interlocutor's personal sitcom bugbears. So they share their weird experiences among themselves, prop each other up, have a lottery syndicate, and even went off to Paris together for a weekend last year. "Most of the people who call are really nice," says Leonie, "but it has to be said that some people who ring are completely insane."

By 9.30pm ample evidence of this is building up. Only two warriors, Jeremy Aspinall and the supervisor Brian Andrews, are left to hold the fort. It's like watching Canute holding back the tide: Wimbledon has overrun and cut into the athletics, everybody hates Cliff, one of the papers has given the wrong time for *Timewatch* and everyone who remembers Culoden has a penn'orth to put in about the Stone of Scone.

Listening to Jeremy cope with whatever is thrown at him is an exercise in surrealism comparable only with *Supermarket Sweep*. The only predictable thing is how the call will start. "Good evening, BBC information. How can I help you?" After that, it's anybody's guess.

"I'm sorry, I don't have a telephone number for *Hearts of Gold*, but I can give you an address. Oh. Do you know anybody who can write?" The chairman is Christopher Bland. The director-general is John Birt. Yes, I suppose if you called a member of staff an arsehole they might have cause to be offended... no, I'm not going to call the police on you but I can pass your complaint on." "Perhaps if you finish programming the video by pressing the power button, that might work. Oh, good. You're welcome."

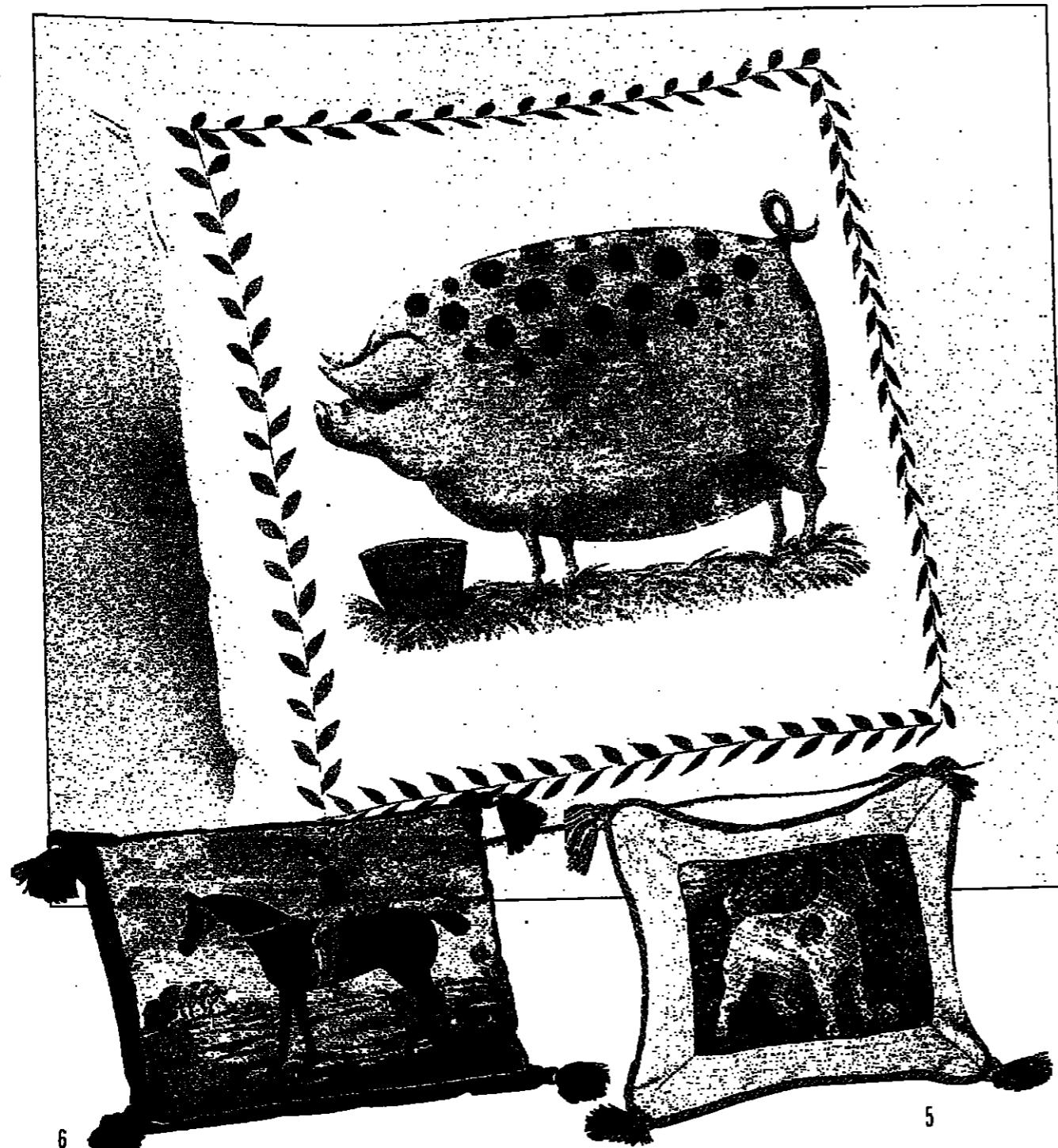
Someone rings for the number of the speaking clock. "123, I think," says Jeremy. "No," replies the caller, "that only works in Britain. I need the number from Portugal." A rash of complaints about the same trailer comes from Bristol. It's quite common, apparently, for complainers to get their friends to back them up. Virtually everyone who was offended by *Oranges are not the Only Fruit* came from Manchester.

Leonie fields a call. "Hello, BBC information. Well, we don't have music on our answerphone because you have to pay a copyright fee every time you play a piece of music, and we receive so many calls that it would mean the licence fee would be higher. You're welcome." Meanwhile, Jeremy is nodding patiently. "It was stolen from Westminster in 1950? Thank you, I'll pass that on."

Brian, who has been sitting in a corner registering opinions with one hand and editing the log with the other, wanders over for a breather. We talk about the regulars, how they are more evident at Christmas and holiday periods. "Sometimes," says Leonie, "you find yourself on the tube looking at people and and thinking: 'Did I speak to you today?'" "I once found myself next to one on the bus," says Brian. "I recognised him instantly from his voice: he had a terrible stammer. He used to ring up every week and ask which song the dancers were going to dance to on *Top of the Pops*. He started trying to talk to me and I had to pretend not to hear."



## Six of the best animal cushion covers



1 Naive pig, (£25 filled, price includes delivery). This portly pig is just one of a range of naive animal cushions which includes hens, ducks, cockerels, giraffes and elephants. Made from handwashable cotton. By mail order from A-R Interiors (0171 730 1536).

2 Giraffe print cushion (filled) from around £49. Tired of leopard spots and tiger prints? Try giraffe. This luxurious cushion feels like the softest silk and is the next best thing to having a real giraffe strolling around your sitting room. For stockists call The How Partnership (0171 359 2450).

3 Grazing Fresian Cows, ref: SBR 016 (£19.95 filled). Support British cows by buying this bovine cushion. The beauty of this graphic cow cushion is its stark simplicity. The cushion pad is nice and squidge too. Call Bombay Duck for further information (0181 964 8882).

4 Heraldic Rampant Unicorn, (with curled feather pad) from £50 plus VAT. Scenic artist Julie Perren hand paints original artwork directly on to silk dupion. It's really one to lounge on - more for attracting admiring glances. Call Perren Design (0181 873 0339) for stockists.

5 Jack Russell cushion with tassles ref: mc58 (mini size Jappron 11" x 9") £29 filled. This Jack Russell is one of a range of animal tapestry cushions inspired by antique designs. The ideal birthday gift for great aunts everywhere. Available from Sussex House (0171 371 5455).

6 Stubbs horse cushion ref: mc36 (£24 padded). Who says the only place for art is on the wall. Stubbs' 'Gimcrack', circa 1765, works just as well in cushion form. It comes with a velvet back and tassels. The original painting is held in the Fitzwilliam Museum, Cambridge. From Sussex House, as before.

Stylist: Julie Aschkenasy. Photographer: Tony Buckingham



## The thing about... speakers



You decide to improve your living environment with some new audio equipment: maybe the burglars have been in and had the old lot, maybe you're replacing your old Dansette, maybe you want to impress the chickies. Whatever, you go to your nearest audio emporium and approach an assistant. He (this is not a casual use of the pronoun) will look at you as if he's just unscrewed the overflow panel on the kitchen sink and come reluctantly from behind the glass cabinet full of Walkmans armed for battle.

Buying a stereo is a rite of passage: an ordeal everyone has to go through to achieve full adulthood. To leave an audio shop with what you went in for is to have taken on the world and won. Someone who works in an audio shop has one thing on his mind: his commission. He doesn't care that you live in a bedsit and haven't room for speakers eight feet tall and an amplifier large enough to give Indonesians serious fantasies about annexation. He will hit you over the head with channel statistics, get you behind the knees with wattages, deal the death blow with his tweeters, but he won't actually know what he's talking about. A customer is merely a pound sign.

The thing about audio equipment that not only is it sold by wide boys, it's designed by anoraks. Anoraks may know everything there is to know about sound quality, but they know squishy zero about aesthetics. Would you put your interior decor in the hands of someone whose bedroom is plastered with Megadeth posters? And yet we continue to accept that the way speakers look is the only way they can look.

Speakers are the worst. One can accept that a certain number of flashing lights are a necessity on a CD player, but this belief that speakers should be seen and heard is hard to break. It is of course a hangover from the space age, when top technology was so exciting and so expensive that you

jolly well wanted everyone to see that you owned some. Nowadays, as we squeeze ourselves into ever smaller living spaces to make room for more redundant office blocks, you would have thought our priorities would have changed.

And yet, stereo equipment continues to look like stereo equipment. Only more so. The top end of the market manufacturers have grasped that design matters in gramophones, but ignore the real point. The catalogue for Bang and Olufsen's new Beosound range is full of quotes about this subject: "A revolt against indifference and black boxes. And the way things have become, you can hardly tell whether you're looking at a toaster or a typewriter." Lovely sentiments, but the product itself - CD player and long thin black speakers you can hang on a stand or off the wall at will - still looks like CD player and speakers. Infinity speakers look like solar panels: an obvious addition to your living room. Quad Electroacoustics have designed their speakers for sonic purity but actually a couple of granite gravestones look awfully silly in the corners of the average kitchen.

Still, the tide could be turning. New interior design outlet Lady Daphne (145 Sloane Street, London, SW1, tel 0171-730 1141) carries a piece of stock that breaks the mould: speaker lamps. These gorgeous objects are exactly what they sound: a pair of graceful ceramic lamps - not a hint of modernism about them - which come in five colours or your own customisation. And sneakily hidden in the bottoms are a pair of 120 watt, 360 degree sound speakers. They are not cheap at £399, pair but you're not going to get much change from £400 from Bang and Olufsen either. Plonk them on side tables in place of your Habitat ginger jars. They sound great too.

Serena Mackesy

## classified • personal

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## shopping

# Eighty years old and the doyenne of English country house style is still putting on the chintz

By Caroline Donald



Jean Monro: a natural inclination towards the right mix

Photograph: Edward Sykes

In other times and circumstances, Jean Monro would have made an excellent diplomat. During the course of our conversation not a bad word is said about anyone: the great and the good are, invariably, "a great friend of mine", and awkward questions are subtly deflected by well-rehearsed anecdotes that show her work in the best light. But after a successful wartime stint in military government, she became an interior decorator and joined the company established by her mother - Mrs Monro - which celebrates its 70th anniversary next week with a party for 400 at Christie's. Miss Monro celebrated her own 80th birthday last month.

Discretion is the name of the game in both diplomacy and working for the wealthy. Whereas Miss Monro (like that other "doyenne", Miss Muir, one would never dream of calling her Jean) is delighted to drop the names of her smarter public clients at regular points during our conversation - Moët et Chandon, the National Trust, the Bath Preservation Trust, Rio Tinto Zinc, the Foreign Secretary's residence at No 1 Carlton Terrace - she refuses, in the nicest possible way, to tell me the name of the villa she has just decorated in Italy, but reveals that Penelope Hobhouse, "a great friend of mine", has designed the garden. With contemporary security risks to take into consideration, this is a very obvious precaution, but it was also this discretion which won Mrs Monro and, later, her daughter, their first clients - friends who had admired the former's good taste in her own home.

Nowadays, influenced by the Americans who "regard you as a professional, like a doctor", having your home done up by a smart interior decorator is something to flaunt. "But the sort of people who were my mother and father's friends would have regarded it as rather an insult to hire a decorator," says Miss Monro. "They thought they would know themselves what to do. That is where my mother was particularly good because she was very tactful. I learnt from her how to deal with people who were rather grand and didn't really want to be told what to do." Indeed, it was not until after the war that Mrs Monro even considered being paid for her advice on top of materials and only now, as a concession to American demands, is the company bringing out a publicity brochure.

The "tact" learnt by Miss Monro applies not only to personal relationships with clients, but to the houses that are to be decorated. Whereas some designers like to impose their personality on everything, down to co-ordinated valances and waste-paper baskets, one of Miss Monro's favourite lines is that she does not like people to be able to walk into a room and say: "That's a Jean Monro!" Although her signature is the beautiful chintz she uses for soft furnishings, her style is that of her background - Scottish descent upper-middle class - with a comfortable clutter of collected and handed-down furniture, "objets" and pictures, and a healthy disregard for fashion.

Her talent, aided by the unceasing love affair with the British country house style indulged in particularly by the Americans, has been to adapt

through the decades to clients from walks of life far away from the grouse moors - including banks in Chicago, a host of cruise ships and houses all over the world. "That is the great art," she says. "To suit the house and the people who live in it. You can be perfectly modern and still be very comfortable. One must never be rigid. You have to treat each house and customer differently." The glory days of chintz may have passed as a fashion but it is always easy to live with.

The doctor has now ordered Miss Monro to slow down a bit, following a bout of shingles, so she is planning on retiring from rushing around the world on active decorating work. But it is hardly a twilight life she is planning; she will remain a consultant for Mrs Monro and is planning on attending a painting course in the Luberon. Then there is a book to be written. Having already penned a jolly autobiography, *17 Montpelier Street* (where the firm was based for over 60 years), about all the marvellous friends she has made and delightful places she has visited in her work, this one will be full of handy tips for young decorators.

"Sir Joshua Reynolds wrote that taste does not come by chance, it is the result of long and laborious labour, which is absolutely true," she says. "A lot of people nowadays take short cuts and you can't. For instance, I went into a house not very long ago, and as soon as I came into the room, I thought, 'my God!' They had put the chair rail back but they had got it far too high and it upset the whole proportion of the room. The pictures looked wrong and the skirting

board too low. All these things are terribly important. It's rather like cooking: if you don't get the proportions right, you don't get the result."

Having a natural inclination towards getting the mix right is what Miss Monro refers to as having "The Eye". Colour is also important, and you must be prepared to adapt to the environment around you. Painting a north-facing room in Scotland blue, for instance, is a recipe for freezing disaster. "You've got to do your homework if you are dealing with a very good house. A lot of people, especially young decorators, who haven't had the chance to travel as much as I have, don't get things like the light right. What is good in Australia, won't be good in England and what is good in the south of France possibly wouldn't be good in Normandy or Brittany. I think one has to write the sort of book that will help because there are all sorts of dodges one learns over the years."

It would seem that some of those dodges have already been passed on. Miss Monro recounts how she recently saw a girl using tape and handkerchief to measure how long a pelmet should be in a room she was decorating. "I said, 'where did you learn that?' and she said: 'my aunt used to know an old girl who decorates,' and I asked her where was that old girl, and she said 'in Montpelier Street'. I thought it was lovely. It made my day."

Mrs Monro, 16 Motcomb St, London, SW1X 8LB (0171-235 0326)

**Nicholas Haslam,**  
Interior designer  
"Her look has been  
very strong, in a  
certain world, for  
forty years or so but  
it isn't current. The  
look she achieves -  
like a florist almost  
- was paramount some 10 to 15 years ago  
(and will doubtless come back). She has  
always achieved the most lovely colour  
ways with all her chintz. It's a pretty look  
without being saccharine. I think she is a  
wonderful woman."



**Ilsa Crawford,**  
editor Elle  
Decoration  
"Miss Monro  
invented big strong  
chintz. Because it  
was so immensely  
strong it will come round again. It's always  
strong the originals that have come back  
factor. You can already see big fat flowers  
coming through in fashion for next spring.  
Interiors take longer to come around. But  
what goes around comes around; so watch  
this space."



**Lady Jane  
Churchill,** interior  
designer  
"I have used her  
fabrics. There were  
years when her  
chintz was very  
appealing. Now  
though people are  
now going for a  
much plainer look; it's had its day. Things  
move on, in the architectural world as well  
as the interiors world. You wouldn't want  
them to stay the same."



**Nina Campbell,**  
interior designer  
"Miss Monro is like  
an institution, so  
sound, she  
represents a type of  
interior design that  
is never affected by  
fashion -  
comforting and  
right. To me, she's like boiled eggs and  
soldiers. She's England's answer to Sister  
Parish. She taught me to appreciate classic  
chintz. Her own chintzes are beautiful and  
what I like about them is that they are  
never over used. She's the ultimate in  
discretion."



**Antony Little,**  
interior designer  
"Miss Monro is a  
very important  
contributor to the  
revival of classic  
English country  
house decorating.  
She's such a great  
influence because of her thorough  
knowledge of interior design itself. Together  
with people like John Fowler and Philip  
Jebb, classic English style is now  
internationally appreciated and, of course  
imitated. She's proved that design without  
knowledge and understanding just doesn't  
work. By appreciating very important areas  
such as composition, balance, drawing and  
colour sense, she's shown that design is not  
just about fashion but needs substance to  
make it last."



**Min Hogg,** editor  
The World of  
Interiors  
"Thank god for  
people like Jean  
Monro, who  
doesn't give a fig  
for the comings  
and goings of  
fashion, but who  
goes on producing and reproducing her  
unashamedly lovely materials that look so  
right in equally fashion-free English  
houses."



## bazaar

### Top ten

The Wimbledon Lawn Tennis Museum Shop is doing brisk business this week. Best sellers include anything in the championship colours: purple, green and white.

1 Championship sweatshirts	£29.50	6 Socks	£4.00
2 T-shirts	£12.00	7 Wimbledon teddy bears	£11.50
3 Club colour baseball hats	£5.00	8 Tennis ball keyrings	£2.00
4 Championship towels	£21.00	9 Wedgwood mugs with logo	£16.00
5 Umbrellas	£23.00	10 Pens	£1.20

### Checkout

The Cooler, 67 Stoke Newington Church St, London NW3

**Concept:** Filled with peculiar and unusual treats for people with adventurous taste buds.

**Customers:** Bohemian, intellectual and earthy types decked out in faded smocks and oversized knit-wear. Mothers and toddlers will be found in the non-smoking cafe where both newspapers and toys are provided.

**Best Buys:** Grand Gourmet's escargot kits, £6.25 which contain impressive

looking snail shells, a tin of snails with a recipe for the butter sauce.

**Worth trying:** Laver Bread from Welsh Mountain Garden; a pesto sauce made from seaweed, £4.95.

**Favourite item:** Carolina Swamp Stuff's dressings and marinades, £3.95. Try 'Cedar Spray', coriander, lime juice and curry, or 'Blue Tick', a lively concoction of raspberries and poppy seeds.

### Good thing

**Smoby's Magic Plastic**, £39.99 for starter set, additional kits £14.99



Keep idle hands busy this summer with granules that sprinkle into water to make a malleable plastic blob. When you're happy with your creation plunge it into cool water to set. Change your mind? No problem - just melt it down again.

Toys 'R' Us stores nationwide

### Mad thing

**Tap pillow**, £17.99 plus £2 p&p

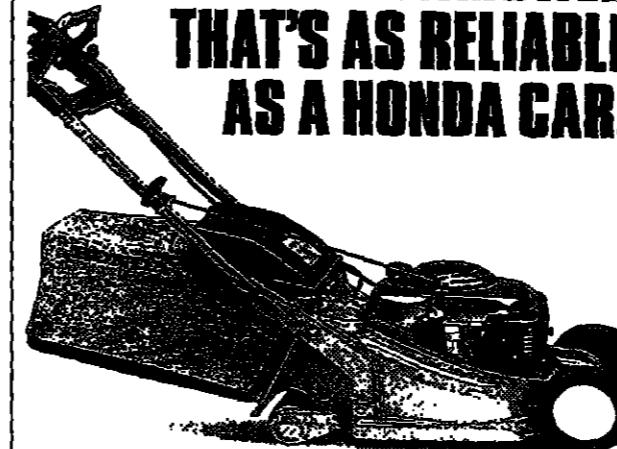


Solve those frustrating squabbles over who gets the tap-end of a shared bath with this cunning inflatable pillow which fits neatly over the taps.

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## gardening

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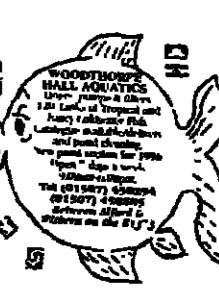
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# The World Service is punctilious, non-conformist, an irritant: long may it thrive

There is something about the BBC's recent structural changes that brings to mind the Vietnam War. Nothing melodramatic, you understand – no anguished comparisons with My Lai or Khe San – but there's something there, the faint sense of a high command issuing confident strategic communiques to front-line troops who long ago succumbed to sardonic mistrust or the passion for denatured jargon that recalls the US military's love of euphemism – all that talk of "pacification" and "demilitarised zones". And just as General Westmoreland had "communist insurgency" to whip the doubtful patriot into line, John Birt has "the digital future", a usefully protean and unspecified threat that can be used to justify whatever managerial changes he wishes to introduce. From White City, the generals issue their orders, glossed with brave assurance: out in the studio

bunkers crouch the abused grunts, fussing about "fragging" their officers. Far too strong perhaps (quite apart from the fact that grumbling was a BBC art-form long before Birt passed through its doors). But walk past Bush House on the Strand and you can see evidence of an insurrectionary spirit at work among the other ranks. Bunches of flowers have been tied to the railings, like one of those impromptu shrines that spring up at the site of a road accident. Posters explain that the tribute is in memory of "The World Service, RIP". The grieving is of course pre-emptive, a protest at the plans to draw English-language programming from two centralised News and Production divisions, rather than producing them in-house alongside the foreign language broadcasts. For the objectors, this threatens the very foundation of the World Service's reputation abroad – its intimacy with the domestic

concerns of its listeners and the peculiarly specialised nature of its tone.

I should declare an interest here – once a week I record a short programme for BBC English department at Bush House, in which people are interviewed about personally chosen passages of

prose and poetry. I suppose this connection could be thought to create a prejudice on my part – to which I can only say that my soul is available to no one else on such modest terms. But the experience also reveals why World Service programme-makers are so anxious about amalgamation into those centralised departments. My producers are meticulous in their protective concern for their audience, scrupulous about the level of vocabulary, the exclusion of parochial references, and about exactitude of grammar – once a week, it seems, I am rebuked for pronouncing "brought" as "bought", an inexcusable sloppiness that would probably pass unnoticed in a domestic broadcast, but which they are determined will not pollute the diction of their listeners. I don't think it is sentimental to say that this degree of care is not easily separable from their attachment to the World Service itself, and to

the peculiar nature of that institution, in which international expertise is often just a short walk down the corridor.

For a tidy mind, the World Service is probably an irritant – a distant province in which the diktats of the capital are applied with flexible informality. It has never quite conformed to imperial authority and, gallingly, it introduced a home-grown form of producer choice before that vexed innovation was pressed on the rest of the BBC. But tidiness is a very poor motive for threatening an institution of such value and these changes are a threat, an erosion of hard-won virtues.

Nor is it merely sentimental or nostalgic to say that the World Service's reputation matters – it isn't just a bargain for Britain (it is funded by grant-in-aid from the Foreign and Commonwealth Office, rather than from the licence fee); it also represents a valuable asset

for the BBC in its global aspirations, a trademark of integrity and accuracy that money can't buy, but false economy could all too easily give away. BBC management would presumably argue that there is nothing false about the economics intended – though the World Service currently uses its resources as efficiently as any domestic service.

There is another problem here – in most of his public pronouncements, John Birt comes across as a man who sees the weaknesses of the institution he leads rather than its strengths. But the World Service, at least, is not vulnerable – it is immensely strong. It would be a true disgrace if its fate was to recall one of the most infamous of Vietnam's soundbites, the explanation given by an anonymous American officer when asked about the obliteration of a small rural hamlet: "In order to save the village," he said without irony, "it was necessary to destroy it."



## Like comets – only more regular

Rome 1990, Los Angeles 1994, Wembley Stadium tonight. As the Three Tenors play Britain for the first (and final) time, Malcolm Hayes asks who calls the tunes, while Michael Church, right, meets the man who pays the piper

"It's like a comet that's visiting us at the moment," enthused Zubin Mehta, describing the prospect of the "Three Tenors" converging on the same concert platform at the same time. That was back in July 1990, in Rome, when Mehta himself conducted the very first Three Tenors concert the night before the Italia 90 World Cup final. "It's a phenomenon," Mehta added: "I don't know when it'll ever happen again."

Well, it's amazing how something can happen again (and again) if (a) the world loves it, and (b) the money's right. There have since been two more Three Tenors concerts – a relatively low-key affair in Monaco in May 1994 (given before a private audience with the proceeds donated to charity), and its massively hyped successor a few weeks later in Los Angeles, once again tied to a World Cup final. Now, as 10 major cities across the globe gear themselves up for this summer's Three Tenors World Tour, the rarity value of Pavarotti, Domingo and Carreras appearing together has long been overtaken by the reality of a regular multi-million-dollar fixture on the international classical circuit.

Six summers ago, the then unknown quantity of the Three Tenors phenomenon wasn't yet regarded as a bomb-proof money-spinner. All three are genuine football fanatics, with at least two of them still turning out to play in the odd charity match. (The young Pavarotti is said to have played the game "professionally", although it has proven difficult to track down the identity of the club in question.) Since they each had an extra-musical interest in being in Rome in July 1990, Decca – still Pavarotti's record label after more than three decades – decided to capitalise on the suddenly rocketing sales of their star tenor's vintage 1973 recording of Puccini's "Nessun Dorma" provoked by its selection as Italia '90's official theme tune.

That first concert in Rome turned out a roaring success, as were the subsequent CD sales for Decca and for Pavarotti, who collected a royalty for every disc sold. Meanwhile, Domingo and Carreras apparently sang for a flat fee apiece, reportedly in the region of £25,000. So when The Three Tenors Mark II crystallised around the 1994 World Cup Final in Los Angeles, at least two of them were quite keen to make some adjustments to the financial arrangements.

They managed rather well, courtesy of a gargantuan promotional operation by Warner Music, which had outbid Decca for the rights to the 1994 concert. Pavarotti, Domingo and Carreras each netted an up-front fee of an estimated \$3 million, including an advance against CD and video royalties. This didn't prevent Warners from finding itself in profit before a note had even been sung, thanks to the revenue from television



companies broadcasting live to 1.5 billion viewers.

So to The Three Tenors Mark III. The tour kicked off, metaphorically speaking, last Saturday in Tokyo, and tonight calls in on Wembley time to catch the dying embers of the nation's collective post-Euro '96 hangover. Warner Music is sitting this one out. "It's essentially the same formula as before," says Bill Holland, managing director of Warner Classics UK. "Besides, the next one has already been pencilled in for the World Cup in France in 1998, and I'm sure we'll be considering that."

Also unchanged, on known form, is the matter of exactly when each tenor decides to sing what on the night. Interviewed backstage at 7.50pm before the Los Angeles concert, Zubin Mehta confirmed that at 7pm he still hadn't been finally informed what he'd be accompanying, and/or who would be singing it, in an hour's time. This time around, as in 1994, the two medleys have been arranged by Lalo Schifrin (currently best-known as author of the original *Mission: Impossible* theme tune), and the singers have worked out their individual numbers between themselves.

The draft result of their deliberations has just emerged from promoter Matthias Hoffmann's office in Mannheim. Even so, bets on what will actually be heard tonight should be placed with care. Aficionados will note reasonable evidence of democracy at work, for instance, "Granada", sung last time by Domingo, switches to Carreras, "Nessun Dorma".

Ah, that's different.

The Three Tenors: Wembley Stadium 7.30pm tonight (broadcast on Classic FM 1pm tomorrow). Some tickets still available: 0181-900 1234

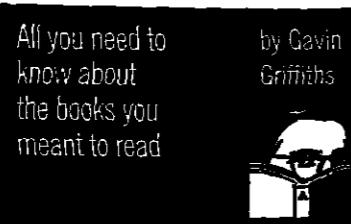


The  
Three Tenors  
experience:  
Domingo, Carreras  
and Pavarotti (left);  
and Matthias  
Hoffmann (above),  
promoter of their  
world tour

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All you need to know about the books you meant to read



**LE GRAND MEAULNES**  
by Alain-Fournier (1912)

**Plot:** A semi-autobiographical fantasy narrated by the limp François Sorel. Sorel enjoys a reclusive rural childhood until young Meaulnes turns up. Full of mischievous energy, Meaulnes seeks something beyond the usual run of experience and is prone to adventures. From one of these he returns preoccupied and taciturn, having stumbled across a country house during an engagement party and fallen in love with a young woman, Yvonne. Years later, Meaulnes bumps into the fiancé of the party Frantz, and pledges to help him track down Valentine, his betrothed, who ran away before marriage. Meaulnes marries Yvonne but deserts her soon afterwards to search again for Valentine, leaving Sorel to care for Yvonne. She dies in childbirth. Meaulnes returns but it is clear that he had found Valentine prior to his marriage and had slept with her, even driving her towards prostitution. Collecting his child, he wanders off, once more in pursuit of Valentine. Sorel finds himself alone again.

**Theme:** The pursuit of the unobtainable.

**Style:** Muted "magical realism" with characters afloat in a symbolist landscape that reflects their fathomless isolation.

**Chief strengths:** The sentimentality is kept in check by Alain-Fournier's choice of a damaged narrator whose resentful spite underscores the novel.

**Chief weakness:** Most readers would like to give the characters a good shake and tell them to snap out of it.

**What they thought of it then:** Critics tended to find the implausibilities overwhelming and in 1913 the book failed to clinch the Goncourt.

**What we think of it now:** Alain-Fournier is regarded as a poor man's Proust, strong at heart, but soft in the head.

**Responsible for:** The Vaseline lens technique and shimmering light of the Sixties film directed by Jean-Gabriel Albinoco.

**Who's reading whom**

Jeffrey Archer finds masterly skills in the short stories of F. Scott Fitzgerald



It's 15-20 years since I read Scott Fitzgerald, but on the publicity tour in the US for *Fourth Estate*, I picked up two collections of short stories, *The Diamond as Big as the Ritz* and *Bernice Bobs Her Hair*. His technique is seamless. He has that almost indefinable ability to make you turn the next page and bind you into his stories. I have never read anyone who observes so well the subtleties of the ego: thus an actor who "lent backwards in order to see his visage in the chandelier". But I admire him most of all for the risks he takes. Writers create artificial dialogue. Fitzgerald - and I'm thinking of a love scene in "May Day" - shows extraordinary nerve and tenderness in reproducing it as it is in real life.

# Close encounters in the wilderness

Richard Mabey marvels at the intrepid exploits of Victorian naturalists

**Bright Paradise: Victorian Scientific Travellers** by Peter Raby  
Chatto, £20

To travel hopefully as a naturalist in the Victorian era was to arrive. Regardless of destinations, it was chance encounters in the wilderness that fuelled the collective fantasies of the age: fabulous new species; savages, noble and grotesque; grueling obstacles against which the superior moral fibre of the European races could be tested. But as Peter Raby demonstrates in this fascinating and thoughtful survey, there was another, more purposeful project: nothing less than the cataloguing of the entire living world.

Throughout the 18th and 19th centuries scientific exploration was driven largely by economic and colonial ambitions. In the Victorian period, there was also a fundamentalist edge to the quest: could European man prove his title to the world's estates? The penetration of the rain forests in Australia and the New World had raised the thrilling possibility of glimpsing Eden, nature - and perhaps even man - in a primeval state. And that might lead, inexorably, to the unravelling of two more great conundrums: the age of the earth, and the origin of species.

Many of the travellers, like Sir William Hooker of Kew and the archetypal great white hunter Du Chaillu seemed to find the physical endurance required on these quests for biological grails invigorating. In Australia in 1848, Thomas Huxley ate tea and chops under an opossum-skin bivouac. Charles Waterton slept night after night with one foot trailing from his hammock in the hope that a vampire bat would come along and suck his blood. Many paid for their derring-do with bouts of malaria and dysentery. Mould attacked their specimens and insects ate their paints.

But the repeated shocks to their cultural preconceptions were even greater. When Charles Darwin first encountered naked Fuegians during the Beagle's voyage he was aghast: "I could not have believed how wide was the difference, between savage and civilised man. It is greater than between a wild and domesticated animal." The stock response was paternalism, symbolised at its bizarre extreme by the Philanthropic Expedition of 1841, a vast improving circus of public health engineers, missionaries and scientists who descended on the hapless inhabitants of the Niger.



Biting the bullet: a Victorian hunter comes to a sticky end, from Paul du Chaillu's 'Exploration and Adventure' in Equatorial Africa (1861)

More often the concern shown for indigenous peoples was little more than a self-interested gesture. The Niger rapidly became a trading route, which Raby tellingly calls "an imperial byway". European values roared down it in one direction, and African booty - plants, animals and minerals - stole out the other. The arrogance and scale of the collection business was prodigious. Du Chaillu flogged his captive gorillas if they "sinned"; whole forests were cut down simply to make their orchids easier to gather. Every place seemed to have its own idiosyncraticities, finches, tribal peoples, there for the picking. The irony was that this global plunder began cumulatively to build up a picture of the natural world as not just diverse but marvellously interdependent and adapted. The explanation was beginning to look

inescapable but heretical, and when William Hooker wrote to Darwin from the Himalayas in 1849, he displaced the question, hanging in his and every explorer's mind onto the teeming rhododendrons he was collecting: "(they) always are asking me the vexed question, where do we come from?"

The answer was not long arriving from the Malay Archipelago. Alfred Russel Wallace was ill and possibly delirious when a vision of "the survival of the fittest ... suddenly flashed upon me". He had seen the profuseness and difference of natural life in the islands, and realised that "in the very process of this modification the unmodified would die out, and thus the definite characters and the clear isolation of each new species would be explained".

This was the explosive burden of the paper that landed on Darwin's doormat

in June 1858. It is fruitless to argue which of the two "discovered" the mechanism of natural selection first; but Wallace bedded his elaboration of the theory in an altogether more benign view of nature and mankind than Darwin. He adored the tropics, and was convinced that their wonderfully intricate ecosystems "were not made for man alone". He loved their native inhabitants, too, whom he found more graceful, ethical and democratic than Europeans.

Almost alone amongst the Victorian travellers, he was able to empathise with native people and, as with the Aru

(who found the word England - "Unglun" - unpronounceable gibberish) see himself through their eyes. It

is one of history's intriguing "what if's": what might have followed if the theory of evolution had been elaborated by

this generous, idealistic man rather than the dystopian Darwin.

Wallace is, understandably, one of Peter Raby's favourites. But it is Mary Kingsley who is the most endearing character in his book. She had a deep affection for African people, landscapes and wildlife (she warded off leopards by lobbing crockery at them rather than shot), and her celebration of them - written in wonderfully funny prose that both imitated and mocked the heroic travel narrative - is one of warmer legacies of Victorian exploration.

For the most part, we are still grappling with the dilemma discovered in the heart of darkness. Are wildness, naturalness, "primitiveness", qualities that need to be redeemed by civilisation, or something we need to rediscover in our own societies?

## The good, the bad and the one with the shiny bald head

Edward Pearce is intrigued by the idiosyncratic details in the latest instalment of a British institution

The Dictionary of National Biography is a glorious national shrine to which new extensions are added by the Dean and Chapter every few years. Conformity of shape is attempted. A paragraph near the end tells us what the politician, trombonist or neuro-surgeon looked like - "average height and had a rubicund complexion and a suntanned bald pate". (Sir Robert Macintosh, Professor of Anaesthetics at Oxford) - "medium height and fair-haired with striking blue eyes." (F.W. Paish, the economist).

Occasionally copy accelerates: "She was physically somewhat clumsy with a rather loud, commanding voice," Noel Streeter. Once in a while it goes clean off the road: "Very tall, six feet six inches, with a shining bald head, shaved on the advice of Vidal Sassoon, (he) wore a large diamond in one ear and several bracelets on his wrists... His other enthusiasms included the music of Richard Wagner and tenpin bowling. He was unmarried."

This is Teddy Tinling whose first

**The Dictionary of National Biography**  
1986-1990 ed C S Nicholls  
Oxford University Press, £50

names were actually "Cuthbert Collingwood" after his ancestor, the admiral. Similarly, family connections are all over the place. The composer, Peter Racine Fricker was a descendant of the Frenchman who made 2000 lines of Alexandreines sound like 5000. But many have satisfactorily low origins: the father of the *Mirror* Editor, Sydney Jacobson, was an unsuccessful ostrich farmer. Harold Macmillan was however only the great-grandson of a crofter.

Concision imposes hilarity upon facts not in themselves hilarious: "(Her) upbringing in an all-Jewish family generated no interest in motoring beyond her training as a Woman's Auxiliary Air-force driver." (Sheila Van Dam) or "A chain-smoker, she was small, red-haired and untidy and claimed to have been one

of the first women in England to wear shorts" (Dora Russell).

This biographical shrine has out-houses and portakabins put together by many hands, some of which, like Kingsley Amis, have themselves since died. Here posthumous copy makes no difference, but old obituaries can be lethal.

Bill Deedes knows how to let the knife slip on purpose. "His aloofness" he wrote of Henry Cotton, "lost him popularity with contemporaries, and his strong will brought him into conflict with golf's rulers, but he rarely deviated from his chosen course." Moira Shearer is succinct about Robert Helpmann: "Many found him amusing but not witty; his humour was always sharply malicious at the expense of others."

There isn't enough of this in the DNB. You have to work hard to be as roundly abused as "STONEHOUSE John Thomson, politician and confidence trickster". Establishment understanding predominates. The atrocious George Kennedy Young - for whom Mussolini would have been a wet, and an

tyke at that - is let off with "his attraction and influence lay in his total independence of outlook".

Many contributors share a trade with the dead. For actors, this can intimate assassination, but for lawyers means that Mr Justice Flagelator-Smith was really a getial companion over the Middle Temple Madiera.

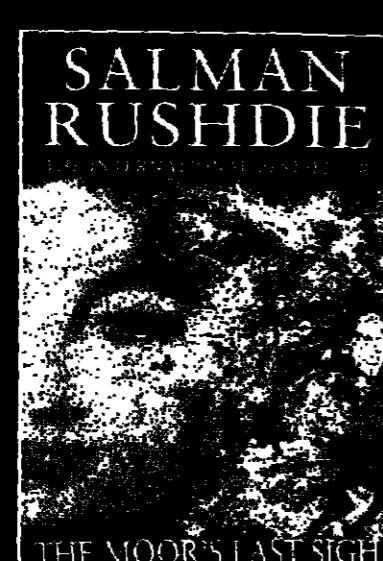
Trade unionists are not much less cushioned. There can have been few stupider, more cowardly or more mediocre men than David Basnett for whom the phrase "not up to it" was a euphemism.

Yet his intrusive style of leadership becomes "the view that trade union leaders had a right and a duty to participate with government in developing policies designed to improve economic performance and reduce social inequality". His campaign to save Labour from the leadership of Denis Healey is omitted.

The best entries are the loving ones. Witness Rachel Trickett on Lord David Cecil - "elegant and at the same time spontaneously gauche, continually in

motion, from the twirling thumbs to the enthusiastic forward lurch", but also "what he possessed he wanted to share, and he had been given precisely the gifts to enable this". Occasionally, grand praise looks exactly right. The ancient historian, Arnoldo Momigliano - is apostrophised as "widely held to be the most learned man of his age".

But the great flaw of the DNB is that the dead obtain, through the attentions of their peers, a Court treatment of their own. Once in this establishment, everyone gets establishment status. But then why not? They are all dead and how poignant is their passing - "She died on 8 August of Alzheimer's disease in Woking Surrey; he died at home in Ayr, of cancer 10 June 1989"; "died 14 November 1990 after a long decline and was buried near his father"; "it is likely he died as the result of accidentally taking an overdose of painkillers" - thus are Audrey Russell, William Ross, Malcolm Muggeridge and Kenneth Williams assembled for the DNB by Death the Egalitarian.



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IAN MCEWAN

WINNER OF THE WHITEREAD NOVEL OF THE YEAR AWARD

# Getting the Abbey habit

Patricia Craig reads the diaries of an Irish grande dame

**A**s soon as her terrible eye fell upon him I knew she would keep him... This moan of the symbolist Arthur Symons was uttered to the father of the poet, John Butler Yeats, and he in turn repeated it in a letter to his daughter Lily; the "terrible eye" was of course Lady Gregory's, and in fact the occasion referred to – in 1896 – wasn't the first time it had alighted assessingly on W.B.Y. The two had first come face to face a year or so earlier, at the Hammersmith home of William Morris, and the impression then made by Yeats was noted by the diarist: "looking every inch a poet," she records admiringly. Their second meeting – the one bewailed by Symons – takes place, by chance, in Co Galway, and the next minute Lady Gregory is out ransacking the bogs and glens for fairy lore. She has found a lifelong enthusiasm. Soon Yeats is invited to Coole Park, ancestral home of Lady Gregory's husband (d. 1892), comes for two months and never outstays his welcome.

Auguste Gregory has gone down in literary history as the co-founder, along with Yeats and Edward Martyn, of the Irish Literary Theatre, later the Irish National Theatre Society and then simply "the Abbey", after its venue in Dublin. A member of the Protestant upper-middle class in Ireland, she married at 27 an old land-owning gentleman of 62, bore him a son, Robert, and after his death turned herself into a kind of Queen Victoria figure, in perpetual widow's weeds. George Moore has mentioned the way she wore her hair parted plainly in the middle, and smoothed over her ears; and the accompanying "Protestant high-school air" which somewhat got his goat. She divided her time between London and Coole, in the West of Ireland; and spent a lot of it resolutely going into society – her diaries before 1897 would be considerably reduced if you took away the names of the nobles who kept inviting her to dine. Nothing about Lady Gre-

**Lady Gregory's Diaries**  
ed by James Pethica  
Colin Smythe, £35

gory's life, at first, is either purposeful or enthralling. Then Yeats comes on the scene, down to his last half-crown and incorrigibly entangled with Maud Gonne; and things take a more productive turn. The author of an anti-Home Rule pamphlet (1893) is about to find her niche at the centre of a campaign to restore dignity to Ireland.

In the effort to do her bit for Ireland as thoroughly as possible, along with Yeats and the others, Lady Gregory even undertook to learn the Irish language – though it's hard to judge exactly how much headway she made. For her retellings of tales from the Red Branch and Finian Cycles (*Cuchulain of Muirthemne*, 1903, and *Gods and Fighting Men*, 1904) she worked from translations, and imposed her own emollient Irish-English vernacular over the whole thing. "Kiltartanese" is the term, after a village not far from Coole; it's as factitious as Synge, but without Synge's narcotic power. She wrote plays in it, too, a circumstance that led in the end to the entire Abbey programme being assessed by mockers in accordance with its "PQ" (peasant) quotient.

Lady Gregory is quite easily viewed as a figure of fun, as she goes about overestimating the rapport between herself and the Irish poor, failing to see spirits with AE at Coole – "Any one could see them, he says, who can detach their mind from the ordinary business of life" – and giving way to exasperation with friends' inferior wives – "Mrs Russell very untidy and dirty and hard in manner." For all that, she was never merely a hanger-on of the Revival but one of its architects. She lived in interesting



Queen of Coole Park: Lady Gregory was "at the centre of a campaign to restore dignity to Ireland"

times and found herself often at the forefront of some great literary event, like the "Playboy" furore of 1907 (when Synge's language affronted not only the first-night audience who couldn't stomach the word "slut," but also the Catholic sensibilities of Edward Martyn, who swore to George Moore that he'd never set foot in the Abbey again.)

If she is herself only a writer of the second rank, she wasn't parsimonious with her energy and industry, but placed them at the service of everyone she considered worth-

while. With certain aspects of the Revival – such as its folklore side – it's hard to tell where her role ends and Yeats's begins. These diaries peter out, unfortunately, just as the Literary Movement is getting into its stride, though a few additional scrappy entries take us up to 1909. They show Lady Gregory in an everyday guise not the egregious grande dame of Coole, but a conscientious friend and mother, subject like everyone else to boredom and anxiety, beset at times by domestic problems, rats and faulty plumbing.

## Paperbacks



Reviewed by Emma Hagestadt and Christopher Hirst

**In the Arena** by Charlton Heston (HarperCollins, £7.99) Heston's roles have rarely been a barrel of laughs and the same goes for this chunky self portrait. Yet his anecdotes should please the buffs, from de Mills spending four days on a *Ten Commandments* orgy to Heston charging his horse at Peckinpah in Major Dundee. A rare irony occurs when he admits being only a "modestly competent" charioteer in Ben-Hur. "I guarantee you're gonna win the damn race," said his trainer.



**Travels in Imperial China** by George Bishop (Cassell, £10.99). A splendid account of Père David's three great treks through China, Tibet and Mongolia between 1862 and 1874, when the Basque missionary and naturalist discovered both the deer which bears his name and the giant panda. Alternatively frozen and broiled, David was threatened by cannibals and once deliberately poisoned but, like many modern travellers, he was finally brought low by a tummy bug.



**Gridiron** by Philip Kerr (Vintage UK, £5.99) Philip Kerr's blockbusters are obviously pitched with a view to Hollywood. But the endearing thing about his latest thriller – the story of a computerized building in downtown LA that starts to kill off its occupants – is just how deeply eccentric it secretly is. *Death in the high-tech building* includes confrontations with killer loos and skirmishes with killer bugs that crawl up female back passages. "Towering Inferno" meets "Carry On Nursing".



**The Two Deaths of Senora Puccini** by Stephen Dobyns (Penguin, £5.99) Invited by their old school friend, Dr Pacheco, a group of middle-aged men gather in a candlelit house to feast on veal and oysters, and tales of sexual conquests. But more interesting than their own reminiscences is the compelling history of their host's housekeeper, the enigmatic Senora Puccini. A wonderfully readable novel that serves up titillation and well-seasoned storytelling in double helpings.



**The Pope's Armada** by Gordon Urquhart (Corgi, £6.99) From 1967 to 1976 the author was a member of the Focallare Movement, an extreme Catholic sect which enjoys the blessing of the Pope. The techniques of this group – "love bombing", talking in jargon – are compared to the Moonies. Urquhart ended up, penniless and chaste, in one of the sect's communes, making napkin rings. A cool appraisal of the new Catholic cults, said to have a world membership of 30m, the obsessively detailed nature of this work suggests it may be an exorcism.



**Signed Confession** by Ronnie Knight and Peter Pitts (Rocket, £4.99) The best-known member of the authorial duo is "serving seven years in HMP Blundeston" while the other half "divides his time between England and Spain". Their yarn concerns the efforts of an ex-SAS man to wreak revenge following the murder of his night-club partner and consists almost entirely of killings with dollops of graphic sex providing relief. Occasional archaisms – such as the heroine's "perfectly straight-seamed stockings" – add charm.



**That Bad Woman** by Clare Boylan (Abacus, £5.99) The bad women in Clare Boylan's latest collection of stories, like the author herself, all share a quietly subversive streak. Whether it's the spinster whose illicit dreams of motherhood are ruined when confronted with a real live bundle of joy, or the housewife who decides it's time to re-ignite her dying embers, these women never quite end up in the relationships or beds you expect. Or they expect, come to that. Always surprising, energetic and fun, Boylan reads like the revitalized Fay Weldon.



**To The Wedding** by John Berger (Bloomsbury, £5.99) Packaged in a series of tender cinematic moments, John Berger's new novel follows the progress of a handsome middle-aged biker as he zips through Italian-French border towns (dressed in a leather jacket) on his way to his daughter's wedding – a daughter who, he's recently learned, is dying from AIDS. Easier to visualise as a film or a fashion shoot in *Vogue*, everyone and everything in the book is bathed in soft melancholic light. Nostalgic inter-railing at its most seductive.



# SALMAN RUSHDIE

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# THE MOOR'S LAST SIGH

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by David Foster Wallace  
Little, Brown £17.99

David Foster Wallace's ambitious, accomplished, deeply humorous but derivative and practically interminable second novel is set in an imaginary America of the near future where the pursuit of happiness through self-indulgent consumption has brought society even closer to total breakdown than it is at present.

One can't put an exact date on events because the Organisation of North American Nations, a bloc made up of Canada, the US and Mexico (official seal, "a sombre-faced eagle with a maple leaf in its beak") has abandoned the old Christian calendar in favour of Subsidised Time, a system where each year is named after a commercial product at the discretion of the highest corporate bidder, starting with the Year of the Whopper when Burger King won the first franchise a decade back. The Statue of Liberty brandishes a giant replica of the chosen product. This year, Kimberly-Clark (makers of Kleenex and other disposables) have won the bidding, and the statue is sporting incontinence pants to mark the Year of the Depend Adult Undergarment.

The action occupies a couple of weeks in November YDAU, except for a few flashbacks and a puzzling prologue set a year later. Basically some fanatical Quebec separatists are trying to find the master copy of a film called *Infinite Jest* which is so absorbing that all who see it even for a moment are immediately and irreversibly turned into drooling morons incapable of any activity but perpetual repeated viewing of it. The few known teleputer cartridges on which the film exists are read-only, so the master is a must if the Québécois are going to make sufficient copies.

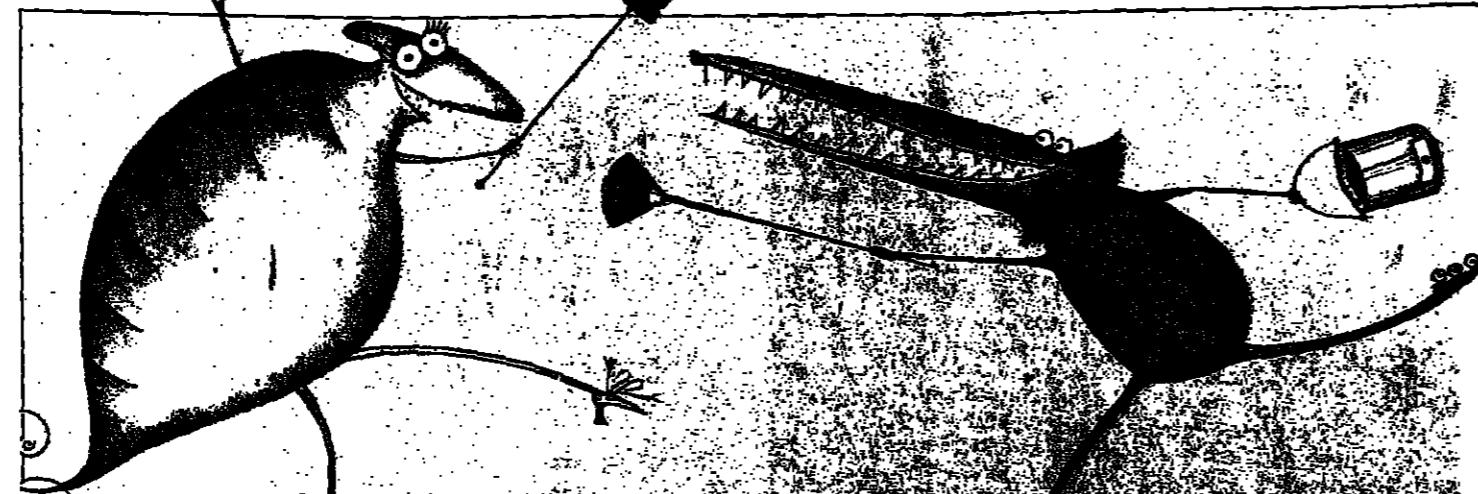
Their fiendish plan is to addle so many American brains that the US President will have to nuke Canada in retaliation, unless of course the Canadians dissociate themselves by declaring Quebec independent. The clever part is that the terrorists know the Americans are so weak-willed and pleasure-dependent that they will be unable to resist running the fatal film on their teleputer viewers even when they know what it will do to them. The Québécois themselves have no interest in the film beyond its potential usefulness to the cause.

The book's final page-toll is in the four-figure range and not much of the verbiage is strictly germane to the plot. Key points are liable to be forgotten in the vast intervals between mentions, so hardly anything ever makes even as much sense as this summary indicates. The two main characters, Hal Incandenza the junior tennis star and Don Gately the recovering drug addict, only have indirect connections to the goings-on.

Wallace, meanwhile, offers a wistful remark about brilliant second-raters who can only imitate others. Pynchon went beyond his influences and developed his own voice. Wallace seems to acknowledge that he himself, despite great talent, has yet to achieve this.



## CHILDREN'S BOOKS SPECIAL



### Fluffy bugs and thirsty pooches

Under 6: Sally Williams chooses the best new picture books for times

**Feeley Bugs**: a touch and feel bugs book by David A Carter; Orchard Books, £5.99. Books to feel are not new, but whereas most just stick to the basics, rough and smooth, this latest in the Bugs in a Box series (Alpha Bugs, Number Bugs, Jungle Bugs etc.) has feathery bugs, leathery bugs, fluffy bugs, puffy bugs to touch, feel, stroke and peel. Colourful and stylistic: the ruby red velvety bug is particularly chic.

**Edward's First Day at School**: Edward's First Swimming Party; Edward's First Night Away by Rosemary Wells, Walker Books, £5.99 each. Collectively titled "Edward the Unready", these tales of a koala going at his own pace, are inspired. Edward goes to play school, but isn't quite ready to join in with the other children; Edward goes to Anthony's house to play in the snow, but isn't quite ready to stay the night; Edward goes to Georgia's birthday party, but isn't quite ready to give up his arm-bands. Lesser stories would have concluded with Edward loving play school, happily sleeping over and swimming unaided. Instead, Rosemary Wells, takes a far less neat, but much more original line: Edward doesn't go to school, continues to wear his arm-bands, even in the bath too; and is delivered home by Anthony's parents who obligingly dig their way through a snow drift in the middle of the night to get him there. Wonderful tots-eye view illustrations of huge shoes, frock hem and towering grown-ups make this a reassuring tale for all times.

**Nero** by Laurence Hutton, Random House, £2.99. Nero is a steam engine who was lonely, shut up in his shed. Nobody came up to see him any more - not even Driver Jones. Then, one day, in walked schoolboys Dan and Sam. Nero is duly buffed up and with a toot and a chuff is set, one suspects interested parents hope, to follow in the rails of Thomas the Tank Engine et al, and have many lucrative adventures and merchandising deals. Don't count on it. The illustrations are bold enough, but the text is dull and charmless.

**There's a Bear in the Classroom** by Nanette Newman, illustrations by Michael Foreman, Pavilion, £8.99. Newman's story of Liza, a lonely schoolgirl in need of a friend, and a large brown bear who keeps her company looks wonderful (Foreman's illustrations are huge, colourful and warm), has good ingredients, a character and situation children can relate to, and a happy ending, but it also has duff jokes (Liza tells her mother her best friend is a bear. "Your friend is bare?" said her mother. "Well,

she's got some clothes on"). Fluffy and a tooty that doesn't hang together.

**The Big Katie Morag Storybook** by Mem Fox, Bodley Head, £9.99. For fans of Katie Morag and the remote Isle of Struay this bumper special of new stories and classics is more of the same and none the worse for that. Katie runs with her friends in the fresh air, befriends a seal, smooths out troubles when her fending granma comes upon Grannys Island and refined Grannys Mainland), bakes cakes on the Aga, dances in the sea, weasels fetching Aran James and generally leads the life that ordinary dreams are made of.

**Millicent the Mermaid** by Penny Jesch, Hammett Books, £10.99. A little girl learns to swim in this story of Millicent who visits the simple and eccentric Aunt Pearl by the sea (Aunt Pearl is a lighthouse keeper). Millicent longs to be in the water, but as Aunt Pearl doesn't swim, who will teach her? Millicent's coat is a Spanish sail and flowing hair a sail, the point of the vest, and little by little Millicent learns all of Millicent's ambitions and dreams are coming true. This charming story will appeal particularly to the likes of mainland Britain's Debbie and Holly Porteous, as the mermaids are all three rolled into one, but behind the pretty pink froth is a well-observed tale about overcoming fears that will speak to all.

**Crazy Creature Colours** by Hannah Reidy, illustrations by Clare Mackie, De Agostini Editions Ltd, £4.99. Learning colour is given the high-energy treatment in a story of three zany Ceratop Scar-like cartoon creatures.

The blue creature is sad, so the yellow creature suggests some painting to cheer him up. A pinkish ceratop and a blue ceratop zoom and collide across the page and in so doing other colours magically appear. Zappy and riotous (jaunty text, paint splats and footprints fill each page), this book goes to show that learning colours need not be a chore.

**The Kite and Caitlin** by Roger McGough, illustrations by John Fraser, Bodley Head, £9.99. Roger McGough, of the poem about strangers making love on a bus, here tackles the taboo subject of a young child's death. Caitlin is ill and as she lies limp on her bed she thinks of all the places she would like to fly with her kite: the countryside, mountains, wide open spaces. Caitlin does not get better, but she and the kite do soar together to a place free from pain. Lyrical prose is combined with well-crafted water colours to make this a moving, but not mawkish book.

**Dog is Thirsty** by Satoshi Kitamura, Andersen Press, £2.99. More spark, fun and fun from Kitamura in this story of a parched pooch in search of a drink. Part of an eminently col-

lectable book series (there is also *Dog is Dumb* and *Dog is Smart*), *Dog is Thirsty* is a bit more serious in tone than just the other two books. It has a number of many illustrations of the desperate dog surrounded by leaping ducks and geese, is educational (there's a thirsty, thirsty, and what's that? - a meadow).

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### On the track of the Norse code

Adventure: Hermione Lakers is surprised by the Viking influence in stories for 7-11s

If political soothsayers were to take the runes laid down in the latest crop of children's adventure stories seriously they would predict a rapid exit of Britain from the Common Market and the rebirth of EFTA in a new Anglo-Scandinavian grouping. While commentators agonise over the absence of an English identity, writers for children are happily digging one up. With extraordinary single-mindedness, they are exploring the nation's prehistory in general and its Norse ancestry in particular.

**The Soul Thieves** (Bodley Head, £9.99) is the third of an excellent fantasy sequence in which Catherine Fisher uses elements from Scandinavian mythology and a stark, charged style to create an intensely real, wintery world of young heroes and heroines in the making. Gudrun is a sorceress, a Snow-Walker who can reach into minds and twist the soul. She has chosen to use her powers for evil and her own gain. But she meets her match in her own son Kari.

At the heart of the matter is the nature of power: how it creates envy and distrust, how the power that parents wield over children can scar them for life. But children are always other than their parents, and they make choices all their own. Fisher writes with a deceptive simplicity. Her stories flow as naturally as the running of a brook, but have all the ringing rhythms and sudden dramatic twists and turns of the sagas.

Lesley Howarth's **The Pits** (Walker, £8.99) is another extra-

ordinary tour de force, evidently inspired by the recent discovery of the frozen body of a late Stone Age shaman in the Alps. Brod is the ghost of one of the supposed shaman's contemporaries. He decides to correct an arrogant archaeologist's patronising interpretation of life in 7650 BC by tapping into one of their computers the true history of Arf the seer, the viciously ritual-prone Fingers family and the disorganised and predatory adolescent horde who christen themselves The Pits. Telling history in the lippy idiom of the present is to walk a risky tightrope stretched over a chasm of disbelief, but Howarth, author of the brilliant and uncanny *Maphead* and *Weather Eye*, strolls across it effortlessly.

In **Julia Jarman's The Crow Hanating** (Andersen, £9.99) a new supermarket has been built on top of a Stone Age settlement and the grave of two ritually slaughtered children. This latter day desecration is avenged by a haunting of crows and a mysterious kidnapping which threatens to end in a third ritual murder. Can Medi and her little brother Davy change the course or history and save the Stone Age twins? Always lucid and readable, Jarman furnishes her everyday story of time-travelling folk with plenty of authentic anthropology and a macabre collective noun - a murder of crows. But she is a little hasty in the choreography of her blasphemy through the past, and her characters mutinously insist on remaining cosy rather than convincing.

The next best thing to a sympathetic ghost from the past is a special relationship with an animal, preferably a magical one, in the present. In **Tiger Tiger** (Andersen, £9.99) Melvin Burgess offers a fantastical but convincing vision of a Derbyshire Tiger Park in which live sheep and deer are hunted down by a dozen Siberian tigers in full view of visitors to the park: One of them, Lila, is no ordinary tiger - she is a shape-shifter, a Spirit Tiger straight from Chinese legend. When ruthless Triad gangsters decide to abduct and murder the entire pack in order to sell them for the kind of silly money that the Chinese are prepared to pay for tiger-derived medicines, her powers are tested to the utmost. Twelve-year-old Steve becomes her ally in a fast and furious tale that could never end happily for the tigers, but which at least allows Lila a satisfyingly terrible revenge.

Finally a different book entirely. Malone Black's nail-biting new thriller **ANTIDOTE** (Doubleday, £9.99) spins personal organisers, the internet and the latest surveillance technology into a gripping yarn of industrial espionage and big business. Elliott's Mum is just Mrs Average until she is accused of counterfeiting with an environmental protest organization to break into a pharmaceutical firm that experiments on rare animals. When she goes on the run, it takes all Elliott's talents as a computer hacker to save her. Strong characterization and pacy dialogue make this a real winner.

## Grown-up talent

The top prize in children's books is announced next week. Christina Hardymon considers the shortlist and talks to a writer whose powerful fantasies are read by adults too

**O**n 17 July, the winner of this year's Carnegie Medal, the most prestigious of all children's literary prizes, will be announced amid general agreement that writing for children has never been more fertile, exciting and accomplished. The juvenile literary tide has turned smartly away from 1980s introversion and agonising in favour of a fruitful mix of smart technology, cod anthropology, horror and New Age romancing.

Roots are now vitally important, especially if they involve giant ash trees linking heaven and earth. Individuals are out. So are parents. The band, the Horde and the gang are in. "Today's children's authors are better than first class," says David Fickling, Scholastic's fiery and vigorous editorial director. "They're turning out novels that adults can enjoy every bit as much as children. Real storytelling is back with a vengeance."

But are such writers getting the recognition - and the readers - they deserve? Winners of the Carnegie only get a gold, or rather golden, medal ("Too light for a paperweight and certainly not decorative," sniffs the third winner, Noel Streatfield). The prize's sponsor, Peters Library Services, also undertakes to send £1000 pounds worth of books to the children's library of their choice.

If we are serious about improving children's literacy and lifting our kids away from TV and computer screens then why aren't we making more fuss of the authors of the books we want them to read? The names of such writers as Margaret Mahy, Jan Mark, Anne Fine, Peter Dickinson, Geraldine McCaughrean and Robert Westall deserve to be heard on *Kaleidoscope* and read on the literary pages as often as those of Peter Ackroyd, Anita Brookner, Martin Amis and A S Byatt. How many people know that Penelope Lively won the Carnegie Medal as well as the Booker Prize?

Children's authors themselves do not seem too fussed about the puny size of their awards. But then most of them seem to be remarkably grown-up types - much more grown up, ironically, than many of the ageing *erotic* terribles of the adult literary circuit.

"Carnegie said that a man who dies rich dies disgraced," quips Nina Bawden, author of *Granny and the Pog*, the story of an unusual alliance between a Harley Davidson-riding psychiatrist and her granddaughter. Bawden, who has a long list of literary successes to her name, and whose sales total the £2 million mark, enjoys alternating between writing for children and writing for adults. "Children see things much more clearly than grown-ups. They need writers who appreciate the depth of feeling that they have. Good stories can offer them opportunities for self-recognition which they find it difficult to accept from their parents."

Robert Cormier, the only American author on this year's shortlist, benefits from the much more wholehearted support of children's literature that

### Turn on, tune in and for heaven's

Audio books: Christina Hardymon says Hello to more peaceful car journeys with

audio version is furnished with catchy music and witty sound effects. The other is helpfully cued for beginner readers.

Sylvia Plath's newly discovered little fable *The It Doesn't Matter-Suit* (Faber Penguin, £7.99) is a classic exercise in repetitive tale-telling which takes to audio like a duck to water. At times there is hesitant quality about the production but Andrew Sachs narrates with gusto, the (uncredited) music works beautifully, and the school children who read the parts of Max and his six brothers are fresh as daisies.

Roald Dahl had a spellbinding voice, slightly husky, with an underlying ripple of mischief behind it. Hearing him reading his own whipple-scrumptions tale of greed and innocence *Charlie and the Chocolate Factory* (HarperCollins, 68 mins, £3.99) is an absolute delight, although for choice I'd rather an unabridged

## CHILDREN'S BOOKS SPECIAL

## in the juvenile world



Pullman service: Carnegie-shortlisted, TH White-meets-Tolkien author Philip Pullman, photographed in his writing shed in Oxford

now." *His Dark Materials* (the title is a quote from *Paradise Lost*) is still unfolding. "It'll reach its moral in the third book. And it's very simple. Eve was right, The Fall is the best thing that happened to us. You have to eat of the tree of knowledge. In the second book we meet Adam, and in the third the temptation occurs - whether or not it's the fall we'll have to find out. I don't know what happens yet."

Rarely if ever have children been offered such a rich casket of wonders. *Northern Lights* stands up to comparison with both *The Once and Future King*,

TH White's tribute to Malory's *Morte d'Arthur*, and Tolkien's Norse-derived *Lord of the Rings*. It is, moreover, as well-suited to an intelligent eight-year-old as to an 18-year-old - or for that matter an 80-year-old. Indeed, in America, *Northern Lights* is being marketed as an adult book (its publishers have printed 100,000 copies) but if Pullman wins the Carnegie, a great many people will ignore the book because they will think of it as "just a children's book."

On the other hand, are today's children going to

be able to appreciate *Northern Lights*? My feeling is that, once they've opened the book and read the first page, they will. But 400 pages and a rather over-elegant cover could well put them off. In this context, winning the Carnegie, a sure signal of accessibility, would make all the difference. Without it, there is a danger that Pullman, like so many of our most talented children's authors, could find himself in that dangerous literary limbo of being thought too childlike for adults and too adult for children. That would be a tragedy.

## sake, stop quarrelling in the back

her selection of the summer's best talking (and singing) books on tape

version. If you get hooked on audioDahl, Harper-Collins have just issued five more tapes (four of them unabridged) read by Dahl himself, and twelve "theatre" versions of his enormously popular books.

A troupe of accomplished readers that includes Richard Briers, Alan Cumming and Juliet Stevenson do full justice to the romping rhythms of T S Eliot's Old Possum's Book of Practical Cats (Faber Penguin, £7.99). Written for Eliot's godchildren and friends in the 1930s, *Rum Tum Tugger*, *Mr Mistoffelees* and Old Deuteronomy, to say nothing of the dreaded Macavity and Skimbleshanks the Railway cat, are established favourites in the hearts and minds of three generations. Foot-tapping stuff, right down to the final exultant new.

Having totally failed to interest my children in reading the historical novels I used to love as a child,

I was interested to find them engrossed in a dramatisation of Rosemary Sutcliff's *Eagle of the Ninth* (BBC Radio Collection, 2 hrs, £7.99) which I was listening to in the car in order to review. The next thing that happened was a demand for the book itself, and they were soon as engrossed as I had once been in the fierce and romantic quest of Marcus Aquila for his father's Ninth legion lost in the mists of Northern Britain. It proved that audiobooks can have the same stimulating effect as television adaptations on getting children to read.

LM Montgomery's 90-year-old story of Anne of Green Gables (SHE Children's Classics, 80 mins, abridged but sold with the complete book, £7.99) works wonderfully well, narrated in a warm and eager Canadian accent by Stacey Gregg, with Ellie Fairman as the stout-hearted and hot-tempered little orphan heroine.

What price our language and literature when children no longer know whose face launched a 1000 ships, why Achilles had problems with his heel or who put what in the Wooden Horse? One way of keeping our cultural inheritance from Greece and Rome alive is to invest in Benedict Flynn's lucid retelling for children of *The Tale of Troy* (Naxos, 2hrs 30 mins, £6.49). Read with engaging directness by Benedict Soames.

Finally, one for all the family. Ted Hughes reads his own marvellous new fable *The Iron Woman* (Faber Penguin, £7.99) with his habitual relish and vigour. Hughes is quite brilliant at it, his deep voice powerful and gentle by turn, giving his words fresh fervour and redoubled power. I trust that the story's natural partner *The Iron Man* will appear on Faber's audio-book list before long - read by Hughes, of course.

## Toothpaste recipes and bridesmaids' etiquette

Non-fiction: Want to build a wigwam? Want a close-up view of the placenta? Look no further, says E. Jane Dickson

Children's non-fiction titles are on a sticky wicket; tiny noses will flare at overtly improving texts, while an overtly smug approach will be laughed to scorn like an awkward uncle. *The Miracle of Birth* by Jenny Bryant (Joshua Morris, £8.99) bites the bullet with its straight-up account of human reproduction. The most excitable seven year old will find little to giggle about in a "close-up look at the placenta", while the featured "see-through view" of female anatomy turns out to be a series of overlapping acetates showing neatly labelled internal organs.

*From Birth to Death* (Belitha Press £8.99) is a literal return to the birds and the bees with a year in the life of a heavily populated pond. Only a shifty-looking angler disturbs the natural idyll. Irene Yates' text is clear and concise and Graham Austin's classical illustrations exquisitely drawn, but the overall effect is rather lifeless and old-fashioned.

Parents grappling for an explanation of how the telephone/video recorder/space shuttle works will be grateful for *The Usborne Illustrated Encyclopedia of Science and Technology* (£12.99) a high-density reference book with a busy, bouncy layout that encourages browsing. An engaging view of history is provided in *Kings and Queens of Britain* (Pavilion, £12.99) in which Rowan Barnes-Murphy's larkily illustrated and Frances Barnes-Murphy's equally lively text are crammed with incident and intrigue. The dates and key facts

of each monarch's reign are bulked out with the kind of quirky information that makes a genuinely effective *aide-memoire* and the knowledge that Elizabeth I swore like a trooper and William IV wiped his nose with the back of his fore-finger inform a healthy scepticism about the divine right of kings.

Dorling Kindersley's excellent *Eyewitness Guides* offer good solid groundings in social history with their museum-in-a-book format. Beautifully photographed "exhibits" are explained and expanded on with an unerring eye for the details that will interest children. *Medieval Life* (£8.99) covers a surprising amount of ground from a recipe for oyster-shell and cuttlefish tooth powder to a clear-eyed deconstruction of the courtly love convention. *Farm* (£8.99) goes beyond fluffy chicks and cornflossies to a well-judged discussion of intensive farming.

Political correctness makes its proper appearance in History's *Travellers and Explorers* (Belitha Press, £7.99). In his pleasantly argued text, Philip Ardagh reminds his post-colonial readers that "David Livingstone is credited as having discovered the Victoria Falls in 1855 on what is now the Zimbabwe-Zambia border... But it seems unlikely that the local people failed to notice the 120 metre high waterfall until a Scotman came along and pointed it out to them". Multi-culturalism is also celebrated in *I is for India* (Frances Lincoln £9.99), Prodeepa Das's beautifully photographed pictorial

alphabet which replaces the Kiplingesque view of the Sub-continent with vibrant images of contemporary Indian life.

Young aesthetes will find much to enthuse them in Macdonald Young Books' *Introductions to van Gogh and Monet* (£7.99 each). Suited to absolute beginners the books comprise short biographies, a smattering of historico-social context and, most importantly, the beginnings of art criticism. For teenage readers, the sumptuously produced *Masters of Art series* (Macdonald Young Books, £12.99) offer more sophisticated but still readable analyses of the life, times and work of van Gogh and Michelangelo.

*The Amazing Outdoor Activity Book* (Dorling Kindersley, £8.99) may not lay down the cornerstone of a First in Greats, but for ages 6 and up, you get a tremendous amount of fun for your money. Whether building wigwams, observing insects or making maps, Angela Wilkes hits exactly the right note with exciting talk of "rations", "survival kits" and "expeditions". Also for tynes, *My Day as a Bridesmaid* (Bloomsbury, £8.99) doubles as a personal record book and etiquette guide for the big day. Charmingly illustrated by Joanna Walsh, Caroline Plaisted's up-beat, unguishing text emphasises the practical over more romantic considerations. Her advice to small attendants to make sure that their dress isn't tucked into their knickers, will probably stand readers in good stead long after they have forgotten their book-larnin'.

## Cranking up the feel-bad factor

Teen fiction: Nicholas Tucker visits the lower depths

It is nearly always adults these days who complain about the frequent airing of depressing topics in children's books. Young readers themselves often seem to enjoy reading about bullying, drug abuse, homelessness, sticky divorces or whatever.

Whether this juvenile tough-mindedness will also extend to Gudrun Pausewang's *The Final Journey* (Viking, £10.99) remains to be seen. This veteran German author has made a career in writing genuinely horrific stories for children. Her last title *Fall-out* described a massive urban nuclear accident and the civil mayhem that followed. Her present novel is even more despairing. It tells the story of 11-year-old Alice's war-time journey in a cattle-truck on the way to the Auschwitz gas chambers.

Much of the story focuses on Alice's anxieties about the human extremity that gradually builds up in her carriage, finally swamping everyone whatever the different efforts individuals make to maintain their dignity. This is historically accurate as well as an effective metaphor for encroaching evil; it is also highly unpleasant to read.

Parents and teachers have to make up their own minds about the age children should be told in more detail about what finally happened to Anne Frank and other Jewish sons and daughters during those terrible times. In this story, Alice is furious when she discovers her grandparents had lied to her about the fate of her own parents, long since taken away. But too much brutal truth too early can be wrong as well; pre-teenage readers could perhaps avoid such close descriptions of this continual nightmare until they have had some chance to build up sufficient mental and emotional strength to attempt to deal with it.

After that, Jacqueline Roy's *A Daughter Like Me* (Viking, £10.99) seems positively restrained although this too is a disturbing story. It features three girls aged between six and 13 whose mother has died and whose depressed father then disappears having lost his memory. There is a lot of weeping in this novel, mixed with a certain sermonising tendency as the girls make periodic stabs at pulling their increasingly shambolic life-style together. It is a good but sombre story, sensitive to mood and personal weakness but sadly short of anything even moderately approaching an occasional sense of *joie de vivre*.

Anne Fine can always be trusted to make valid points about childhood without ever becoming over-sentimental.

*How to Write Really Badly* (Mammoth paperback, £2.99) is a delightful story about an unfashionably nice teacher and pupils with no obvious social problems in sight. It is true that Joe Gardner can hardly write, and examples of his dyslexic scrawl are reproduced on the page along with Philippa Durasquier's jolly illustrations. But fellow-pupil Chester Howard, fresh from hard-bitten schools in his native America, finds a way of helping him while also gradually pulling himself out of his own cynicism. This is a feel-good children's story from first to last; treasure its precarious survival in the grim children's book world of the 1990s while you still can.

Illustration from *How to Write Really Badly*

girl in a man's world of sport - still no doubt true, but no longer a new idea. This book is still definitely recommended for all girl readers who want to play football themselves and are searching for a just about credible fictional role-model.

Ursula Dubosarsky's *Bruno and the Crumhorn* (Viking, £7.99) suggests a different order of interests. Except that 12-year-old Bruno loathes the crumhorn in question as well as his scheming great-aunt Irma who sets about teaching him to play it. Bruno's parents insist, and even though the dreaded instrument is lost on a bus it continues to exert its baleful spell until the end. But here things do change; Bruno falls in love with Sybil who has previously found his crumhorn and then taken over his lessons with great gum. Irma before this unpleasant relative flies away to everyone's relief. A slight tale, but deserving of marks for its brand of mordant cheerfulness.

So too is Sue Robinson's *Well-Dressed* (Bodley Head, £9.99). This concerns 13-year-old Louise who has decided to become a complete misery. No reasons are given for this strange career move, and to this extent this

story does little more than unimaginatively echo routine parental incomprehension faced with the experience of adolescent depression. Louise is then shadowed by Wayne, who wants to rid himself of all merry attributes that have led to the nick-name Smiler. So far, so unconvincing, but readers still

but readers still may find the relationship springing up between these two opposites moving as well as entertaining. Sue Robinson can be a good writer; perhaps she will think up a more convincing plot for her next book.

Edie Richemont's *The Dream Dog* (Walker Books, £8.99) is a short but highly individual story where the ghost is animal rather than human. Moving into his new house, Josh keeps seeing the spirit of the dog who lived there before he did. The dog itself, now far away, sees Josh in turn but neither can find each other in real life. More adventures follow, and a final reunion eventually comes about. Somewhat fey at times, this is a pleasing little fable although still falling well short of any comparison with Philippa Pearce's classic animal-ghost story, *A Dog So Small*.

Anne Fine can always be trusted to make valid points about childhood without ever becoming over-sentimental. *How to Write Really Badly* (Mammoth paperback, £2.99) is a delightful story about an unfashionably nice teacher and pupils with no obvious social problems in sight. It is true that Joe Gardner can hardly write, and examples of his dyslexic scrawl are reproduced on the page along with Philippa Durasquier's jolly illustrations. But fellow-pupil Chester Howard, fresh from hard-bitten schools in his native America, finds a way of helping him while also gradually pulling himself out of his own cynicism. This is a feel-good children's story from first to last; treasure its precarious survival in the grim children's book world of the 1990s while you still can.



Alan Garner

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day trips travel

# three tickets to the Channel Islands

Simon Calder and Harriet O'Brien mapped out Jersey and Guernsey in terms of a shopping list

## Guernsey

**The first impression:** The day-tripper hops off the early morning Gatwick run hungry: Jersey European's BAe 146 seems a preposterously small aircraft to set out from an international airport, but you soon realise that it is something of a flying bus – so the most you can expect in the way of breakfast are a couple of unsustaining biscuits. The need for food might send you swiftly in the direction of St Peter Port, Guernsey's only urban centre, but before you board a bus there – simply labelled "Town" – cast your eyes over the line-up of propeller-driven flying machines beside the runway.

**The great outdoors:** There might be just the one town on Guernsey, but much of the rest of the island has a villagey feel. The tiny roads are lined with little houses in front of which home-grown produce is intermittently housed in small huts. Offerings of flowers and fruits can be bought by depositing the required reimbursement in an honesty box. Judging by the proliferation of such sales opportunities, honesty pays off. This, you sense, is a delightfully quiet and innocent place, a cosy island of milk if not honey.

Walking along the green drenched lanes inland you pass the producers of such milk in pocket-sized fields. Guernsey cows were imported from Normandy in the 10th century, a breed which is able to produce rich milk by grazing on only a small area of grass.

As you head seawards from the island's pleasantly hilly farmlands and its abundance of tomato and flower-filled greenhouses, the coast bobs with a rather more hardy culture. Guernsey's sandy beaches and rocky bays clatter gently with the sound of fishing boats and small yachts.

**And indoors:** It was merchant seafaring and specifically "privateering", a sort of legalised form of piracy (so much for Guernsey's current atmosphere of innocence), that went a long way in establishing the island's wealth in the 17th century. This you learn in the Candie Museum at St Peter Port.

There's a rich seam of visitor attractions on the island. Victor Hugo's house, where the poet lived between 1856 and 1870 – and where he wrote part of *Les Misérables* and all of *Les Travailleurs de la Mer* (set in Guernsey) – underlines the continuing thread with France. However, for an insight into what the island is, and the whys and wherefores of its tax-free development, the Candie Museum is your best bet.

Here the full gamut of Guernsey's history is displayed, from the earliest finds of weirdly shaped neolithic stone implements and pottery of 4700 BC, to 18th-century trinkets. You get a rundown on the wildlife, too, albeit in stuffed form: waders, ringer plovers, even a hoopoe displaying its crest.

**Hitting the High Street:** Side-stepping all the old familiar such as Boots and Walls, dip into the Guernsey Press bookshop in St Peter Port and you'll find that nature is a bestseller here. There were only a few copies left of the

glossy photographic hardback, *Guernsey Moods* (MLL, £29.95), when I called in.

The price, though, might not suit your own mood. The cost of books seems more than a little steep in comparison to other high street offerings. Strolling down from Smith Street, or La Rue des Forges (the French street names still nestled in smaller print underneath the English ones), you gawp at window displays for shoes at £12, whisky at £10. VAT-free prices certainly add much to the charms of this old-world harbour town. Yet as you wander down the cobbled main street, you are startled out of your cosy time warp by the sight of butterscotch-yellow phone boxes and letter boxes painted a deep blue. These are small but significant marks of independence: the people of Guernsey make a tidy profit out of running their own telephone exchange and postal service.

**Buying the souvenir:** At St Peter Port's main post office you are told with evident pride that "There's no strike here". A classic collection of the island's flower stamps is £3.06. And as you walk there you pass a profusion of perfumeries. The tax-free cost for 25ml of Dolce & Gabbana eau de toilette is £16.60.

**Wet feet:** A one-day Rover bus ticket costs £3, which seems very reasonable. The only trouble is the buses aren't always roving nearby when you want them. Stranded at the coast I was engulfed in a fine mist. Without any sensible footwear or rain gear (I was expecting sunshine in the not-quite-abroadness of the Channel Islands), there was a certain inevitability about getting wet. I took a soggy walk.

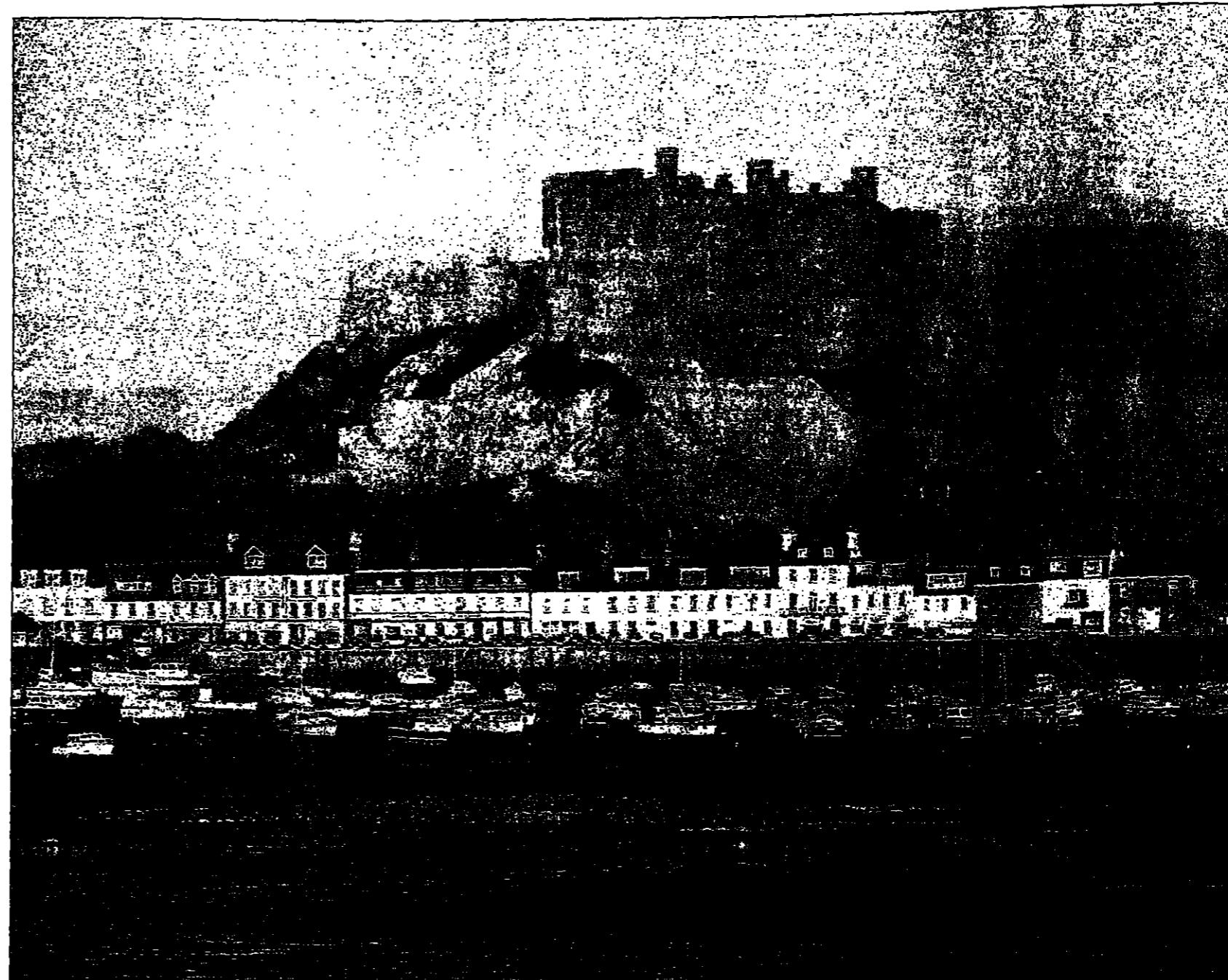
**Liquid refreshment:** Drying off in St Peter Port was a cheerful experience. The barman at the Thomas de la Rue suggested a reviving half of the local brew, Donkey Ale. It was rather more palatable than it sounded. "Strong, real stuff."

**Finding the picnic:** St Peter Port on a Thursday comes into full, old-fashioned swing with its costumed market: colourful, abundant, bustling. Or so I was told. I arrived on a Friday. Still, I found a very acceptable alternative to picnic shopping at a stall: on North Pier Steps, Mrs P's Kitchen offers home-baked pastries. A vegetable pasty, vegetarian "sausage" roll and mineral water came to £2.50.

**The picnic spot:** Not to be outdone by the weather, I took my picnic to the beach. I had the wide sands of Vazon Bay to myself, that is if you discount the seagulls and waders which seemed sublimely indifferent to my presence. Not a windbreak, deck chair or ice-cream van in sight.

**The lasting memory:** "Hello from Guernsey" said the brown cow in bubble speech on the postcard I sent home. The cows were certainly part of the Guernsey experience, but what really made my day were the bus drivers. A helpful crew, they double as unofficial tour guides. Even when you're wet and weary you are quite prepared to forgive them for their elusive, roving buses.

Harriet O'Brien



Mont Orgueil and Gorey Castle in Jersey

Photograph: Alain de Garsmeur

## Jersey

**The first impression:** At Jersey airport, you soon see the redundancy of the cliché that the Channel Islands are like England 30 years ago. The pure Art Deco lines of the airport terminal make it at least 60 years behind the times. Most of your fellow travellers seem retro, too – locked in a pre-package era when the Channel Islands were the only "overseas" that most people could reach from Britain.

**The great outdoors:** You do not need to be Bergerac to detect that airports tend to be built on flat ground. Given the terrain in Jersey, the developers had no choice but to plant the island's runway just west of centre. Elsewhere the horizontal is disrupted in delightful fashion by rifts and valleys. Not ideal railway territory, but the Victorians managed somehow to build one as far as La Corbiere – the rocky, isolated Land's End of Jersey. The rails were ripped up years ago, so now the three-mile track to the jolly resort of St Aubin is a footpath.

**And indoors:** Slavery was abolished in Jersey in 1945. Wherever you go in the Channel Islands, you are reminded that this was the only part of British territory occupied by Germany during World War II. Given the geographical vulnerability of the islands, it was inevitable that the Nazis should invade in 1940.

Wartime literature about the occupation gives an impression of what might have happened to Britain if Hitler

had invaded. The Nazis tried to ingratiate themselves by publishing English-German vocabulary tips for the local people daily. One early example includes translations for "order" and "occupy". Dances were organised for Nazi officers and local women, and Jewish people were subjected to a battery of official persecution.

Enslavement was reserved for prisoners brought to Jersey from Spain, Poland and Russia. They were put to work shifting thousands of tons of rock to build defences for the island. The biggest project pierced a hillside in the centre of Jersey, involving an extraordinary complex of tunnels. Nowadays, it is a tourist attraction – the German Underground Hospital.

The blank, sanitised white walls of the entrance tunnel stretch menacingly into the rock. An entire barracks was constructed underground, and much of it – like the hospital ward and the telephone exchange – has been preserved.

**Hitting the High Street:** Where German troops once paraded, now French day-trippers window-shop. The shops are interleaved with the off shore offices of familiar financial institutions, taking advantage of the liberal tax regime in the Channel Islands. But King Street, the main thoroughfare, is still a long way from Wall Street. As a character on last night's Radio 4 comedy show *Goodness Gracious Me* remarked, "My son's bank account in Jersey grew so large, it had to be sent to a bigger island."

**Liquid refreshment:** Until four years ago, the Star was a large but unremarkable pub on the main road through the hamlet of St Peter. Then the landlord decided to start making beer on the premises, and set up the Tipsy Toad Brewery to make real ale. In the process, another tourist attraction was created: between noon and 3pm, Monday-Friday, you can look around the brewery. I settled on a pint of the robust Tipsy Toad, and expressed surprise at the low price – £1.15. "We think that's bloody expensive", grumbled a fellow drinker.

smokers are fuming about plans to increase tax on cigarettes. At present, though, the ideal present to take home is a pack of Marlboro at the retro price of £1.80 for 20. If the beneficiary prefers calories to nicotine, then try a 99-pence box of Jersey Cream Toffee. The nutritional value is summed up by the three leading ingredients: glucose syrup, sugar, and sweetened condensed milk.

**Wet feet:** The highest tides in Europe wash the shores of the Channel Islands. They also flood the footwear of day-trippers hiking across the causeway from the seafront at St Helier to the heroic remains of Elizabeth Castle. A concrete path with the pompous name of le Chemin du Château leads across the sands to the castle at low tide. The trouble is, low tide becomes high tide with terrifying speed. I got one-third of the way across before a tidal wave of tourists coming in the opposite direction persuaded me to retreat, soggy.

**Buying the souvenir:** Shopkeepers and

finding the picnic: The town market in St Helier – a handsome, airy structure wrought from Victorian iron – is dominated by florists fragrant to the nose, bright to the eye and calm to the ear. Token purveyors of food are permitted, such as Charles Dubois ("the People's Butcher"). Jersey strawberries are at peak production this week, so I settled on an overpacked punnet at a price that would put Wimbleton's fruit purveyors out of business: 99 pence.

**The picnic spot:** The most serene place on the island is the churchyard of Saint Sauveur de l'Épine. It rests peacefully, above the humdrum of St Helier, beside a modest lane with the extravagant title of La Rue du Sacrement. The graveyard represents the transformation "From the stress of the doing to the peace of the done" as one stone reads.

You can discern the gradual Anglicisation of the islands in a single family plot. In 1866, a stone was laid "en mémoire de Charles Jean Stark". When his grandson died in 1919, the tribute was "In loving memory". A generation later, Stark became Stark.

**The lasting memory:** Politeness is the most significant trait of the island. Modestly rolling countryside is populated by pleasant people, and in the town no-one locks their bicycle because no one would be impolite enough to steal it. The 20th century is bound to trespass on Jersey – but probably not until well into the next Millennium.

Simon Calder

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## travel day trips

# Didn't we have a lovely time... .

Day trips around the world: Simon Calder suggests some diversions from hot city summers



Ancient history in Tarragona

Photograph: Tone Stone

### Barcelona — Sitges

At first sight, the Catalan capital has everything going for it: abundant culture, splashed layer by layer upon a city squeezed spectacularly between the mountains and the sea. So why leave, even for a day?

Several good reasons: to visit the most vivacious gay community on the Spanish mainland at Sitges, a resort that will be especially lively today on Gay Pride Day; to marvel atMontserrat, the mountaintop basilica that is probably the most remote place of pilgrimage in Europe; and, most pressingly, to delve into ancient history in the city of Tarragona.

A one-hour train ride deposits you at an unprepossessing station, but from here it is all uphill. In Roman times, Barcelona was a mere outstation to the important city of Tarraco. The modern successor, Tarragona, draped itself over a healthy collection of Roman remains.

The remnants of the Forum pop up close to the main shopping street. As you ascend to the hilltop settlement, the 20th century thins rapidly. Strangely contorted lanes, populated mostly by scrawny dogs and scraggy children, lead you breathlessly to a plaza whose generous proportions sprawl lazily in the calm of a Catalan summer.

### Hong Kong — Macau

The new airport at Macau has provided an even faster means of exchanging one colony for another. Nobody actually says "Macau is like Hong Kong was 30 years ago", but you would not

be surprised if they did. The Portuguese outpost, 60 miles east across the South China Sea, has kept a Lusitanian lid upon the enterprise culture.

Of the half-dozen ways to reach Macau, the oldest and slowest is the best. The grumbly old steamer puts laboriously across, overtaken by all manner of new-fangled craft but easing you into a different world. The decaying elegance of the Lisboon of the East transcends some horrid new skyscrapers.

Unlike Hong Kong, some superb — and empty — beaches are a quick bus ride away. The only intrusion is the new airport, jutting out into the bay like a giant splinter in the toe of China. Still, at least if means you can be back in Kowloon in 20 minutes if affairs demand it.

### New York — Hudson River Valley

The only annoyance about the best escape from Manhattan is that it begins in the depressing subterranean surroundings of Penn Station, rather than amid the finery of Grand Central. But as soon as the express emerges from the tunnel, the conductor begins a recitation of the tangled history of the Hudson River Valley. Getting there is at least half the fun, as the train clings doggedly to the east bank of the river through each rugged twist in geology and history.

The Hudson was a significant frontier in the skirmishes between early settlers and indigenous Americans, but has mutated into prime real estate for the well-to-do. The Rockefellers are well represented, as are the Roosevelts — presidential relics

are strewn along the valley.

Emerging from the train at Poughkeepsie, you find yourself deposited in upscale New York. Opulent mansions conceal themselves behind neat rows of pines, their occupants emerging to browse at America's highest concentration of souvenir stores. For shopkeepers here, it seems to be Christmas every day — especially for the proprietor of the Christmas shop, selling Yule-tide fun in the height of summer.

### Paris — Futuroscope

Thanks to the high-speed train the notion of a day trip from Paris is stretched to absurd lengths. Travelling from Gare Montparnasse at 186mph, you reach Poitiers in 90 minutes. Ignore the medieval core of this city in favour of the shuttle bus to the European Park of the Moving Image.

From a distance, Futuroscope resembles a factory estate devastated by a particularly nasty hurricane. Upon some modestly rolling man-made hills in south-west France, three-dimensional crazy paving has been created — a random scattering of mis-shaped cubes, globes and massive crystalline structures, laced with boating lakes and flowerbeds.

Among these space-age constructions and washing-powder-bright colours there is a huge choice of cinemas, from 3D to 360 degree, and with everything from moving seats to screens under your feet. Your eyes — and body — come away as blitzed as the landscape. Even the fountains jump about.

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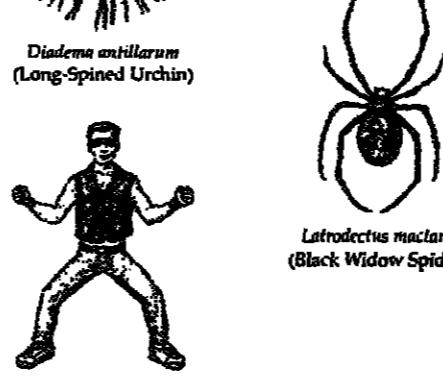
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## Johannesburg to Soweto: a bizarre excursion

By Andrew Hasson



Photo:  
Andrew  
Hasson

Day-trips to Soweto were being organised at my hotel in Johannesburg. I signed up for a bizarre experience. In the Seventies, photojournalists were practically the only whites to go to the South Western Township, and they tended to pile in. As a photojournalist, I was intrigued by the idea of going there now in a coach of happy snapping tourists.

The largest black urban settlement in southern Africa has a population of more than two million. Yet even today, there's little industry; the majority of the labour force commutes to Johannesburg.

Our coach headed south-west out of the city, leaving behind high-rise glass and steel. Oupa, our guide, a middle-aged Sowetan, outlined the history of the land through which we were passing. Approaching Soweto, he filled us in on the various cultures, nine different languages, gangsters, millionaires and, more recently, the improvements.

Soweto began life as a shanty town in the 1930s. Its inelegant name derives from South Western Township. The first part is simply the direction from the centre of Johannesburg; the township element means it is a planned urban settlement — many parts of it still simply consist of tin shacks. We drove past the house where Nelson Mandela was born, just around the corner from Archbishop Tutu's place, and over the hill from Winnie Mandela's high-walled mansion. "And in those 27 houses over there," said our guide as we all looked and counted, "live Soweto's 27 millionaires."

Further on, we approached a busy downtown junction. The coach slowed and parked next to an ugly bridge. There was a food market nearby, and a bonfire at the side of the road. A group of men were hanging around a trailer marked "barber". "OK, my very good friends," said Oupa, beaming all over, "this is where we make our first stop".

Then we were the ones being gawped at. As the local population scrutinised the European tourists being unloaded from their air-conditioned coach, Oupa pointed out various local sites: "Over there is the famous Baragwanath Hospital. No, it's not an African name, it's Welsh. Over there is the nurses' home."

We looked, nodded dutifully, and clambered back on board. As the coach drove on we peered out at the everyday life of the Sowetans: schoolchildren

walking to the bus stop, some of the girls in impeccable black dresses, men sitting under a tree drinking. Oupa pointed out other men walking around carrying bits of scrap metal they had collected, and "over there," he said, "is a cash point machine."

He told us that nobody in Soweto would mind being photographed. Then we found ourselves driving alongside a woman carrying a basket on her head.

"Oh, look, a woman with a basket on her head," he said. "Stop the coach." The woman, suddenly cast into the shade by our bus, looked terrified. The coach seemed to lurch over as everyone moved over to one side to look and take a picture. She hid behind a tree.

A mile or two down the road, the driver was asked to stop again. Oupa had seen some women crouched on the ground, selling herbal cures. We all piled off to take pictures. The women wondered where to look.

Children playing with some tyres nearby must have thought the circus had come to town, which wasn't too far off the mark. Oupa spoke with the women and told us about the powers contained within the roots and spices. Our coach driver, an Afrikaander, snorted and shook his head.

Finally, the highlight of the day, a meal at Wandi's Shebeen, one of Soweto's many drinking houses. The sign at the front door read "No Guns". We entered a small house. Two rooms had been knocked through to make a bar and restaurant. As we sat down at a long table a waiter offered us lamb or chicken with maize, and a glass of ice-cold beer. Half a dozen local men sat at the other end of the table discussing politics loudly. They barely glanced in our direction.

The food was excellent and we all bought red noses from the waiter for the nation's Comic Relief day. Clearly we were not the first Westerners to have visited this place; indeed many visitors had been invited to sign their names on a wall ("Michael Winner — Death Wish" said one).

Leaving the township, our final stop was at a memorial erected by the ANC's Youth League to "all the young heroes and heroines of our struggle who laid down their lives for freedom, peace and democracy". This was the Soweto that had been transmitted to us on jerky TV news bulletins. And, of course, this was why we had chosen a day-trip to an enormous housing estate.

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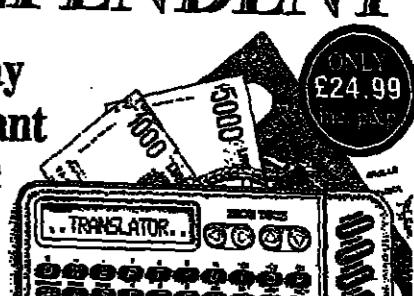
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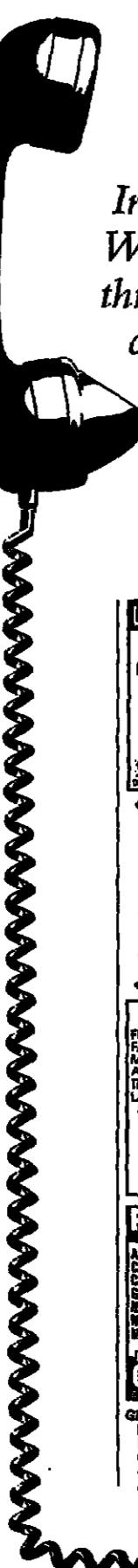
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Top 100 travel



# Been away so long I hardly knew the place

In the week when an ailing Boris Yeltsin was re-elected to the Kremlin, and when questions hang over the fate of Russia itself, Steve Crawshaw remembers the seemingly unshakeable Soviet certainties of 1976

**T**he Hungarian white wine cost 2 roubles 30 kopecks in every Leningrad food shop, or *gastronom*—that much I remember. The cost of the vodka—which was equally important—I've now forgotten, but it was ludicrously cheap. But the Hungarian white, in the slim green bottle, was memorable for its mystery. Hungary, a country so far away that it almost seemed to be in the West. None of my Russian friends had received permission to visit such a land of notorious subversives. All the more reason, why a taste of the almost-West for only 2 roubles 30, was a regular purchase for the endless improvised celebrations of summer 1976.

Different occasions had different drinks. At the Russian baths, the *banja*, where you were required to beat each other with fragrant birch twigs, beer was obligatory—along with the *vobly*, a kind of dried, salty fish that we crunched on as we sat on the long wooden benches, draped in white sheets.

There were Soviet shortages, of course. But what you could get—through connections, or serendipity—became more important than what you couldn't. I learnt to carry around the famous *avoska*, the “maybe-bag”, stuffed into a pocket, just in case I came across Cuban oranges, or Bulgarian peppers—or some other unusual luxury—to take as a guest offering.

Leningrad was bitter-cold through the winter, and hot and dusty through the summer. But the city of Pushkin and Dostoevsky seemed special, in all seasons. Because of some bureaucratic mix-up, I had a visa that was valid for both Moscow and Leningrad, which meant (oh privilege!) that I could visit the capital at any time. But Moscow meant dull, Brezhnevite power, and metropolitan complacency. Leningrad—the city that still dreamed of its former existence as St Petersburg—seemed to me more seductive.

Superficially, Leningrad was just as Communist as Moscow. Draped across Middle Avenue on Vasilevsky Island, where I used to catch the train into town, red-and-white banners reminded everybody that the Communist Party was the brains, honour and conscience of the nation. But nobody took much notice. Leningrad remained Leningrad—or, as Leningraders called it in an affectionate reference to its previous identity, “Peter”.



Queuing for watermelons from the South in 1976

Theoretically, I was attached to Leningrad University for the year, in the depths of what later came officially to be called “the era of stagnation”. I was supervised by a gentle old Dostoevsky professor, who helped me to compose empty, politically acceptable burblings about my alleged research, which would keep the university authorities off my back while I was off learning Russian the easy way, in the *banja* and in drunken, philosophical conversations in the kitchens of my friends’ cramped apartments.

Time counted for little, so we would take off whenever we wanted. I rarely had a valid visa and always half-feared the “Dokumenty, pažnja! Papers, please!” call. But the authorities never seemed to catch up with us on our excursions, one of which was catching the night train down to Estonia, a visit that opened my eyes for ever.

In the winding streets of the old Estonian capital, Tallinn, the cellar bars were—unbelievably—playing music that was fresh in the

Danube. The authorities, however, wanted to get rid of me, especially since my Soviet visa was about to run out. They therefore stamped my passport with an instant permit for a confused chase out of the country. I was allowed to catch a plane to Moldavia, in the south-west corner of the Soviet Union, from where I was to take a train, to catch my boat.

Moldavia was famous for its wine and for the fact that Brezhnev had been the party boss there. But it was a different image that remained with me from my brief stay in the capital, Kishinev. When the Aeroflot plane landed, the passengers started trudging across to the terminal. Suddenly, an Intourist lady stepped from a yellow bus and demanded: “Where is the foreigner?” I was duly driven in solitary splendour to the terminal.

This useless version of apartheid did not surprise anyone. It was just another fact of Soviet life. Everybody knew, too, that life here would never change. Except that it did change. When I returned to Moldavia a decade later, red, yellow, and blue materials were prohibited from sale in the shops—because they were popular with nationalist demonstrators (red, blue and yellow are the colours of Romania, of which Moldavia had, until 1940, formed a part). Now, the Moldavian breakaway is long since complete, and so is the violent chaos. Today, the country is a crumbling mess. (The man who tried to keep things together on the Russians’ behalf after the collapse of the Union in 1991 was a Soviet general, by the name of Alexander Lebed. His new role, since the latest presidential elections in Moscow: all-purpose tough guy, the most powerful man in Russia after the sick Mr Yeltsin himself. In Russia, tolerance has a short lifespan.)

After a night on a crowded bench at the airport in Kishinev (these days, Chisinau), I found a train that would take me through Romania to catch my Danube boat, in Bulgaria, the following night. Crossing the final border out of the Soviet Union, there was only one hitch. As I left the USSR, the border guard wanted to confiscate my map of Leningrad, apparently on the grounds that all maps are secret. I pointed out that the map was not exactly classified material; its print run was one million. Reluctantly, and to my surprise, the guard returned it. I was out of the madhouse.

Photograph: Steve Crawshaw



## something to declare

### Trouble spots This week's advice from our woman in the Foreign Office

**Greece** Watch out for bullets: “There have been occasional exchanges of gunfire between Greek police and Albanians attempting to steal boats.”

**Nigeria** Air safety worries: “It is possible that some airlines operating within Nigeria may not carry out maintenance to international standards. Seek advice locally.”

**Brazil** Going underground: “In Rio

de Janeiro, taxis and the metro are much safer than buses or trams.”

**Nepal** Don't go freelance: “Do not trek on your own without a professional guide.”

**Foreign Office travel advice is available on 0171-238 4503/4504; on BBC-2 Ceefax page 564 onwards; and on the Internet at <http://www.fofo.gov.uk/>**

### True or false?

If BA pilots strike, I can use my ticket on another airline

Probably false. A ticket should be interpreted as little more than a vague promise to get you from Alpha to Bravo, possibly via Charlie, at some time in the future. If that seems too vague a plan, then holders of full-fare, unrestricted tickets can use them on another airline—or get their money back and perhaps buy a cheaper ticket, as EasyJet reminds passengers at Glasgow airport. But most of us travel on cut-price, heavily restricted tickets which assert “Valid BA only—no endorsements”.

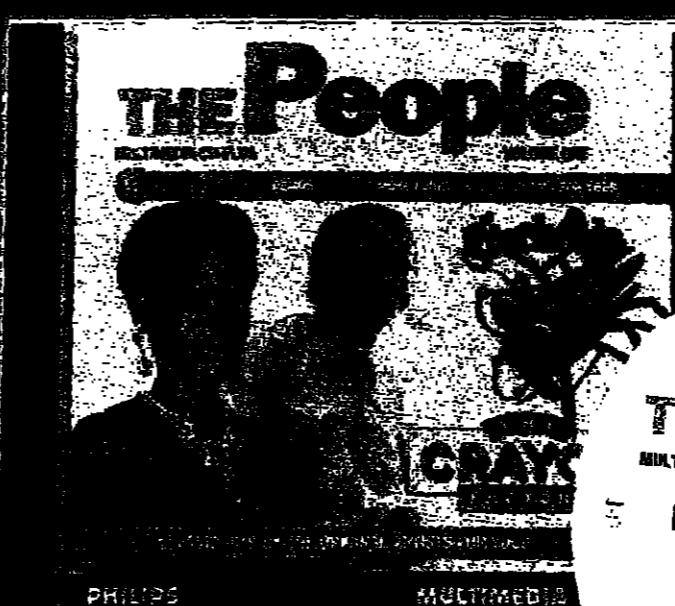
### Compiled by Rhiannon Batten

### Bargain of the week

In July, air fares to Australia usually increase substantially. But the Virgin Atlantic/Malaysia Airlines joint operation is offering return flights for only £660 to Sydney, Melbourne and Adelaide until 30 September. The fare includes tax (though Sydney adds an extra £2 for “noise tax”), and is available from the Australia Flight Centre (0800 747000) up to 31 July.

The latter does not refer to the pilot's absence of driving convictions, but to the practice among airlines of “endorsing” a ticket over to another carrier, enabling passengers to travel on a flight with some prospect of departing earlier. But holders of the cheap World Offer fares sold by British Airways have no such flexibility. So, should the pilots' industrial action take place, then low-budget travellers can expect long waits. Fortunately, BA says that further talks are planned with the pilots' union in a bid to avoid strikes.

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country

## Women answer the call to arms

Caroline Donald joins a ladies shooting course

**T**here can't be many field sport events that owe their success to high-maintenance hairdos. Yet spotting an advertisement in *Harpers & Queen* while at the hairdresser is how many of the well-groomed participants had come across the Green Feathers Ladies Shooting Course. It is run by Holland & Holland at its grounds in Northwood, Middlesex.

This is only the second year that the company has run such a course, designed to encourage women to take their place at the stand alongside men. It would seem that encouragement is all that is needed: last year there were 35 participants, this year there were 85 – all the places that Holland & Holland could handle.

There were times during my three lessons, held in freezing weather, when I would have been quite happy to withdraw from this shot in the sky for fem-

inism and freedom into the cosier environment of the shooting lodge. However, I grimly persevered along with my fellow shooters who were there to escape a lifetime of being expected to cook the shoot lunch. And I sorely tested the patience of our instructor, Chris Whaley. Yet even when I managed to get in such a muddle that I would have shot myself in the foot if there had been another cartridge, he didn't flinch.

Safety was endlessly emphasised. In his end-of-course rallying cry, Eric Bettelheim, from the Country Sports Business Group, even advised that, when dealing with shoot sabateurs, one should put one's gun away in its sleeve and lock it into the car – though at prices starting from £18,000 for a new Holland & Holland Sporting 12-bore, this might be more for the gun's safety than the sab's.

With safety aspects covered, we went on to shoot at clays delivered from varying traps: going away (pigeon), straight up in the air (teal), low and crossing (partridge), high and fast (driven pheasant). Most people used a 20-bore gun with over-and-under barrels, which meant that they only had one trigger to pull for discharging both barrels. The wimps, such as myself, shot with a 28-bore side-by-side gun (one of the lightest), so we had to change triggers to discharge the second cartridge. With the smaller gun come cartridges with less lead shot and, consequently, more excuses for missing.

Yet on our final day we were assured that our scores as a whole were just as good as boys' scores. According to Mr Whaley, it would not be possible to organise a course for such large amounts of men, as they are "too competitive". Indeed, the atmosphere outside the marquee on the final day was more like a jolly boarding-school reunion than a competition day. And we listened to a lecture from school-



mastery Eric Bettelheim about the importance of joining a field sports society in order to protect "the single largest contributor to the preservation of the countryside" against an increasingly hostile political environment.

Then Pai Robbins, who runs a game

shoot, instructed us on handy etiquette matters such as turning up on time and how much to tip a keeper. He demurred to the course notes for tips on what to wear on a shoot: "the design of breeches [breaches] is not only practical for climbing fences or getting into the back

High maintenance hairdos:

of a four-wheel drive vehicle, it is actually very flattering to most figures."

"You've been a bundle," beamed the breech-wearing shoot manager – Oliver Shepard – approvingly to us all. He handed first prize to Francesca Dean, whose own unbundled to joy protruded in front of her. We all received a silver-and-enamel Green Feathers badge which, in years to come, Francesca may show to her child as a memento of a past when women guns were unusual enough to merit their own special course. Or, perhaps, it will become a spooky reminder of the days when field sports were legal in this country – as strange to future generations as bear-baiting is to ours.

For further information about shooting lessons contact Holland & Holland, Ducks Hill Road, Northwood, Middlesex HA6 2SS (01923 825349)

## Have a heart.



Picture by Alan Mowbray



DUFF  
HART-DAVIS

The memoirs of old gamekeepers are often fascinating for the information they contain about country ways, but rarely do they include such revealing social history as that given in Norman Mursell's *Come Dawn, Come Dusk*.

First published in 1981, with attractive illustrations by Roger McPhail, and now reissued, the book tells how the author served as gamekeeper to four successive Dukes of Westminster. His loyalty to his employers is unswerving: all four, he says, were considerate and generous to their staff – and none more so than the second Duke, always known as Bend Or.

There is no hint in these pages that Bend Or was a notorious playboy, four times married, and, in the words of the diarist Chips Channon, "an empty failure". The worst Mr Mursell will say is that the Duke was "at most times an impatient man". Yet every now and then the enormity of his behaviour peeps through the curtain of respect.

Once when fishing in Norway he decided he wanted a round of golf. Leaving his guests ashore, he ordered the captain of his yacht to sail for Birkenhead, 1,000 miles away. Thence he proceeded to his home, Eaton Hall, near Chester, but never went into the house. Instead, he had his clubs brought out, played nine holes by himself, went back on board and returned to Norway, never saying a word about where he had been.

When Mr Mursell arrived at Eaton Hall as a youth in 1929, shooting-parties were conducted on a gargantuan scale. The head keeper turned out in green velvet jacket and waistcoat, white breeches and a hard hat "with plenty of gold braid about it".

The beaters wore white smocks gathered at the waist with leather belts, and red, wide-brimmed hats. Because the Duke could never bear to wait, a whole army of 80 men was needed, so that they could beat in two companies, and one drive could succeed another without delay.

Young Mursell never forgot how, at 9.45 on the morning of his first big day, chauffeur-driven Rolls-Royces and Daimlers disgorged the Duke and his guests. After three drives, the guns returned to Eaton Hall, where they were "no doubt served a sumptuous lunch by the staff on duty", while the beaters withdrew to stables for humbler fare. Then, after lunch, "a rumble was heard from the direction of the drive", and the shooting party returned in the private, narrow-gauge train. The bag for the day was about 2,000 birds.

Come spring, the Eaton

gratify the Duke's predilection for plovers' eggs, and they walked back and forth across the fields searching for nests. The author allows that this "could be a tedious job", especially when the Grand National house party was in residence, and 100 or more eggs had to be found for the 20-odd guests.

In the autumn, for grouse shooting, the Duke rented moors in North Wales, and an army of retainers moved into the hills for the duration. No private railway here. For the first drive, the party had to walk up a steep incline to the butts, and the author seems surprised that the Duke stopped at the first, sending everyone else on. At luncheon the guns repaired to a hut high among the moors, and there at the door to greet them were two footmen from Eaton Hall, in morning suits.

At home, it amused Bend Or to chase rabbits in the gardens with his dachshunds. The flower-beds were protected by wire-netting and water-filled ditches, but every now and then rabbits were specially brought in and released for the dogs to chase. Some, of course, were never accounted for, and, to appease the gardeners, the keepers would come in to shoot the survivors. This, as Mr Mursell remarks, was a delicate task, which had to be done at a time when "any shooting would not disturb the Duke, so the valet was consulted before starting".

When the Second World War broke out, Bend Or, though a "fearless man", felt sure that Eaton Hall would be bombed. He therefore had a large wooden hut moved "into the densest part of Fox Covert and fitted out as a comfortable bedroom", with tapestries lining the walls. Each evening he and his valet would drive out there "and spend a doubt a restful night".

The Hall was never bombed, and the Duke lived on until 1953. Mr Mursell retired in 1979, but is still going strong in his eighties. His story, authentic in every detail, gives a vivid glimpse of another era. Former-day keepers would never tolerate many of the goings-on that he records – but then, as he remarks, the world has changed.

"Come Dawn, Come Dusk" by Norman Mursell is published by White Lion/Coll Books, £16.95

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July 1996

property

# Loft conversions and other storeys

Turning your attic into a new room might sound a good idea, but beware the building regulations. By Penny Jackson



Maria Wallace (left) with her sister, Catherine

Photo: Edward Sykes

**T**here must be somebody's law of housing that says however much room you have it is never quite enough. But apart from looking longingly at larger homes we cannot afford, most of us are constantly appraising our own homes to see how more space can be carved out of what is already there.

Lofts – those dusty places filled with the collected rubbish of years, rather than the trendy post-industrial apartments – are often the last sections of older houses to be refashioned, generally with a specific purpose in mind. A children's room, a self-contained flat, a study or just more bedrooms are all good reasons for burrowing into the attic. But it would be a mistake to assume that a loft conversion automatically adds value to a house. It may make a house easier to sell, but evidence shows that you are not likely to recoup the building costs. The exception being if you live in a very small house – then it is advantageous to expand" says Ian Dickson of Winkworth.

He sees a good number of conversions and has dire warnings for anyone who fails to notify their local authority of their building plans. "I would say 50 per cent of loft conversions are done without complying with building regulations. It is a

nightmare, because a surveyor will pick this up and say after sale will fall through. Cutting through roof rafters has its risks and fire regulations must be complied with. Anyone getting a cowboy job done is wasting their money."

Three years ago, when Maria Wallace bought her run-down, two-bedroom terrace house in Shepherd's Bush, London, she went to great efforts to find a local builder with a good reputation. "It made all the difference. He knew the ropes, applied for permission and everything ran smoothly."

The difference a new storey has made to the traditional two-up, two-down, is striking. Instead of a cupboard-like bathroom, squashed alongside two bedrooms, the whole of the first floor is given up to a spacious bathroom and bedroom with a walk-in hanging space for clothes. A staircase now leads up to a third floor where Maria's sister has a virtually self-contained flat.

"I never imagined I would get this large room and a bathroom," she said. "I had plans drawn up by an architect but my builder made a lot of changes. I would stand up here perched on a ladder as he waved his arms about trying to show me where the walls would go."

Ms Wallace, a headhunter in the City, had all the work done before she moved in. The price

of the extension was about £6,000. Her house is now on the market for £129,000; she expects to see more than a return on her investment.

The combination of architect and builder is an obvious choice of anyone embarking on a loft extension, but it is not always the most economical. Many companies who specialise in loft conversions offer a complete and competitive package. Michael Wilson found himself leafing through the Yellow Pages after discovering that he would have to spend £10,000 on the fees of an architect and structural engineer alone. He selected three companies, two of whom quoted about £18,000 and one £24,000, for converting the loft of his four-bedroom house in London to give more room to his daughters. These were fixed prices including drawings, calculations and permission. After inspecting work the companies had done elsewhere, he settled on one of the £18,000 offers.

"The only change we insisted on was to the windows. We wanted traditional casement windows in wood. They agreed, even though they had never done one before."

Five months later, he was still waiting for them. "All the building work had been done within three months as promised, but the saga of the windows

went on. The first lot never turned up, the second joiner produced rubbish, and when the third came along, we went to the bottom of his list."

But despite this, Mr Wilson said the company honoured its contract as far as price was concerned. Nor, as many people fear, did they make much mess. Mr Wilson's random search even brought its lighter moments: "One company said it couldn't do the work, but insisted that I go and see them. They had an offer I couldn't refuse. When I got there they took me out to a building which was kitted out for a boy's night, with a bar and billiard table. Forget the loft, they said. We'll do you one of these for 30 grand instead."

For anyone considering a loft conversion, the first step is to find out if planning permission is necessary. In many cases it is not. However, quite separately, everyone must lodge an application under building regulations with their local authority. This should be accompanied by detailed plans and structural design calculations. Work can begin before formal approval is granted, but it is advisable to wait as the authorities may insist on certain changes. Inspectors will always make several site visits. Local specialist companies offer the best practical advice and will handle the applications.

## Househunter

Cerne Valley, Dorset



Four fishermen will acquire about 200 yards of double bank fishing with this period farmhouse in Dorset. The River Cerne, a chalk stream, cuts through the land in the peaceful Cerne Valley. Forston Farm, Forston, near Dorchester, has five bedrooms with a galleried landing. There are outbuildings on both sides of a courtyard, which include three looseboxes, a tack room and a granary. As well as the gardens of herbaceous borders and lawns, the land runs to about 20 acres in all. The asking price is in excess of £425,000, through Michael de Pelet (01935 812236).

## For what it's worth

The more quickly new homes sell, the more cut-throat the competition between developers. The dwindling supply of building land in the south, particularly inside the M25 and in Surrey, means that a prime site in this area is of immense value.

David Marsh, land and new homes director for the southern region of Blackhorse Agencies, says the competition is "outrageous". A substantial site near Kingston and close to the river has just had an unprecedented 30 bidders. "At the moment, the top three offers are in excess of a million pounds per acre. It could go higher," he says.

So will this mean a dramatic increase in the cost of new homes? Mr Marsh thinks not. "We look at today's prices; we never inflate the price for a developer. But the expectations of buyers are high and so they will surely have to reduce profit margins."

The number of frustrated buyers around at present has given agents food for thought. Knight Frank has joined the swelling ranks of search agencies and set up a Property Buying Service, headed by Jonathan Harington who has worked in the country house market for 20 years. Like other buying agencies, for an up-front finding fee – deductible from a final fee based on a percentage of the cost of a property – he will look for the right property either privately or on the open market.

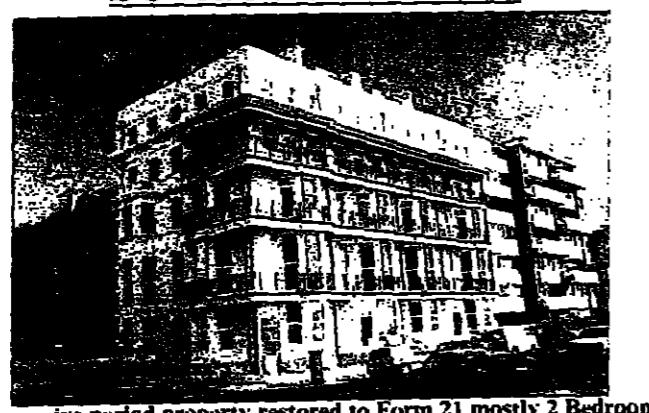
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## money

What is remarkable is just how well this portfolio of 10 shares – picked in 1966, the year that England won the World Cup and Harold

Wilson his second election – has stood the test of time

What would you put in an investment portfolio if the objective was not to touch the money for the next 30 years? The exercise was recently carried out by *Investors Chronicle*, and set me thinking on the same lines. In making its suggestions, the magazine referred back to a similar exercise which it had carried out 30 years ago – in 1966, the year that England won the World Cup and Harold Wilson his second election. The only difference then was that the objective was to produce a 50, not a 30-year portfolio.

The IC's Philip Ryland has kindly sent me the original article, by an anonymous author archly described only as "Uncle Willie", and splendidly dated it looks too. No mention of price/earnings ratios, for example, or any other fancy modern investment tools – dividend growth and dividend yield were the only measures widely used at the time.

In 1966, all the horrors of the 1970s – Opec, inflation, the winter of discontent – still lay ahead. This was still a world of much greater certainties, epitomised by a confident looking advertisement from the Eastbourne Mutual Building Society, offering savers a net rate of

4 per cent on their money – a rather better rate than you could find at a good many societies today.

What is remarkable is how well this portfolio of just 10 shares has stood the test of time. Not only would it have outperformed the All Share Index over the same period, but many of the names in it are still instantly recognisable. Only one of the component companies – Distillers, subject of the infamous takeover by Guinness in the mid 1980s – has since lost its independence. There could hardly be a better advertisement for the merits of investing in a well diversified portfolio of high quality companies with strong products or market positions.

The full list, in order of percentage gains over the period, is: Anglo American (5,006 per cent), BHP (3,696), Shell Transport (2,663), Marks & Spencer (2,583), Legal & General (1,953), Alliance Trust (1,528); Distillers (1,160); Royal Bank of Canada (1,139); Hudson's Bay (127); and Tri-Continental Corporation (88).

I was particularly glad to see the splendid Alliance Trust of Dundee earn a place in the list. Ironically, the Alliance is one of the five shares

in the portfolio which has – so far – failed to beat the All Share Index, which is up 1,635 per cent over the comparable period (though remember there are still another 20 years to go). The three best performing shares to date, Shell, Anglo American and BHP, are all in the natural resource business. The three worst performers – and who would have guessed this? – have proved to be the North American companies.

The most interesting thing about this portfolio is what is not in it – no European companies, for example, and nothing from Japan, whose eco-

nomic miracle was only just getting under way. The two great growth industries of the last 15 years – drugs and software companies – are nowhere to be seen. Zantac, Glaxo's wonder drug for treating ulcers, had not even been invented.

It is clear from all this that dear old Uncle Willie had no great insight into the future, and like most of us, preferred to project forward the world as it was at the time. Nevertheless, by sticking to large and mostly first-class companies, he was able to produce a portfolio which nobody could accuse of being high risk, but which has still more than outperformed the market as a whole. The original £10,000 portfolio would now be worth, assuming all the dividends had been reinvested, something over £358,000. In real terms, I calculate, this represents an annual compound rate of return of 22.4 per cent in nominal terms, or 4.5 per cent after inflation.

So what about the future? Half of the IC's 1996 portfolio for the next 30 years consists of (1) index-linked gilts, which did not exist 30 years ago; and (2) two investment trusts – one a diversified international trust (England and Scottish

run by Gartmore, and the other an emerging markets trust run by Foreign & Colonial. The rest of the portfolio follows much the same policy as the 1966 one, concentrating on blue chip companies, including two from the original portfolio, Shell and Marks & Spencer.

Nobody could argue with either of those, nor with most of the other choices. British Airways, for example, looks a particularly good choice to me. It operates in a growth industry (air travel), it has good management and also retains a strong monopoly position on some of the busiest routes in the world. The other companies in the list are Siebe, Glaxo Wellcome and two American companies, General Electric and Microsoft.

What is missing from this list? Well media companies seem one obvious example – Reuters would be one of my candidates. So too are technology companies – the problem here being that few future innovations, by definition, are easily predictable in advance. A technology investment trust might be a worthy addition for that reason. And if the criterion is companies with a proven track record of being able to

sustain the quality of their management across more than one generation – which is the truly remarkable part of the Marks & Spencer phenomenon – then Great Universal Stores would be another candidate from the same sector. Mercury Asset Management would be the quality representative of one of the City's fastest growing businesses, which is fund management itself.

The average life cycle of most large companies is slightly under 30 years. He may not have been very original, but the author of the 1966 portfolio was right about one thing. A good investor, he averred, needs an iron nerve and must not be "easily swayed by any gratuitous advice on how to get rich quick".

A footnote about the election. I wrote the other day that the odds are on Labour to win, but that the value bets are all on the other side. I now see that, between the start and the end of Euro 96, Ladbrokes cut the odds on a Conservative victory from 3-1 to 2-1 against. The mysterious *bigdog* factor at work? Clearly there are others of you out there who have taken the message to heart.

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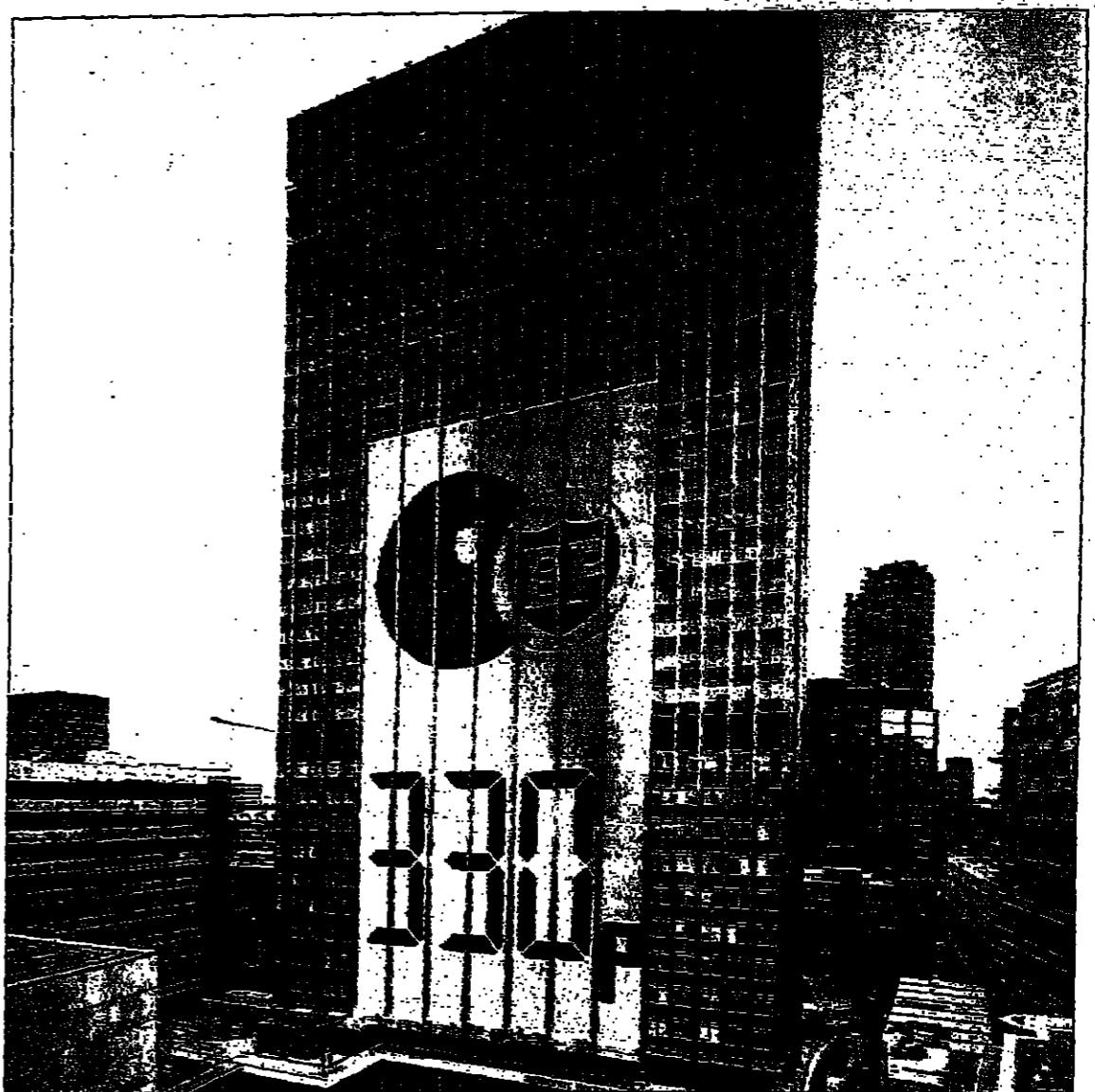
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Popular capitalism: Investors who responded to offers like this BP flotation have often ended up with an unwieldy portfolio

**M**any investors who over the years bought shares in the privatised utilities have gradually found themselves with what amounts to a share portfolio.

The individual stocks tend to be in small parcels, however, and when they think of selling they find high brokerage fees and stamp duty would swallow most of the profit; and because many investors do not have the time constantly to monitor the performance of the portfolio, the share certificates tend to gather dust in a drawer somewhere, a small nest egg for the future perhaps, or something to hand down to the children. Dividend payments, when they arrive, tend to be in pence rather than pounds.

The pooled fund industry realised

that these share holdings combined represented a rich vein of untapped investable money, and share exchange schemes were born. The schemes provide a cheap and simple way for investors, in effect, to mop up their small shareholdings and divert the proceeds into a diversified fund.

In one form or another they have been in existence for some time. As an example, independent financial advisers Best PEP recommend Perpetual's scheme, which will accept any FT-SE 100 stocks (subject to a minimum holding of £1,000) and sell them free of charge provided the money is reinvested in a Perpetual fund. Johnson Fry will deal for 1 per cent (minimum £17.50) for a list of popular shares.

Alternatively, Best PEP will sell shares at a flat rate of £20 per stock providing the money is reinvested in one of their recommended PEPs.

Abtrust and M&G run share exchange schemes and Mercury Asset Management have launched a plan allowing investors to exchange any number of shares in a UK-listed company if the proceeds are reinvested in one of a range of Mercury unit trusts. The minimum investment is £5,000 – any shortfall can be made up with a cheque.

Investment trust companies also offer share exchange schemes and Flemings Investment Trust Management (FITM) has a permanent scheme which will exchange any UK

shareholding for £7.50. The minimum investment varies from plan to plan. For the Flemings Share Plan it is £400 (£100 if you're topping up an existing share). There is a minimum of £1,000 for a PEP.

Jason Hollands, director of Best Investment, believes many of the current share exchange schemes offer good value for money. "Many smaller investors who have direct equity holdings would probably be better off in managed funds, where they would benefit not only from the experience of a professional fund manager but also from having their money spread over a greater number of investments," he says. "A change of government will not necessarily be a good thing for equities and, with a general election looming, now might be a prudent time to consolidate."

"Apart from being rather messy, many of these portfolios have too high an exposure to UK utilities – 100 per cent in many cases – and most investors would be better off with some overseas weightings." With the advent of Crest, the new electronic share settlement system which will do away with much of the expensive and time-consuming paperwork involved with share transactions, the race for new business is hotting up.

From this Monday (8 July) in a marketing drive that will doubtless encourage other pooled fund managers to follow suit, Flemings is offering to buy UK stocks completely free until 8 September as long as the proceeds are reinvested into any one of their 21 investment trusts.

Henderson Touche Remnant has just chipped in with a free swap of one shareholding into one or more of 15 trusts in its Investment Trust share plan during July and August. Abtrust and M&G run share exchange schemes and Mercury Asset Management have launched a plan allowing investors to exchange any number of shares in a UK-listed company if the proceeds are reinvested in one of a range of Mercury unit trusts. The minimum investment is £5,000 – any shortfall can be made up with a cheque.

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# Why nuclear power is not for green investors

The British Energy share offer is beyond the environmental pale, says Charles Millar, an ecological investment analyst



Accidents will happen: The risk is slight but after events such as Chernobyl, is it a gamble worth taking?

The Jupiter Ecology Fund will not participate in the impending British Energy share offer. The fund, like other "green" funds, regards nuclear power as being beyond the environmental pale. Green investors, therefore, do not need to concern themselves too deeply with questions about the industry's eccentric economics. They do not need to ask why an industry consisting of eight power stations is being sold off for less than the cost of constructing one station, or whether this has anything to do with the removal of nice low, creative, public-sector discount rates and unquantifiable future liabilities.

So what are the environmental concerns? There are several, many of which have been wheeled out before, but that does not undermine their validity. Firstly, there is the problem of accidental releases of radioactive material.

The risk of such releases is very slight indeed. However, as the consequences are potentially so devastating many think it is a gamble not worth taking. Included in that number are doubtless Welsh sheep farmers whose knowledge of Ukrainian power systems was minimal until the ill-fated safety exercise at Chernobyl 10 years ago.

Many will counter this accident argument by pointing out that UK nuclear facilities are much better than old Soviet ones. That is true, and what is more, even critics like Greenpeace have said that there's no overwhelming reason for a privatised UK nuclear industry to be more unsafe than a publicly owned one.

Nevertheless, the safety record of Nuclear Electric (as it was) is not great; a £13,000 fine for a corroded safety pipe in October last year and a £250,000 fine the month before for what the Nuclear Installations Inspectorate called a "blatant fail-

ure in Nuclear Electric's safety culture" are two recent events which spring to mind. As will be confirmed from Kyoto in Japan to Three Mile Island in the USA, accidental releases can and do happen.

The second concern relates to operational discharges to the environment. These are discharges which are part of the routine. The nuclear industry refers to "tolerable risk" when assessing them. What may be tolerable to a statistician will probably not be tolerable to a victim of cancer. This may sound like hyperbole, but if the risk-assessment statistics by the authorities are fair, then victims there will be.

Given that nuclear power is not actually necessary - its economic benefits are dubious at best, and it provides some 20 per cent of our power when government estimates indicate that there is scope for about a 30 per cent reduction in demand through energy efficiency - the ethical dimension of this issue takes on a clear significance. Many green and ethical investors hold that these risks alone make an investment in the industry intolerable.

One sub-issue is the reprocessing of spent nuclear fuel, a by-product of which is plutonium - a raw material for nuclear weapons. However great the safeguards, there will be concern about this link. Fears over nuclear proliferation have been very important in the US government's refusal to grant permission for such facilities.

However, perhaps the biggest concern is related to the routine disposal of radioactive waste. From low-level waste (which could be as lightly contaminated as a pair of old overalls) to high-level waste (such as used fuel rods) there is little that can be done except to dig a big hole and bury it. Of course, it is a lot more sophisticated than that, but it is still

disposal which lies at the bottom of the environmentalists' waste management hierarchy.

And when disposal involves substances which are still pumping out heat, it becomes even less palatable. If the difficulty in avoiding leaks from municipal waste disposal sites is anything to go by, there are grounds for disquiet over the effectiveness of the proposed deep disposal sites.

But is it all bad news? Well, no. Nuclear power stations produce minimal amounts of carbon dioxide - the primary anthropogenic culprit of global warming. They are also blameless when it comes to the sulphur dioxide emissions which acidify our rain. Each of these attributes earns the industry a big tick on the green investor's checklist.

But they are not attributes unique to nuclear power; hydro, wind, solar and bio-fuels are all proven, carbon-neutral, or worst and increasingly commercial. As for sulphur, there is existing technology (be it "clean-coal" combustion or chimney "scrubbers") to all but eliminate this problem. There are, therefore, alternatives to nuclear which have similar merits but lower risks.

So where does that leave the green investor? As ever, he has to make a subjective judgement against a background knowledge that no investment is perfectly green. But more importantly, he should be guided by the precautionary principle - which, in practice for a green or ethical portfolio says: "If in doubt leave it out".

Charles Millar is environmental analyst at Jupiter Asset Management, investment managers of the Jupiter Ecology Fund and the Jupiter International Green Investment Trust. Tel 0171-412 0703

## The pros and cons of investing in British Energy

The British Energy share offer closes at noon next Wednesday so decisions really need to be taken this weekend. The minimum application is for 300 shares, and investors who are registered through a share shop for the public offer are being asked to pay a first instalment of 100p a share, compared with 105p by institutions who buy through the institutional offer. Small investors will also be entitled to choose a share bonus

only goes to show that putting a true value on the offer is virtually impossible. Notwithstanding the ethical objections the only hard financial information is that British Energy made a loss of 22.1p in the year to 31 March, 1996, but a net dividend of 13.7p a share is forecast for the year to 31 March, 1997. If the final offer price is 275p and investors go for the bonus shares, not the discount, the dividend would represent a yield

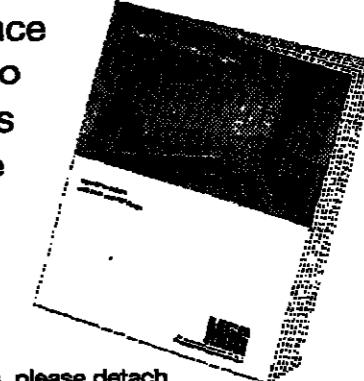
of 6.23 per cent before tax, and at 175p the yield would rocket to 9.79 per cent. Several leading investment houses have given the issue the thumbs-down, and the City is certainly looking for a yield of over 8 per cent on British Energy. But all the small investor really needs to know is that the second instalment is not due until 16 September next year. The interim dividend of 4.6p net will be paid in January, and a further 9.1p next July.

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Alliance & Leicester	0500 959595	Alliance	0.76	9.5	2.20
Abbey National	0500 200500	Current	0.94	11.9	2.18
CREDIT CARDS					
Telephone	Card	Min %	Rate	APR	
Standard	pm %	%	fee		Annual int. free period
Robert Fleming/S&P	0800 829024	MasterCard/Visa	—	0.95%	11.20
NatWest Bank	0800 200400	Access	—	0.95%	12.00
Robert Fleming/S&P	0800 829024	MasterCard/Visa	—	1.00	14.00
Gold cards					
Co-operative Bank	0345 212212	Visa	£20,000	0.4792	10.32
NatWest Bank	0800 200400	Visa	£20,000	1.14	15.90
Lloyds Bank	via branch	MasterCard	£20,000	1.15	16.50
STORE CARDS					
Telephone		Payment by direct debit		Payment by other methods	
John Lewis	in store	—	% pm	APR	
Marks & Spencer	01244 681681	—	—	1.39	18.00
Sears	in store	1.87	24.80	1.97	26.30
		1.94	25.90	2.20	29.80
APR Annualised percentage rate. B+C Buildings and Contents insurance (LTV Loan to value ASU Accident, sickness and unemployment E Available to comprehensive motor insurance policyholders aged over 22 years.					
N Introductory rate for a limited period.					
All rates subject to change without notice.	Source: MONEYFACTS 01692 500677	4 July 1996			

## Best savings rates

Telephone number	Account	Notice or term	Deposit	Rate %	Interest interval
<b>INSTANT ACCESS</b>					
Portman BS	01202 222444	Instant Access	Instant	£100	4.80 Year
Sun Banking Corp	01438 744505	Liquidity	Instant	£25,000	5.25 Year
Skipton BS	01756 700511	High Street	Instant	£20,000	5.50 Year
Direct Line	0181 667 1121	Instant Savings	Instant	£50,000	5.75 Year
<b>INSTANT SAVINGS</b>					
Yorkshire BS	0800 378836	First Class Account	Postal	£1,000	4.90 Year
Alliance & Leic BS	0845 6456560	Instant Direct	Postal	£5,000	5.40 Year
Leeds & Holderness BS	0113 225 7755	Albion	Postal	£10,000	5.80 Year
Northern Rock BS	0800 505000	Great North Postal	Postal	£25,000	6.50 A Year
<b>TERM ACCOUNTS</b>					
Coventry BS	0345 665522	Postal 50	50 day P	£2,000	5.45 Year
Coventry BS	0345 665522	Postal 50	50 day P	£10,000	6.10 Year
First National BS	0800 558844	90 Day Notice	90 day P	£1,000	6.20 Year
Northern Rock BS	0800 590578	Scarborough 100	100 day	£1,000	6.50 Year
<b>CHOOSE ACCOUNTS</b>					
Kelvinside BS	01202 502204	HICA	Instant	£2,500	5.00 Month
Halifax BS	01422 335333	Asset Reserve	Instant	£10,000	4.30 Quarter
Chelsea BS	0800 717515	Classic Postal	Instant	£10,000	4.75 Year
Chelsea BS	0800 717515	Classic Postal	Instant	£25,000	5.00 Year
<b>FIXED RATE BONDS</b>					
Bristol & West BS	0800 202121	Year Plus Fixed Bond	5/1/97	£5,000	6.50F Maturity
Universal BS	0800 281915	Fixed Rate Bond	2 Year	£5,000	7.00F Year
Northern Rock BS	0800 505000	Postal Deposit Bond	30/5/99	£2,000	7.50F Year
Banffshire BS	0800 132304	High Income Bond	1/1/2001	£50,000	7.75F Year
<b>ENDOWMENT BONDS (cont)</b>					
Financial Assurance	01438 744505	5 years	£5,000	7.50F Year	
Pinnacle Assurance	0181 207 9007	2 years	£3,000	5.55FN Year	
Pinnacle Assurance	0181 207 9007	3 years	£5,000	5.90FN Year	
Pinnacle Assurance	0181 207 9007	4 years	£3,000	6.40FN Year	
Pinnacle Assurance	0181 207 9007	5 years	£5,000	6.55FN Year	
<b>INVESTMENT ACCOUNTS (gross)</b>					
Northern Rock, Guern	01481 714600	Offshore Instant	Instant	£10,000	6.30 Year
Northern Rock, Guern	01481 714600	Offshore Instant	Instant	£50,000	6.60 Year
Britannia International	01624 626512	2 Year Bond	31/12/98	£5,000	7.00F Year
Skipton, Guern	01481 727374	3 Year Bond	31/5/99	£10,000	7.40F Year
<b>INVESTMENT SAVINGS ACCOUNTS (gross)</b>					
Investment Accounts		1 month	£20	5.00	Year
			£500	5.50	Year
			£25,000	5.75	Year
Income Bonds		3 months	£2,000	6.25	Month
Capital Bond		5 years	£1,000	6.65F	Year
First Option Bonds		12 months	£1,000	6.25F	Year
Pensioner's Yield Income Bond		Series J	£20,000	6.50F	Year
NS Certificates (tax-free)		Series 3	£500	7.00F	Month
		43rd issue	£100	5.35F	Month
		9th Index linked	£100	2.50-4.1F	Month
Children's Bond		Issue H	£25	6.75F	Month
<b>NOT</b> £2,889 <sup>+</sup> inc.VAT					
<b>BUT ONLY</b> £1,397.08 <sup>+</sup> inc.VAT (£1,189) <sup>+</sup> inc.VAT					
<b>NOT</b> £2,889 <sup>+</sup> inc.VAT					
<b>TIME GIVES YOU MORE FOR LESS £!</b>					
Source: MONEYFACTS 01692 500677. 4 July 1996					

FEAR OF FINANCE  
Clifford German

Legal & General is enhancing its reputation as the pace-setter in the financial services industry by abolishing all initial charges on its range of unit trusts. In a business where most providers have routinely swallowed up 5 per cent of investors' cash before a penny is actually invested in units, this is a dramatic leap, even though charges have been cut under pressure for some time.

The pressure has come especially from new providers, such as the low-cost tracker funds offered by the likes of HSBC, Legal & General itself and Virgin Direct, which can hold down costs by mass-marketing techniques as well as by dispensing with many of the experts who traditionally selected the investments.

Traditional providers have begun to respond by shaving initial charges from the standard 5 per cent to 3 per cent or so, although sometimes only for an initial offer period of six or eight weeks.

Only the specialist providers, and especially the managers of emerging markets funds, are fighting a rearguard action, on the grounds that they operate in tricky markets where costs are higher and expert management and local knowledge are at a premium.

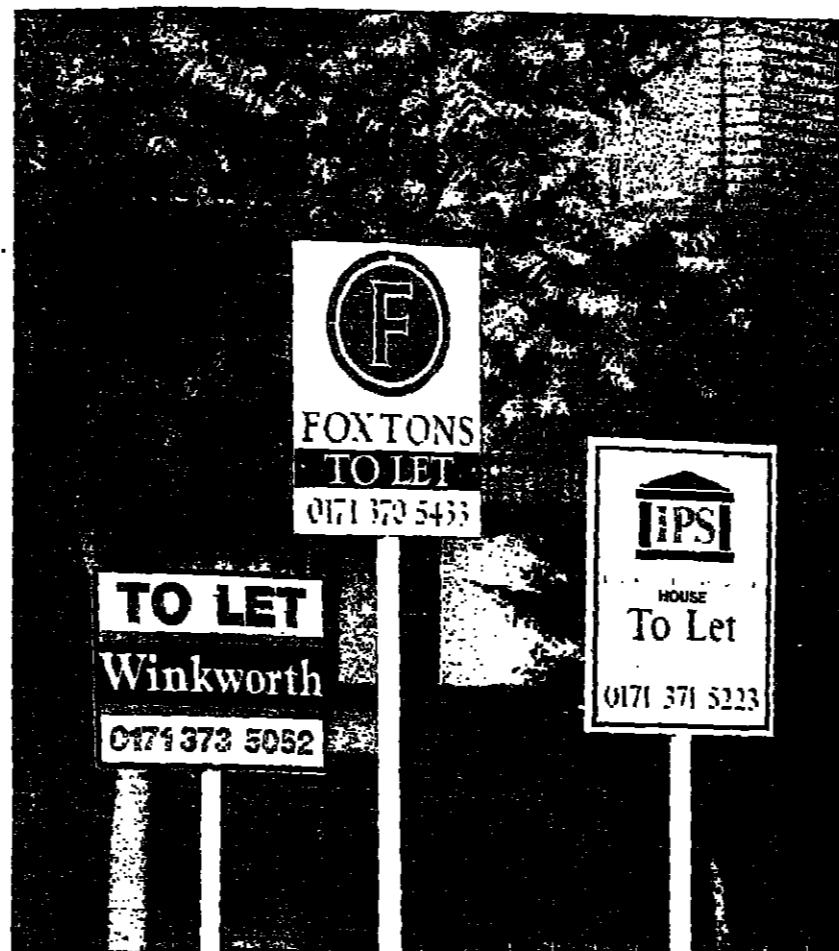
They also argue that the difference between a high-performing fund and a poor-performing one more than makes up for any initial charges and indeed annual management charges. But the punter has no way of knowing performance in advance, while differences in initial charges and annual charges are increasingly clear, thanks largely to the media.

Across the tracks in the building society world, mutual societies are making an increasingly good case for delivering value for

TSB may also have found the key to overcoming the massive inertia which prevents many dissatisfied bank customers from switching banks. Changing standing orders, direct debits and rearranging salary payments, dividends and other credit payments involves a massive amount of hassle. Now they can get the paperwork all done for them by calling TSB PhoneBank free on 0500-758799 – provided the account they want to open is with the TSB, of course.

# To let: desirable residence with negative equity

Renting out your house is one way to escape the trap. Ian Hunter explains how it's done



Despite the encouraging rumblings in the property market, many homeowners remain confined in the negative equity trap. For those people renting out their homes, in the short term at least, may be more financially prudent than selling them at a loss.

This used to be impossible. Mortgage deals usually state that a property can only be sublet with the lender's permission. Unauthorised subletting normally provides the lender with the option of cancelling the loan, coupled with the right to sell the property to recover its money. And letting property used to be fraught with risk of not being able to get it back again.

Things have changed however and a number of lenders, such as independent broker John Charcol and Mortgage Express, part of the Lloyds TSB group, now actually advertise mortgages to help home-owners escape negative equity by moving to a cheaper home and paying for it by letting out their original home.

Most lenders will now consider requests to rent out mortgaged property, although most will charge an administration fee for considering borrowers' requests for permission to sublet. Usually lenders want to satisfy themselves that the letting will not affect their ability to get possession of

the property if the borrower defaults on the mortgage repayments. So the lender will usually require the tenancy agreement to record its right to possession if the borrower defaults.

Most landlords usually grant their tenants an agreement in the form of an assured shorthold tenancy. These tenancies give the tenant a minimum of six months' security of tenure. However, at any time after the first four months of the tenancy agreement, the tenant can be asked to leave on two months' notice.

Landlords should avoid granting tenants possession until the documentation has been prepared and completed. Allowing occupancy and accepting rent from a tenant before the assured shorthold tenancy has been signed will provide the tenant with greatly increased protection if the landlord should subsequently try to evict him.

The tax regime governing rental income is complex. Those working abroad normally lose their Miras relief. However, there is an Inland Revenue concession which allows relief to continue for temporary absences of up to a year, or up to four years where a taxpayer is required to work away from home.

The advantage with Miras relief is that it can be set against income from

any source. However those with larger mortgages are better off setting the rental income against mortgage interest payments, rather than claiming Miras relief.

Interest payments on the entire property loan (not just the first £30,000) can be set against the tax payable on rental income as long as the property is rented for at least 26 weeks in each year.

The Inland Revenue advises landlords to keep a careful note of rents received and where possible receipts for expenses.

In addition the Inland Revenue provides a 'Rent a Room' scheme under which landlords, provided they satisfy certain requirements, are entitled to receive up to the first £3,250 free of tax. However, under this scheme expenses cannot be claimed. The scheme is designed primarily for those taking in lodgers.

Those renting out their homes for prolonged periods should be aware that they risk having to pay capital gains tax on a proportion of the profit made on any subsequent sale of the property. Relief from CGT is only available on the sale of a property if it is the owner's 'only or main residence'. This relief will be reduced if during a period of ownership it is rented out for large proportions of time.

Tenants in the UK who pay rent directly to non-resident landlords must, by law, withhold basic rate tax on the rent paid. The tenant should then pay the tax to the Inland Revenue. This applies even if the rent is paid into the UK bank account.

One route by which this can be avoided is by appointing an agent, who could be a friend.

Rent can be paid to a duly appointed agent without deduction. The agent will be accountable for the payment of the tax on the rent received on behalf of the landlord. A professional agent is likely to seek an indemnity from the landlord.

An inventory should be prepared of the property's contents. It may also be useful to take photographs of the property before the tenancy begins.

This will help to minimise arguments as to who is responsible for any restorative work necessary at the end of the tenancy. One option is to agree at the outset that the tenant will be responsible for cleaning and redecorating the property.

The tenant should also be asked to provide a deposit as a form of insurance against any loss or damage. All those renting their homes should be aware of one blunt landlord's advice: 'Don't leave anything in the flat that you want to get back.'



## LOOSE CHANGE

Flemings is marking the introduction of Crest, the paperless share dealing system, on July 15 by abolishing its 1 per cent initial charge on its Fleming Investment Trusts Share Plan, and its 2 per cent charge for switching funds between its 20 separate specialised trusts. Stamp duty charges still apply. The plan accepts regular investments down to £40 and lump sums of £400.

Award-winning Waverley Unit Trust Management is launching a Japanese Smaller Companies fund with a minimum investment of £1,000 to take advantage of the Japanese economic recovery.

By taking out a Saga Visa Card with no annual fee and an APR of 18.9 per cent on unpaid balances, 18 million over-50s could get discounts of up to 23 per cent off regional telephone calls (but not local calls), and up to 41 per cent off international calls. Ring freephone 0800-300225 for details.

Leeds & Holbeck Building Society has cut its mortgage offer, fixed until January 2000, from 6.75 per cent to 6.49 per cent on loans of up to 75 per cent of valuation.

On loans up to 90 per cent the rate remains at 6.75 per cent but up to 95 per cent is available at 6.99 per cent. Without insurance add 0.24 per cent. There is no penalty for redemption after the fixed rate period ends.

Close Fund Management is launching Close Capital Account Fund, which offers a return of 5.2 per cent a year, classed as capital gains not income. Funds can be withdrawn on a daily basis, and there are no initial charges on funds invested by the end of July. The minimum investment is £5,000. Call 0800 269824 for details.

TSB has launched a new type of electrical warranty covering call-out charges, parts and labour on appliances up to seven years old through a network of approved engineers.

Initially on offer in South-West England, South Wales and East Scotland, it covers the TV, washing machine, fridge and cooker for as little as £2.50 a week. Call 0645-758750.

Travel insurance specialist Travelex is packaging around £3 worth of coins in 10 popular currencies to help travellers meet immediate cash needs such as tips and taxes when they arrive at their destinations.

Coin packs are available at Travelex branches at main UK airports and at Farthing Corner for cross-Channel

motorists. Travelex also offers a commission-free buy-back of up to 30 per cent of unused currency orders worth over £300.

Antif, the unit trust trade body is relaunching its free guide to Corporate Bond PEPs to mark the first anniversary of their launch today. Call 0181-207-1361.

Telephone-based insurer Prospero Direct is launching a family motor policy which allows younger members to earn a no-claims bonus in their own right when they want to insure a car of their own. By starting out on the Family Policy, a good record will mean the first premium they pay for themselves could qualify for a no-claims bonus of up to 70 per cent after five claim-free years.

Specialist insurance broker Mansfield Warner Healthcare, based in Manchester, is offering medical insurance policyholders the opportunity to switch from one insurer to another without penalty, to take advantage of competitive rates. Conditions covered under the existing plan remain fully insured on transfer.

Natwest Stockbrokers and BrokerLine, its telephone-based dealing service, are offering clients free sponsored membership of Crest for a year. Sponsored membership, worth £20, allows individuals to buy and sell shares electronically without the need to hold and deliver share certificates or having to transfer their holding to a nominee service.

Schroders Emerging Countries Fund went on sale this week. It expects to invest 53 per cent in Asia, 27 per cent in Latin America, and 14 per cent in Eastern Europe and the Middle East. Up to 100 million shares are on offer at 100p a share, and the minimum application is £2,000. Initial charges are 4.5 per cent and the annual charge 1.25 per cent.

Royal Bank of Scotland's escalating fixed rate Tessa, paying 6.75 per cent in the first year rising to 10.75 per cent in the fifth, will turn £9,000 into £12,939, topping the list of best roll-over Tessas, according to Blay's Guide.

Touchline Insurance is cutting home contents insurance premiums for the over-40s. Call 0800-207800.

Independent Insurance (no relation) is offering its Simple Guide to Classic Car Insurance free to readers who call 01732-865211. It discusses definitions, mileage limitations, security requirements and discounts available.

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Monday		Tuesday		Wednesday		Thursday		Friday	
<b>Television</b> by Gerard Gilbert	<b>Radio</b> by Robert Hanks	<b>Monday</b>	<b>Tuesday</b>	<b>Wednesday</b>	<b>Thursday</b>	<b>Friday</b>	<b>Friday</b>		
<p><b>If I Were Prime Minister</b> 8pm C4. Outrageous comedienne Jenny Eclair (above) is the first of six people asked to give their vision of Britain. Higher taxes for the fat, and a free garden shed for all men are on the agenda (1021).</p> <p><b>The Final Passage</b> 9pm C4. The second half of Carly Phillips's fine drama about West Indian immigrants to 1950s Britain (8817392).</p> <p><b>Clash of the Titans</b> 9.45pm BBC2. The long-running rivalry between middle-distance runners Seb Coe and Steve Ovett (32946).</p>		<p><b>Earthquake</b> 8pm C4. Susan Tully, formerly Michelle Fowler from <i>EastEnders</i>, hits the road to find out more about the shift in paid work from men to women (1956).</p> <p><b>True Stories: Gordonstoun</b> 8pm C4. One term in the life of the Scottish public school (above) famous for making Prince Charles unhappy, although it's liberalised now (80953199).</p> <p><b>Film: Bonnie and Clyde</b> (Arthur Penn 1967 US) 10.20pm BBC1. Warren Beatty and Faye Dunaway shoot their way across the USA (400880).</p>		<p><b>Film: Far and Away</b> (Ron Howard 1992 US) 8pm BBC1. Irish tenant farmer turned bare-knuckle fighter, Tom Cruise (above), makes a life for himself and his coleen Nicole Kidman in the New World (6403).</p> <p><b>School</b> 8pm BBC2. Three A-Level students are followed from revision to results in the opening visit to a Watford comprehensive (3403).</p> <p><b>Wild Harvest</b> with Nick Nairn 8.30pm BBC2 10.30pm BBC1. Sean Connery, Dustin Hoffman and Matthew Broderick are three generations of the same criminal family (76180450).</p>		<p><b>Sir 7.30pm BBC2.</b> Letters to <i>The Times</i> from 1913 to 1919 and read by famous actors to shine a light on those turbulent years (985).</p> <p><b>Secret History</b> 8pm C4 (above). The battle of Goose Green has gone down as the heroic battle that clinched the Falklands War. But was it necessary - and was it heroic? (6326).</p> <p><b>Film: Family Business</b> (Sidney Lumet 1989 US) 10.50pm BBC1. Sean Connery, Dustin Hoffman and Matthew Broderick are three generations of the same criminal family (76180450).</p>		<p><b>Whose Line Is It Anyway?</b> 10.30pm C4. New series of the improv show. Clive Anderson (above) rounds up the usual suspects (179831).</p> <p><b>Between</b> 11.10pm C4. Return of the public service slot for homemade videos (122657).</p> <p><b>Film: Torch Song Trilogy</b> (Paul Bogart 1988 US) 11.20pm C4. Gay romantic comedy-mrama that stars from stage to screen with Harvey Fierstein repeating his Tony-winning role as the Semitic drag queen in search of love. Matthew Broderick (above) (21338473).</p>	
<p><b>The 'Awkward' Squad</b> (8.40am R4). What makes an MP defy the whips to vote against their party? Former Tory member Matthew Paris finds out in the first part of this short series about rebellious Parliamentarians.</p>		<p><b>Itsy Bitsy Teenie Weenie</b> (9pm R2). On 7 July 1946 the first bikini was let loose upon the world. To celebrate that event, <i>Holiday</i> presenter Jill Dando looks back at its history from bathing huts to <i>Baywatch</i>.</p>		<p><b>Grub's Up!</b> (8.35pm R4). Could insects be the answer to world hunger? Cricket lollipops and locust burgers are just some of the culinary delights that are under the microscope in Joanne Flinck's creepy feature.</p>		<p><b>The Wireless Lady</b> (9pm R4). Winifred Leslie was once the grande dame of radio drama. Now she lives alone and has only her Bakelite wireless for company. The great Bette Whitton stars in Peter Tinniswood's nostalgic drama.</p>		<p><b>Loch and Poldie Pie</b> (10am R4 FM). Experts reveal everything you've always wanted to know about lochs and poldies but were afraid to ask. "Hey, listen" you can hear some producers saying. "We've got a great idea for a programme."</p>	

## Sunday television and radio

### BBC1

7.30 **Moomin** (9581216). 7.55 **Playdays** (5313303). 8.15 **Lingot** (6631804). 8.30 **Breakfast with Frost** (81755). 9.30 **The Good Book Guide** (9025668). 9.45 **First Light** (724007). 10.15 **See Hear** (812216). 10.45 **Help Your Child with Reading** (9170939). 11.00 **Sid's Heroes** (1945). 11.30 **The Knowledge** (2574).

12.00 **Countryfile** (62007). 12.30 **On the Record** (28533).

1.30 **Sunday Grandstand: Wimbledon** 96. Desmond Lynam introduces the climax of the All-England Championships, the men's singles final, which starts at 2pm (Subsequent programmes may change) (S) (9443262). \*

5.00 **Cartoon** (7456668).

5.25 **Stirrups: The Story of Painting**. The toothy, art-loving nun continues her enjoyable gallop round the history of art in the hills of Tuscany, whether she has gone to look at the master work of Giotto di Bondone (S) (745755). \*

5.55 **News**, **Weather** (858397). \*

6.15 **Regional News** (524397).

6.20 **Songs of Praise**. From York (S) (812484). \*

6.55 **Antiques Roadshow**. Instant valuations from 1993 as the hits crawl (R) (S) (148571).

7.40 **No Bananas**. With the Battle of Britain raging, Evelyn is determined to send a reluctant William to Canada (S) (389552). \*

8.30 **Birds of a Feather**. Sharon, Tracey and Doreen reminisce about their first loves (R) (S) (7571). \*

9.00 **Killing Me Softly**. Controversial drama based on the true story of Sara Thornton, found guilty in 1990 of murdering her husband, Malcolm. She claimed that she was driven to it by her husband's violence. Maggie O'Neill and Peter Howitt star. See *Preview*, p28 (S) (9910). \*

10.30 **News**, **Weather** (702602).

10.45 **Olympic Diaries**. New series eavesdropping on the video diaries of the hopeful British athletes bound for Atlanta: the rowers Steve Redgrave and Matthew Pinsent, hurdler Tony Jarrett, yachtswoman Shirley Robertson, three-day eventer Karen Dixon, 1,500m runner Kelly Holmes, and gymnast Annika Reeder (867571).

11.45 **Rollercoaster** (James Goldstone 1977 US). Extrortionist Timothy Bottoms is planting bombs at amusement parks in this ho-hum disaster movie also starring George Segal, Richard Widmark, Henry Fonda, Susan Strasberg and Robert Quarry (420991).

1.40 **Weather** (5094750). To 1.45pm.

**REGIONS:** Wales: 12.00pm Homeband. 1.40 **News**; **Weather**. NI: 10.45am Irish Open Calf. 11.30 **Olympic Diaries**. 12.30 **Film: The Big Steal**. 1.40 **Weather**.

### BBC2

6.15 **Open University**. 9.10 **Rupert** (4419587). 9.15 **The Littlest Pet Shop** (3838393). 9.35 **X-Men** (17490533). 10.00 **Fully Booked** (51668). 12.00 **Regional Programmes** (14649). 12.30 **EastEnders Omnibus** (1171216).

1.55 **film: The Bridge on the River Kwai** (David Lean 1957 UK). Academy Award-winning war drama that is at its best with Alec Guinness's performance as the stiff-upper-lipped colonel who tries to restore morale at a Japanese POW camp in Burma by getting the men to work on a railway bridge for the Japs. William Holden, Jack Hawkins, Sessue Hayakawa, James Donald and Geoffrey Horne co-star. The stunning photography is by Jack Hildyard (R) (7835).

4.30 **Watch Out - Choice Cuts**. Highlights from the recent wildlife series (S) (568).

5.00 **Sunday Grandstand**. (Continued from BBC1) Desmond Lynam introduces more from Wimbledon, with reaction to the men's final and coverage of the ladies' doubles (17113).

8.00 **Later Presents** **Elvis Costello in Concert**. Joop Holland presents a live studio performance by singer-songwriter Elvis Costello, accompanied by the Attractions, the Boudry Quartet and a chamber jazz septet (S) (7858).

9.00 **Last Friday Night's Armistice**. Topical (well, last Friday, anyway) satire from Armando Iannucci, Peter Bayham and David Schneider (S) (6283).

9.30 **BBC Design Awards Final Ceremony**. Janet Street-Porter presents the final of the BBC Design Awards from the Kelvingrove Art Gallery and Museum in Glasgow. The three categories are "product design", "graphic design" and "architecture and environment" (S) (25002).

10.10 **Today at Wimbledon**. Sue Barker introduces highlights from this afternoon's men's singles final, and reflects on the best moments of the tournament (S) (358484). \*

11.10 **film: Ruby in Paradise** (Victor Nunez 1993 US). Gentle, well-observed drama starring Ashley Judd (sister of the country singing duo, the Judd Sisters) who leaves home in Tennessee and tries to kick start a new life among the Florida beach-bum set. Then *Weatherview* (573397). To 1.10am.

2.00 **The Learning Zone: Summer Nights: Perfect Pictures** (81717). 4.00 **Language**: Get by in Spanish and Bon Mot (98427). 5.00 **Business and Work**: **Germany Meets Business** (13162). 5.30 **The Essential History of Europe** (67327). To 6.00am.

**REGIONS:** Wales: 12.00pm Welsh Lobby. Scot: 12.00pm Scottish Lobby. NI: 12.00pm *Going, Going, Gone*.

### ITV/London

6.00 **GMTV** (74151). 8.00 **Disney Adventures** (5996668). 9.25 **The Adventures of Grady Greenspace** (6938842). 9.50 **James Bond Jr** (5530393). 10.15 **Sunday Heroes** (7363303).

10.25 **Sunday Live** from Skipton, North Yorkshire (80390200).

12.10 **Link** (3076858).

12.30 **CrossTalk** (35674).

1.00 **News and Weather** (76584945).

1.10 **The Agenda** (5220262).

2.00 **Capital Holidays** (2226).

2.30 **film: The Green Berets** (John Wayne and Ray Kellogg 1968 US). Frightful piece of gung-ho flag-waving for the American side in the Vietnam War, which Wayne seems justifiably saw as a patriotic campaign (472910).

5.00 **Upstairs, Downstairs**. Elizabeth Bellamy returns from abroad (R) (3755).

6.00 **Local News**, **Weather** (631620).

6.25 **News and Weather** (620129). \*

6.35 **Dr Quinn, Medicine Woman**. Jane Seymour and her perfect hair continue to dispense medical care in 1880s Colorado. The coming of the railroad heralds changes (S) (347755). \*

7.30 **Faith in the Future**. "Another chance" (why thank you) to see this sequel to *Second Thoughts*. Lynda Bellingham stars again (R) (S) (823). \*

8.00 **Wycliffe**. Cornish detective drama. Lane has big problems when the main murder suspect is found shot dead in his home (S) (1484). \*

9.00 **The Knock**. Customs and Excise drama. The consignment of heroin arrives in Lyon (S) (1620).

10.00 **News and Weather** (696216).

10.15 **Elton John - Tantrums and Tiaras**. A video diary of a year (1995 to be precise) in the life of Elton John, which includes the Brit Awards, the Oscars, a new album release and a massive 108-show world tour. See *Preview*, p28 (S) (2264620). \*

11.30 **film: The Lighthaseman** (Simon Wincer 1988 Aus). Post-Gallipoli tale of Australian heroism and British stupidity in the First World War. Peter Phelps plays a recruit to an Aussie cavalry division trying to take a Turkish-held town in Palestine (S) (20976262).

1.40 **The Chart Show** (R) (S) (7302427).

2.40 **film: Texas Adios** (Ferdinando Baldi 1966 It). Vengeance and hard eye-contact in this early pasta western about a sheriff (Franco Nero) who kills the man he suspected killed his father, only to find that the murderer is his half-brother's dad. Or something like that (94175).

4.20 **Night Shift** (R) (S) (30584682).

4.35 **Film: Mayhem and Madness from Liverpool**, apparently (R) (S) (1231717).

5.30 **News** (95663). To 6.00am.

### Channel 4

6.20 **Trans World Sport** (R) (9366858).

7.15 **Madeline** (4901842).

7.40 **The Real Life Adventures of Professor Thompson** (S) (940533).

8.10 **Droopy, Master Detective** (2055151).

8.30 **Two Stupid Dogs** (6109007).

8.55 **Elmer Mice from Mars** (S) (6111842).

9.20 **Saved by the Bell** (R) (6937113). \*

9.45 **Castillo and Dineus** (S) (813945).

10.15 **Sister Sister** (S) (5710465).

10.40 **Mission Impossible** (1729945).

11.40 **The Waltons** (R) (2441668). \*

12.40 **film: Stella Dallas** (King Vidor 1937 US). Loud and uncouth Barbara Stanwyck marries high-society John Boles and can't stand the pace - sacrificing all for the daughter she loves. Famous, tear-jerking melodrama featuring Stanwyck's best performance (31489216). \*

2.40 **Cocktail**. Animation (5086259).

2.50 **film: Flaming Road** (Michael Curtiz 1949 US). Joan Crawford, reunited with the team behind *Mildred Pierce*, plays a showgirl who's framed by the campy sheriff of a small Florida town, Sydney Greenstreet (26071113). \*

4.30 **Love and Marriage**. Six couples prepare for wedded bliss. Joanna Lumley tells all (R) (S) (736). \*

5.00 **The Lost Jetmen**. Series of travelogues written and fronted by John Jetman, and only fairly recently unearthed. First stop, Marbrough, scene of his hated schooldays (R) (8950823). \*

5.35 **Holykake** (R) (S) (310552).

6.05 **Babyion 5** (S) (821587). \*

7.00 **Tour De France**. Time trials between Bourg Saint Maurice and Val d'Isère (2026).

7.30 **Kingdom of the Crabs**. Nonsuch, an island close to Bermuda, where crabs catch the shots (S) (465). \*

8.00 **Encounters**: **The Plant Files**. Following US government special agents investigating the illegal trade in rare plants (S) (90261). \*

9.00 **The Final Passage**. See *Preview*, p28 (38840520). \*

10.35 **film: House Party 2** (George Jackson and Doug McHenry 1991 US). Sequel to the hip-hop comedy and surprise hit. Rappers Kid 'n Play - Christopher Reid and Christopher Martin - go to college (S) (76351587). \*

12.20 **film: Days and Nights in the Forest** (Satyajit Ray 1969 India). Social comedy about four young men living together in the country which hides a tragedy about imperialist's warping of the Indian psyche. A classic (74303886).

2.30 **film: The Island of the Blessed** (Samir Khan 1984). Drama about a woman imprisoned for murdering her daughter (R) (7847224). To 3.15am.

### ITV/Regions

**ENGLAND** 2.00pm **The Royal Show** (52228). 2.30 **Cartoons** (7845889). 2.45 **Hours of the River** (52229). 4.45 **Summer Games** (52230). 5.15 **The Village Show** (539236). 5.45 **Magpie** (533397). 11.30 **Film: Return from the River Kwai** (693781). 1.25am **Cyber Cat** (278220). 2.30am **Best of British** (522304). 3.00am **Police Force** (5392326). 3.35am **Music Box** (5383953). 4.40-5.30am **Crime Hour** (7869156).

**THE TESTIMONER** As London except 12.30pm **Newsweek** (5229216). **York** **As Medic Kitchen** (5295216). 2.00 **Murder**. She Wrote (7827204). 2.30pm **Film** (5295216). 3.00am **Police Force** (5392359). 4.30am **Crime Hour** (53143781). 1.35am **Music Box** (5383953). 4.40-5.30am **Crime Hour** (7869156).

**SCOTLAND** As London except 2.00pm **The Jury** (2221). 2.30pm **The Long Ships** (53831620). 4.50 **Four Weddings and a Funeral** (2920811). 5.50 **Heart of the Country** (5694591). 6.00 **Police Force** (5249353). 5.20-6.30am **Asian Eye** (5167550).

**Wales** 2.00pm **West**. **Fath at Work** (7522293). **Wales Dogs with Dumber** (7542916). 2.00 **Film: Gunsmoke** (6122736). 2.30pm **Emmerdale** (8817552). 4.30 **International Touring** (5894590). 5.00 **Music Box** (5383953). 5.30 **Music Box Profile** (5383953). 6.00 **Music Box Profile** (5383953). 6.30 **Music Box Profile** (5383953). 7.00 **Music Box Profile** (5383953). 7.30 **Music Box Profile** (5383953). 8.00 **Music Box Profile** (5383953). 8.30 **Music Box Profile** (5383953). 9.00 **Music Box Profile** (5383953). 9.30 **Music Box Profile** (5383953). 10.00 **Music Box Profile** (5383953). 10.30 **Music Box Profile** (5383953). 11.00 **Music Box Profile** (5383953). 11.30 **Film: Return from the River Kwai** (693782). 1.25am **Cyber Cat** (2782202). 2.30am **Best of British Motor Sport** (5382243). 3.00am **Film** (5382243). 3.35am **Music Box Profile** (5383953). 4.40-5.30am **Crime Hour** (7869156).

**SCOTLAND** 2.00pm **Transworld Sport** (9366858). 2.25 **The Leisings** (5877180). 2.30 **Summer Pictures** (52229). 3.00pm **Police Force** (5392359). 3.30pm **Crime Hour** (7869156). 4.45pm **Summer Pictures** (52229). 5.15pm **Film: Return from the River Kwai** (693782). 1.25am **Cyber Cat** (2782202). 2.30am **Best of British Motor Sport** (5382243). 3.00am **Film** (5382243). 3.35am **Music Box Profile** (5383953). 4.40-5.30am **Crime Hour** (7869156).

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# SPORT

THIRD TEST: England face an uphill struggle at Trent Bridge

BOXING: Steve Collins prepares for another big pay day

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WIMBLEDON 96: Frustration for men's semi-finals as rain delays a finish in one and a start in the other

## Graf keeps date with Sanchez Vicario

JOHN ROBERTS  
Tennis Correspondent

 It was not yet noon, and the sun was still teasing us. Steffi Graf had completed her overtime, a final set to defeat Kimiko Date, 6-2, 2-6, 6-3, and was ready to nurse her sinuses. Arantxa Sanchez Vicario had practised and was resting in preparation to renew her rivalry with Graf in the women's singles final today.

Meanwhile, the four men whose names almost escaped everyone en route to the semi-finals were wondering how long the weather would hold. Eleven days at Wimbledon had reinforced their faith in taking one match at a time, though not necessarily in the space of 24 hours.

Todd Martin, the last seed on the lawns, and his American compatriot MaliVai Washington were sent out to make the best of it. The Dutchman Richard Krajicek and Australia's Jason Stoltenberg, conquerors of Pete Sampras and Goran Ivanisevic respectively, waited and hoped.

Martin tried to push things along, winning the opening three games against Washington, but his nerves seemed to tighten when he served for the set at 5-3. Although broken at this stage, Martin regained the initiative and secured a lead, 7-5, but Washington had been sufficiently encouraged to make the running in the second set.

In common with his opponent, Washington experienced difficulty when it came to serving out the set. Martin saved the first of three set points at 4-5 with a cross-court forehand. On the second, Washington found the net with a forehand. When Martin hit a forehand wide to leave a third set point hanging, a spectator shouted, "Come on, Washington!" "OK," Washington said, glancing up, and proceeded to terminate a brief rally with a smash for 6-4. Although Martin took a 4-1

### YESTERDAY AT WIMBLEDON

- Steffi Graf beats Kimiko Date to reach women's singles final
- Martin and Washington all square in first men's semi-final
- Krajicek and Stoltenberg have to bide their time

lead in the third set, spectators anticipated a lapse. Sure enough, he was broken when serving for set at 5-3, a forehand clipping the net cord and drifting wide. A confident crosscourt backhand created a set point for Martin in the next game, but Washington served it away with an ace, after which neither player had another opportunity before the shoot-out.

**Unseeded Men's Singles Finalists**

1990 Bill Tilden (US) (2) bt. Wilmer Allison (US) 6-3 9-7 6-4.  
1983 Vic Seixas (US) (2) bt. Kurt Nielsen (Den) 9-7 6-3 6-4.  
1985 Tony Trabert (US) (1) bt. Kurt Nielsen (Den) 6-3 7-5 6-1.  
1986 Alex Olegario (US) (1) bt. John Newcombe (Aus) 6-3 6-4 6-4.  
1986 Rod Laver (Aus) 6-3 6-2 6-1.  
1983 Chuck McKinley (US) (4) bt. Fred Stolle (Aus) 9-7 6-1 6-4.  
1987 John Newcombe (Aus) (3) bt. William Burge (Ger) 6-3 6-1 6-1.  
1983 John McEnroe (US) (2) bt. Chris Lewis (NZ) 6-2 6-2 6-2.  
1988 Boris Becker (W) bt Kevin Curren (SA) 11-6 6-7 7-6 6-4.

By now, ominous clouds were gathering, and the rain first began to spit during the tie-break. Washington asked the umpire to request the crowd to be quiet during rallies – such as they were – but he was unable to implement on a 3-1 lead.

He did, however, vigorously fight off two more set points when serving at 3-6, and Mar-

tin subsequently double-faulted on a fourth opportunity. Composing himself, Martin immediately delivered an ace to create a fifth set point, and he converted this one with a powerful service return for 8-6.

Play was then suspended for the first time, for 35 minutes, after which Washington appeared to return to the court the more eager. He pounced on his opponent's rare loose serves, and was the beneficiary of Martin's tendency to be tentative with his volleys.

A combination of these factors cost Martin the fourth set, 3-6, and enabled Washington to square the match. Having denied his opponent four game points at 3-2, Washington passed him with a forehand return off a second serve to give himself a break point. And when Martin again missed his first serve, Washington's return unnerved him into hitting a backhand volley over the baseline.

They had been playing for two hours and 43 minutes, and the result was still in the balance – 7-5, 4-6, 7-6, 3-6 – when further rain delayed the start of the final set. The All England Club again did its best to entertain the dampened Centre Court spectators – showtime with Sir Cliff Richard on Wednesday, an audience with Sir Peter Ustinov yesterday. Who next, Michael Fish?

More reports, results, page 27



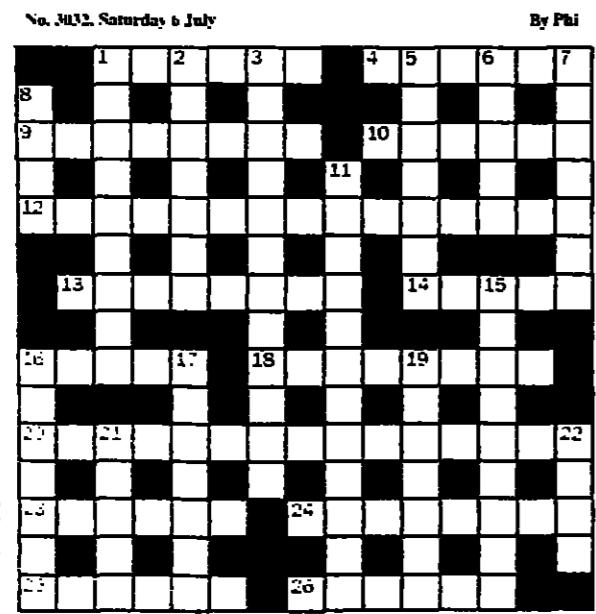
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**ACROSS**

- Back in a trice (7)
- Get a grip on second cliff (5)
- Mundane arrangement to re-enter (7)
- Fair? There's a charge to go round it (4)
- Shielded Prince after affair involving King – dead? Dead (6-6)
- Bombing raid? I rate risk "appalling" (3-6)
- Noticed a fight (something that may be seen in a ring?) (7)
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- Credit? I lose trading around credit (7)
- Discussion over each University building in France (7)
- Energy in the immediate future used up? It's a portent of the end (5)
- Unexceptional culture of BBC's return English to rant (7)
- Unpleasant row (4)

**DOWN**

- What's right for a theatre audience? (5)
- Police blocked by military officer (7)
- Cool coffee served up includes drop of hooch – so it's not this? (5-9)
- Unexceptional culture of BBC's return English to rant (7)
- Unpleasant row (4)

**THE FRANKLIN SCRABBLE** Mail order Order the longest word you can from MAILORDER Friday's Scrabble: OBSERVER

Win a Franklin Bookman Dictionary and Thesaurus worth £100. The first correct solution to this week's puzzle opened next Thursday will win a Franklin Bookman Dictionary and Thesaurus worth £100. Answers and the winner's name will be published next Saturday. Send solutions to Saturday's crossword, P.O. Box 4018, The Independent, 1 Canada Square, Canary Wharf, London E14 5BL. Please use the box number and postcode and give your own postcode. Last week's winner was Alasdair Reid, Wexford.

Service with style: MaliVai Washington in action against Todd Martin yesterday

Photograph: David Ashdown

© Published by Newspaper Publishing PLC, 1 Canada Square, Canary Wharf, London E14 5DL, and printed at Martin Colour Print, St Albans Road, Watford

Back issues available from Histone Newspapers, 1980 906691.

Saturday 6 July 1986

Registered as a newspaper with the Post Office



THE INDEPENDENT  
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# Conjuring tricks with caskets and stones

**I**magine we were to report today that the Prince of Wales was reinstating the practice of "touching" as a way of curing disease. It was once taken for granted. Doctor Johnson, remember, was touched in his youth by Queen Anne, and the practice was, oddly enough, briefly revived by George VI, another member of the Royal Family in need of a boost. The reaction of almost all readers would be incredulity: a spoof. What royal youth has an aura, other than that debased one, celebrity? Outside a few small faiths, nobody on the planet today, and certainly not a Westerner, is believed to be a living transmuting-rod for divinity. The Prince, like the rest of us, is common clay.

But the magic of touch lives - transferred, it seems to objects. Ours is often characterised as a materialist age. You could interpret this week's fuss over the sale of the Thomas à Becket casket in that way - an example of mere lust to own property, augmented (in the disappointed visages of the respective curators from the Victoria & Albert and British Museums) by broken dreams of huge queues of visitors. But there was more to it than that. The object acquired an historical halo, in this instance backed by rays from newly fashionable Catholicism and childhood memories of Ladybird histories of England. As the hype and the cash bids mounted, Reason left the stage.

We are talking here about venerable and venerated objects and the cloudiness of argument which seems to engulf them. The fate of the Becket casket became a complicated political and historical business. There was the bureaucratic rivalry. There was a whiff of vestigial anti-Americanism (never mind the purchaser is a Canadian). There was the scrambling of Tory politicians - and Labour in office would probably be the same - who were trying to avoid letting the national "heritage" down. (Some national heritage: the object was made in France to hold the bones of a Norman man who did not speak English and owed his first allegiance to an Italian.)

When a French businessman buys a suit of armour and his daughter tries it on and it fits, the possibility that it might once have been worn by Joan of Arc is worth a frisson - on that side of the Channel as here - but not much more. Museum directors in Domrémy, Rouen and Paris might salivate, but no one in their right mind should think of this as any more than an old suit of armour with historical associations - unless they are Action Française veterans, Le Penistes or others on a political ramp. God protect Joan's armour, that is what it is, from conscription in some tawdry neo-fascist campaign.

Much the same needs to be said of the Stone of Scone. We are dealing here with two pernicious theories abroad in the modern



world. One is the doctrine of perfect location, as in the Stone having to be in Scotland, the Parthenon friezes in Athens, native American skeletons in the Dakotas and Becket's casket in the V&A. And why stop there? Why shouldn't all Rembrandts be on the Stadhouderskade and all Monets in the Quai d'Orsay? Ah, the answer to that is they were painted for sale and so do not belong to the patrimony.

This takes us to the second doctrine, that of original ownership. This is, of course, a sub-clause in many nationalist manifestos. Nana Mouskouri and her cohorts, British and Greek, are asserting the essential continuity of Greece, Aristotle to Aristotle Onassis, and so assert that the Elgin marbles belong in Athens. Similarly, the Bravesthearts of 1996 who identify so proudly with the 13th-century feudal Scotland but who forget the fact of 1603. The union of the crowns surely made the acquisitions of an earlier English king (Edward I) part of the patrimony of the new monarch of England and Scotland (James I and VI), especially since he could also claim descent from Edward's vanquished adversary. At that, one hears the angels dancing on the pin head. It is a gigantic silliness made the more ludicrous by an opportunist Government promising X-ray inquiries to show it is the Real Thing.

What matters instead are a principle and

a practice. The principle is that there can be no final equilibrium position in the distribution of the world's supply of objects of beauty or historical interest. There certainly must not be some national test, or else the contents of the National Gallery of Scotland would scatter to the four winds and the moor of Culloden - let alone Bannockburn and Prestonpans - would have to be dug up to allow the return of those German and English bones. Any existing distribution of objects reflects history, money, chance and comparative advantage. It is not fair because there never can be some suprahistorical measuring rod. It just is.

But here is where the practice comes in. In this world of mass tourism, of Internet imagery and endless simulations of reality, the location of the object surely becomes less and less important. What matters is access to it. What matters, for example, are museum admissions charges: it is when the British Museum starts charging Greek tourists exorbitant amounts that they are being denied their rights.

The obligation on the keepers of objects has to do with good custodianship and curatorial, liberal opening hours and generous arrangements for filming, photography, and copying. Where the objects are and who owns them is secondary. After all, none of them are magic.

## LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

### Poor people are not abusing the legal aid system

**Sir:** Paul Valley ("Natural born litigants", 2 July) should consider the plight of many poor people in this country who do not have access to justice.

There are hundreds if not thousands of potential litigants who are truly deserving of their legal remedy who are unable to pursue their meritorious cases because of the absence of funding.

Furthermore, those plaintiffs who do qualify for legal aid have been paying very significant contributions to their legal aid for many years despite the inaccuracies in the media to the contrary.

One of my clients who sustained life threatening injuries as a result of a simple fall, is in receipt of family credit and she pays in excess of £60 per month for the duration of the case. Seemingly it would be popular if more poor people paid even more.

Other deserving clients who have had their lives ruined in appealing medical negligence cases cannot proceed because, despite their meagre incomes, they are outside eligibility levels and are unable to fund the expensive investigations.

It is very difficult in those circumstances to offer Lord Mackay's words of encouragement that people should "take a robust

approach to life and accept that not every knock requires a legal response". Balancing civil liberties, public interest and policy objectives is never easy but the recent attack by the Lord Chancellor's junior minister upon Cyril Smith, who wishes to pursue a medical negligence action, is totally disgraceful. Should we not demand or expect standards of reasonable competence from our professionals?

I applaud government efforts to prevent abuse by rich people utilising funds that were intended for the poor, but the current hysterical campaign that poor people *en masse* are abusing the legal aid system by pursuing trivial cases, is appalling. It is not true. The legal aid system is vigorous in ensuring that only meritorious cases proceed.

ANDREW McDONALD  
Legal Aid Solicitor  
Redcar  
Cleveland

**Sir:** Lord Mackay wishes to cut legal aid to those whose cases are "weak, trivial and undeserving" by introducing financial changes said to be based on the principle that people who can afford to pay for their own legal help should do so

("Legal aid shake-up cuts costs but stirs a storm", 3 July).

When Norman Lamont took his tenant to court he received legal aid of £4,000 towards his solicitor's bill. When William Waldegrave, Chief Secretary to the Treasury, Lord Trefgarne, former Defence Minister and other such deserving poor wanted advice from their own private solicitors on how to handle questions and criticism from the Scott Arms-to-Iraq inquiry, they received legal aid of £750,790 to do so. Presumably their help from the taxpayer was non-means tested. Even then some of them, notably Geoffrey Howe QC frequently squealed how beastly unfair it was.

Most people who require legal aid are not such a fortunate position. They are already subject to stringent tests on their own means and upon the merits of their case. If they have to go to law to assert or defend their rights, it is usually because there is no other avenue of redress open to them. Rights which cannot be asserted or defended because the Government chooses to deny access to competent legal help are not worth having at all. Perhaps that is the real purpose of these reforms.

MYLES HICKEY  
Dowse and Co, London E8

### Admission to the LSE on merit

**Sir:** As someone who once sent his children to Islington state schools and is now a fellow member of the London School of Economics Court of Governors, I am well aware of the past achievements in educational policy-making and the current views on fees of Margaret Hodge MP (Section Two Opinion: "LSE must rule out top-up fees", 4 July).

As a working class kid who luckily got to university in the 1980s, I, like many of my academic colleagues, am working to ensure that admission to the LSE is on merit and potential, not on ability to pay. Indeed, the Academic Board - in voting for top-up fees by a majority of 4:1 - showed it was no longer willing to countenance declining access and degraded educational standards, while intoning meaningless mantras about access, which merely serve to buttress middle class privileges.

Mrs Hodge is right to say that half of the LSE's undergraduates are from public schools, but wrong to say that "the college makes no positive effort to recruit more widely". Our

high intake from independent schools owes more to the quality problems in inner city schools and the inadequate maintenance grants and student loans which are the fundamental barriers to access for working class kids today.

We have no control over much of this, but have played a major role in the debate on improving access through a better income-contingent national loan system, enabling students to spread the payments for high quality education from which they will fundamentally benefit.

I hope that our own top-up fees will help finance and extend our initiatives to recruit more widely. I no longer believe politicians will

provide adequate funds to do that, as they did for me and many others in the 1980s; but I will be the first to congratulate Mrs Hodge when she persuades her party otherwise and they announce the relevant additional taxation plans.

Professor LESLIE HANNAH  
Pro-Director  
London School of Economics  
London WC2

### The need to fight for animal rights

**Sir:** The argument goes that animals can't have "rights" because rights demand duties and responsibilities (Roger Scruton: "Herbie taught me, then I ate him", 3 July). Who says non-human animals don't have duties and responsibilities? See a flock of birds taking turns to fly at the apex on migration: see how most species nurture and care for their young; and the duties and responsibilities taken in many colonies of animals such as bees, elephants and primates.

The fact that non-human animals are not tuned into voting, driving cars or writing symphonies is bogus (after all, most humans in the world don't do those things either) and is only used as an excuse to deny other species "rights".

If we really want to discuss this on a philosophical level and use the semantics of "rights" as equating to "duty" and "responsibility" then I suggest non-human animals deserve more rights than we do. After all non-human animals bear the heaviest burdens of all to keep us humans satisfied. We deny other species rights not from any high indeed intellectual stance but because we are bullies and can get away with it by making elaborate excuses to ignore the obvious. When sympathetic humans see non-human animals showing pain, suffering, joy or contentment we call them anthropomorphic. When non-human animals show caring, altruism or reason we call this base "instinct".

We have to fight for the conveniently ignored but innate rights of the non-human animal not to be used and abused by the human species.

IAN STARKEY  
Tombridge, Kent

**Sir:** Roger Scruton concludes (3 July) that animals have no rights. He is certainly at odds with some of the greatest philosophers of our time who were all concerned at mankind's brutality towards animals.

To name a few: Benjamin Franklin, Gandhi, Tolstoy, Voltaire, Wordsworth, George Bernard Shaw and many more. They all happened to be vegetarians too. What is needed is a charter of animal rights.

NTIN MEHTA  
The Young Indian Vegetarians  
West Croydon

Starkey

### Blair's 'odious' cult of leadership

**Sir:** Further to your letters (3 July) "Tony Blair: hardly a dictator", I think the writers are quite wrong. The past two years have seen the building of a "cult of leadership" around Tony Blair that many members of the Party find quite odious.

The internal democracy of the Labour Party that was once the strength (and weakness) of the Party has been turned into little more than a mechanism for rubber stamping the edicts of the leader.

While I share the writers' contention that we have suffered under 18 wasted years of Tory rule, I have to say that Tony Blair is viewed by many at every level of the Party as dictatorial, anti-democratic, and entirely cut off.

It is not just on devolution that genuine anger is focused. The reported policy of hitting "dole scroungers" for a hundred million pounds of savings many find nauseating. That those on the lowest rung of society should be scapegoated by the Labour Party is a bridge too far.

This week I heard Party members ask for the first time the question "will a Blair government be any better than the Tories?" A week ago that would have been unthinkable. Members previously loyal are now doubtful, while opponents previously silent are now vocal.

Perhaps this week Tony Blair has found the straw that broke the camel's back. Certainly for me and many many members enough is enough. We cannot remain silent and still retain self-respect. Mr Blair has gone far in the past two years, perhaps this week he has gone too far.

IAN WHITE  
Sheffield

### Royal roots in Scotland

**Sir:** The powerful mystique of the Stone of Scone is entirely due to its association with monarchy ("Major tries royal magic to appease the Scots", 4 July).

It should be remembered that our present Queen descends from King Kenneth MacAlpine of Scotland and from Robert the Bruce, as well as Edward I. It was the accession of her ancestor James VI of Scotland to the English throne as James I that eventually, and peacefully, combined the two kingdoms.

JENNIFER MILLER

London SW15

**I** am being outed. The Conservatives have put me on a list of allegedly Blairite intellectuals. The intellectual bit is nice, though this company is curiously mixed - it includes one radical Tory and an admirer of Sir James Goldsmith. The common thread seems to be that we have all written books critical of the government and constitution and so created "an environment in which Blairism can flourish".

Quite right: it is time to come clean. The Islington Eight have been meeting in a basement below Granita restaurant. There we thought up the famous and brilliant slogans ("new Labour, new Biscuit", "Stakeholding when conditions permit"); "If you want a barrister for a neighbour, vote Labour"). There, Simon Jenkins, that well-known incendiary from the *Times*, poured the Lansang Souchong, while the sinister figures of Frank Field, Hilary Wainwright and Professor David Marquand were busily producing woolly cardigans and sniggering about how they were going to undermine John Major with a Bill of Rights and self-government for Huddersfield. What visions we had! Ah, well ...

Seriously, though, some readers complain that the *Independent* is too cynical about Labour; others that we are overly pro-Labour. The truth is we will never be the bag-carriers or loyalists of any party, and Blair, I fear, hasn't even read my books. On joining the *Independent*, before it launched, I was instructed by Tony Benn, the political editor, that unless all the party headquarters were furious about the paper, we weren't doing our job. This seems a high ambition - but a worthy one.

Very many people have written in about last week's letter, when I raised the problem of how far we should go as a newspaper in reporting the details of horrible crimes. There were strong words from both sides of the argument. One letter came from an infant school teacher who had found the Dunblane tragedy almost unbearable. She wrote that "in order to cope with this tragedy we did need information about it". But that didn't mean knowing every-

thing. Finally, apropos the return of the Stone of Destiny to Scotland, the leader of the SNP, Alex Salmond, was being interviewed by a Scottish radio reporter. Right, she said challengingly, now that the Stone is coming home, don't you think it's time to return the Elgin marbles to Elgin?

Andrew Marr

## LETTER from THE EDITOR

One Asian reader advised against self-censorship and noted that Western papers were far readier to use pictures of dead foreigners

But others didn't agree at all. One Asian reader said he read this paper because it was "candid, blunt and sometimes excessively informative, rather than selectively informative ... I would advise against self-censorship." He noted, rightly, that Western papers were far readier to use pictures of dead foreigners. Another agreed: "I don't think you should exclude 'the nasty bits' in the Sophie Hooker murder case. Readers are entitled to all the facts and will seek them in other papers if they feel they are being over-edited." So, no final conclusion, though my instinct remains cautious and will we carry on erring that way.

Finally, apropos the return of the Stone of Destiny to Scotland, the leader of the SNP, Alex Salmond, was being interviewed by a Scottish radio reporter. Right, she said challengingly, now that the Stone is coming home, don't you think it's time to return the Elgin marbles to Elgin?

Andrew Marr

### QUOTE UNQUOTE

Tony Blair can't have it both ways. He can't lecture me on loyalty one day and then turn the policies of the party upside down, just within 24 hours - Lew Smith, Labour MP, on the devolution referendum. Men don't seem to be up to much - basic slime really. All the most efficient, clever and funny people I meet are women - Stephanie Beacham, star of the TV series 'No Bananas'. The only thing worse than working in Slovakia. There's no TV. I actually read the Bible from cover to cover - Dennis Quaid, film-maker. They wanted me to run down the street in high heels and suspenders but I think that was taking it a bit too far - Gary Lineker, former England football star, on his latest advert for crisps. It's like James Dean. If you die young, you live longer - fan at the Paris grave of the singer Jim Morrison, 25 years after he died, aged 27. Sadly, flowers have a very short life, but what is even sadder is that some children's lives are even shorter - Roger Moore, actor turned Unicef ambassador. One thing is certain: everyone is being taken for a ride on the Government's privatised railway - Clare Short, Shadow Transport Secretary

### Please allow Sir Cliff to have a moment of informal fun

**Sir:** What a bunch of prissy buttock-clenchers you all are! Cliff Richard's so-called "sing song" ("Making a racket at Wimbledon", 4 July) was an impromptu concert prompted by a BBC commentator, and encouraged by an international audience. Far from being a nation of "cheery losers" Sir Cliff was joined by a phalanx of cheerful tennis players from around the world who entertained a Centre Court who might otherwise have gone home just wet and miserable.

Don't put Cliff down just because he responded in a friendly way having been put on the spot. I bet you would have enjoyed putting him down more if he had refused to sing, and then you could have written an even longer editorial about prissy, ageing buttock-clenching rock stars. COLIN BRENNAN Sevenoaks, Kent

Sir: While your staff may cringe at the sight and sound of Sir Cliff, he has

maintained his popularity with the general public for more than three decades. Surely he should be admired for his continuing talent, stamens, and business acumen, along with his dedication to charitable works - the latter being, I believe, the reason for his knighthood, rather than his services to the music industry.

There is nothing naif about a man who has visited some of the poorest places on earth: encouraging medics to battle against malnutrition and disease in Bangladesh, sitting at the bedside of patients dying from Aids in Uganda, trekking through Kenya with Masai warriors, and bringing hope to thousands of impoverished children in Haiti. Allow him a moment of informal fun now and again, please.

SHIRLEY COLLINS  
Teddington, Middlesex

Sir: Yes it was naif. And it cheered up hundreds of miserable people at

Wimbledon, and thousands watching on TV (except for a few Scrooges - clutching their buttocks apparently - in their Canary Wharf bunker).

I belong to that small group of people who wouldn't go to a Cliff Richard concert if you paid them; but anyone who can conjure sunshine out of a rainy day on Centre Court deserves a knighthood.

JANET FOX  
Birmingham

Sir: Your paper collectively cringes and

## the saturday story

## Has Diana been diddled?

By Glenda Cooper

If it was the wedding of the decade, it's the Divorce of the century. The nation breathed a sigh of relief on Thursday night, hoping we would now be spared the everlasting saga of Charles and Camilla, Diana and Hewitt, Charles and Jonathan Dimbleby, Diana and Martin Bashir.

According to reports, the Princess of Wales has got an "extremely generous" offer of between £1.5m and £2m in a lump sum, £500,000 a year living expenses, her apartment in Kensington Palace, retention of the title Her Royal Highness and complete access to the children. It's not bad for a former nursery school assistant with not a single O-level and a former addiction to frilly collars.

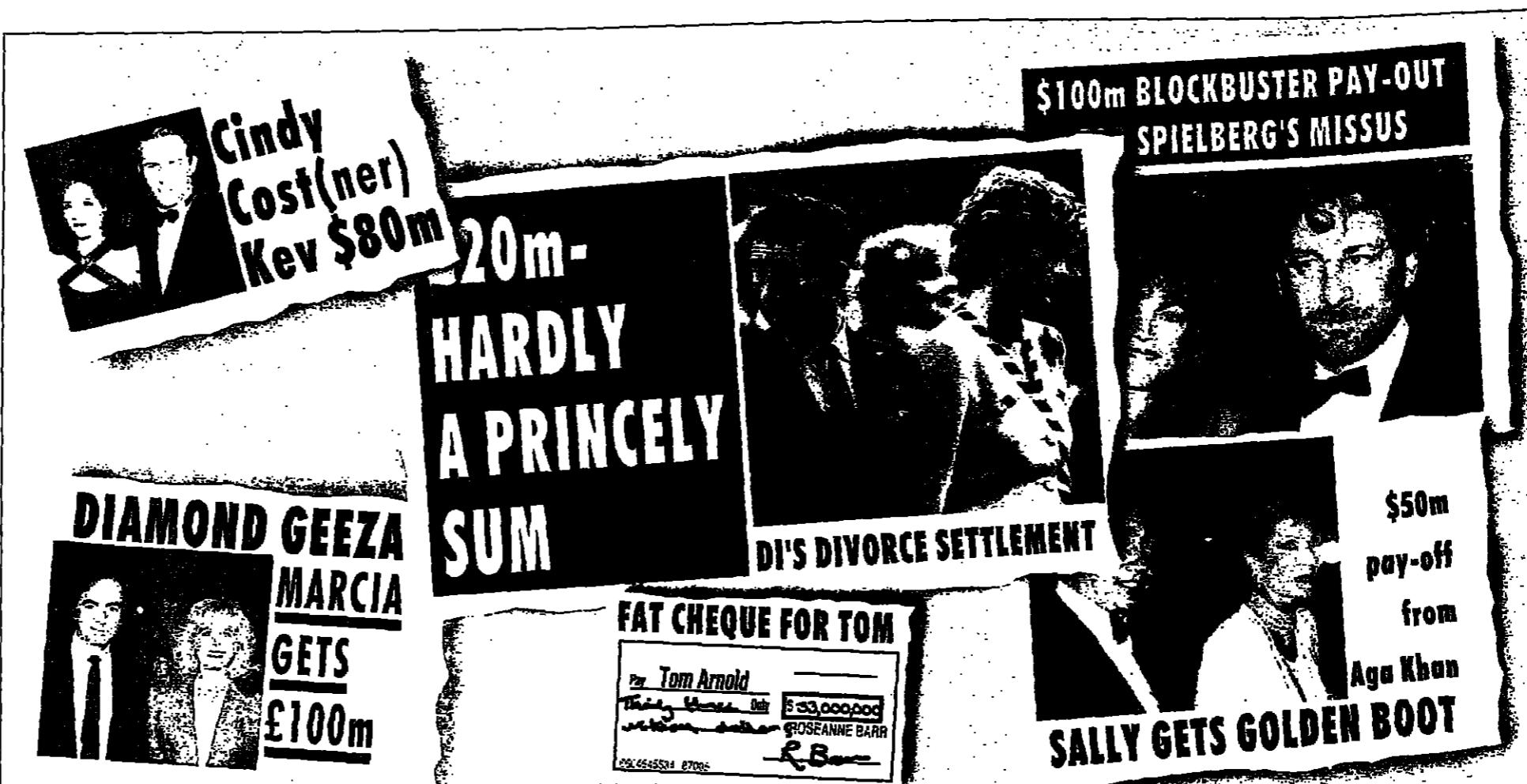
Good – but not that good. The Princess may have got 10 times the amount won by the Duchess of York, but it's still peanuts compared to the divorces of the super-rich.

As the Princess returns to counting her Catherine Walker dresses, she could ponder the fact that if she'd married Steven Spielberg, Adnan Khashoggi or the Aga Khan, she could have easily moved into the Ex-Wives' Club.

The problem for the princess is that, having married into the British Royal Family, she has to be divorced in the British courts, which have not been famed for their generosity when it comes to doling out the doosh to wives of multi-millionaires.

Consider the fate of poor Katina Dart, whose bid to up her divorce settlement was quashed this week by three judges, including Lord Justice Butler-Sloss. Married for 16 years to the US burger-box tycoon Robert Dart, she could have been awarded up to £200m of her husband's £900m fortune if she had been divorced in the US. Unfortunately for the former Mrs Dart, she and her husband moved to London in 1993. Shortly after, Mr Dart renounced his US citizenship and divorced Katina over here.

Mrs Dart claimed her lifestyle required an "absolute minimum of many, many, many tens of millions". The judges thought £8.8m and £3,000



The Princess may have got 10 times the amount won by the Duchess of York, but it's still peanuts compared to the divorces of the super-rich such as the Spielberg, the Khashoggi and the Aga Khan

maintenance was enough and ordered her to pay the £1.5m legal costs. Outside court, her solicitor Margaret Bennett said soberly: "This will mean a major cut in her lifestyle. She will have to give up her private jet will have to go."

A leading family barrister, Jeremy Roseblatt, explained: "The English courts are different – they look at need rather than entitlement. Everyone assumes they should get half their husband's assets but the court doesn't necessarily think so when it comes to the super-rich. With Katina Dart or Maya Flick, the judge thought their needs were met at £10m."

Nevertheless, perhaps the Princess of Wales has sold herself too cheaply. Two years ago, the Prince's sides let it become known that Diana's bill for "grooming" was costing Charles £3,000 per week or £160,000 a year. Add to that £12,000 on the gym and £8,000 on therapy and the figures mount up.

But her demands are pitiful when you compare them to those of Maya Flick, who was married to Friedrich Flick of the Mercedes car dynasty. Mrs Flick, a real pro, is currently appealing against her £9m divorce settlement (her husband is worth an estimated £200m) on the grounds that it was not enough to make ends meet.

Mr Justice Thorpe, the Fam-

ily Division judge who ordered the settlement, was sympathetic toward her. He had said it was wrong to decide the case on the basis that "if the wife could not manage at a rate of £250,000 yearly, she ought to be able to do so". Even he, however, was taken slightly aback at some of Ms Flick's necessities – £4,000 a year to keep a Labrador dog,

the late Jacqueline Onassis and you get the picture).

"I think she probably spends about the same amount as them. She spends an awful lot on alternative medicine where these other women might spend it on golf clubs or riding societies," added Ms Lewis. "I think there is a certain level where money loses its impor-

tant to take out a loan to finance his wife's settlement.

The Windsors' private wealth is still unclear. There is suggestion that the Prince has separate investments and bank deposits to the capital value of £40m, although his advisers dispute this. "We really still don't know what the Royal Family's wealth is," said Nigel Evans. "The Windsors' wealth is the last secret of the Royal Family."

Whatever it is, the final figure is unlikely to match the Arab tycoon Adnan Khashoggi's £5bn worth. His wife Soraya cashed in by clawing a £1.5bn slice back in 1982. The Begum Princess Salimah Aga Khan, former model Sally Croker Poole, won an estimated £50m from her husband and then went on to sell her jewellery collection for £17m – a sale which her former husband, the Aga Khan, failed to block.

The problem is that whatever Prince Charles is worth, he is unlikely to be as rich as some of the other husbands whom fifth-gear women have been able to pick up. His income from the Duchy of Cornwall is around £4m before tax and expenses, and he is said to have to go cap in hand to the Duchy's bankers

tance. It doesn't matter what you're spending, it's irrelevant. You know what they say – if you have to ask the price, you can't afford it. The Princess will buy a pair of designer shoes for £160 where we would say spend £40; she'll just say I want them. Money is no object."

The Princess of Wales could live more cheaply, of course she could," says Ewa Lewis, social editor of *Today*. "The point is she doesn't have to, so why should she?"

"I think you've got to forget about comparing her to other royals and compare her to other fifth-gear women." (Fifth gear-women are apparently married to multi-millionaires. Think Ivana Trump.

ever, she has made a fortune from her novels and her home-shopping business – something that Diana could not hope to emulate.

The Duchess of York has gone down the money-making route – modelling, chat shows, I can't see Princess Diana going that way," said Ewa Lewis.

"You can't have the Princess of Wales modelling for a little-known designer or the mother of the future king walking down the catwalk in God knows what. She has to keep a certain dignity."

Ms Lewis says the princess has never shown signs of wanting to earn money – "it would be out of character". So, if Diana wanted to gain a really big divorce settlement, she should have taken up with a show business star. Hollywood is the best place to go to for serious alimony.

Figures are speculative, but Kevin Costner's wife, Cindy, who was married a similar length of time as Diana, has been given \$80m. Sylvester Stallone has paid out \$30m to his first two wives and Clint Eastwood gave \$40m to his long-time companion Sondra Locke.

Until May, the real winner in showbiz alimony lottery however was Amy Irving. Steven

Spielberg's wife, who walked off with \$1.00m in 1988 after a four-year marriage. However, Neil Diamond has surpassed that, saying he had given his ex-wife Marcia £100m. "She deserves half my fortune," he said. "I wish her all the happiness \$150m can bring." No doubt Prince Charles is silently uttering the same sentiments.

Jeremy Roseblatt says the princess's settlement should not be undervalued: "If she'd been an ordinary 35-year-old woman, she'd have been expected to go out and get a job, she would have been seen as having a chance to start again and would have maybe been given money for the children." As it is, her millions will give her independence to start up her own charitable foundation (as Nigel Evans suggests) and keep up with the other fifth-gear women.

Happy single, the princess can date again, but she should take care if she wants to tie the knot again. It's not only men who are paying out high amounts to former spouses.

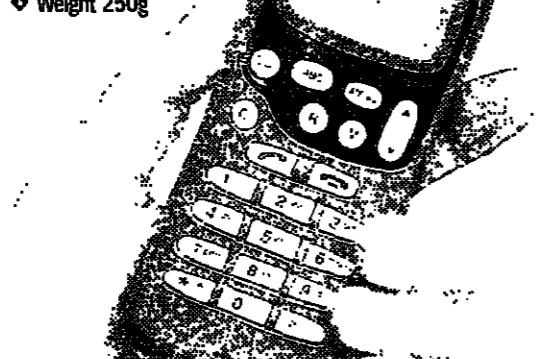
Larry Fortensky, nicknamed Elizabeth Taylor's "Cinderella", dismissed the £3,000-a-month "maintenance" she offered as "minuscule", saying: "Liz has to support me in the manner to which I have become accustomed". In her tempestuous 1988 divorce from one-time rock star Peter Holm, Joan Collins faced a bill of \$80,000-a-week living expenses from him. And Jane Seymour, the British actress, was ordered to pay her ex-husband David Flynn £2.5m and £7,000 a month in 1991.

But it is Roseanne Barr, the American comedienne who deserves the dollars that her ex-husband Tom Arnold got out of her as "millions, millions, millions, millions, millions and millions, the pig". Barr may have several regrets about the marriage but the largest must be the fact she failed to sign a pre-nuptial agreement which would have safeguarded her £66m fortune. Under California law, Mr Arnold may have got up to £3m.

So Diana, don't undo all your hard work. If you marry again, make sure he's rich, stay in England and for goodness sake make sure you sign a pre-nup.

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## Jo Brand's week

Nick Hornby is flavour of the month and his new book, *High Fidelity*, seems to be doing well. I read *Fever Pitch* and enjoyed it a lot, even though I wasn't one of the women for whom the revelations of football as an acceptable, even fashionable obsession came with the reading of that tome. I knew nothing about *High Fidelity* until a friend of mine and I, in a book shop the other day, chanced upon it and thought perhaps it should be read. The girl behind the counter, who was probably late teens or early twenties, told us two late thirties old hats that it was "brilliant", adding that she had learnt an unbelievable amount about how her boyfriend ticked. My friend asked if she was still with this bloke. "Oh no," she replied. So if your relationship's a big dodgy, best leave this book on the shelf for a bit.

Occasionally, little snippets of information from around the world in the news demonstrate that although we are now supposed to be a global village, we have a long way to go before our experience is pretty much the same. It seems a wolf, believed to be responsible for the killing of at least 18 children, has been shot dead in northern India. Myths have arisen about this wolf and it had been described by some villagers as a man-like beast who drove a van, looked like a pig and could fly. I have seen many such creatures driving very badly on the motorways of Britain.

Only difference, judging by the way they overtakes, is they think they can fly.

Andrew Lloyd Webber is very worried about the future of British musicals and has said that things look "parlous". When he's not taking tips from John Major on vocabulary, Sir Andrew is sitting in his counting house and gleefully counting his vast fortune. The future doesn't look parlous for him. I wouldn't have thought. However, if musicals, many of which are very popular, are going under, what hope is there for all the theatre that doesn't contain tunes you can hum? I'm sure if the Government really had its way, the only productions on offer in our theatres would be the big money-makers like *Cats*, *Les Misérables* and anything with Elaine Paige in it. Not exactly a broad spectrum, and the death knell of anything we could hum?

I am sometimes the little snapshots of people's lives, rather than the big impact they make on politics, which give you the best insights into the character and idiosyncrasies of powerful people. For example, Benjamin Netanyahu has just had a bit of domestic involving his children's nanny, who appears to have been unceremoniously dumped on the street following an altercation with



Mrs Netanyahu over some burnt soup. The nanny says that Mr N is unstable and prone to violent outbursts. Who is one to believe?

The third, ex-air hostess wife of a right-wing politician whose extreme views means he looks set to destroy the peace process in Israel, or a 21-year-old, employed for six months by the family with no problems. Difficult one. Perhaps a quick look across the Atlantic to compare and contrast with America's First Lady ... enough said.



Nice to see Cliff Richard keeping the spirits up at Wimbledon with a selection of his finest hits performed *a cappella*. As Sir Cliff commented himself, the British have an ability to take something horrible and turn it into something nice, as opposed to the Wimbledon experience itself which seems to work the other way round completely.

A gentle and rather old-fashioned sport appears to have been turned into an expensive, yet somehow cheap day out for people who are good at squealing. The only interesting players are the ones who have tantrums, but sadly they are also the feeblest so they never seem to get very far. As usual, everyone had a collective orgasm when they thought a British player would get across the court without falling over. Bring back Euro 96.

In these times when image means everything and one discovers facts like most people who voted for Ronald Reagan did so not because they agreed with his policies but because he looked like a nice bloke, it is so important to strike just the right note image-wise, which may have been the reason for Tony Blair to don a cardigan to the Labour Party. I'm in Cardiff at the moment and was asked this week to have my photo taken with the prospective candidate for Cardiff North Labour Party, the only Tory-held seat within a huge ring of burning cottages. I was in the middle of a long day and I looked knackered and scruffy as they wheeled the photographer on. My suggestion that it might do more good for Labour, if in this state, I had my photo taken with the Tory candidate, was ignored. Oh well, I did offer.



THE INDEPENDENT • Saturday 6 July 1996

BUSINESS NEWS DESK: tel 0171-293 2636 fax 0171-293 2098

## Jobs surge causes Wall St pandemonium

DAVID USBORNE  
New York  
and DIANE COYLE

There was pandemonium on Wall Street yesterday when share and bond prices plummeted after figures showing a surge in new jobs took US unemployment to a six-year low last month. Average hourly earnings jumped by 9 cents, the biggest monthly increase on record.

The latest evidence that the US economy is building up a

strong head of steam boosted President Bill Clinton's re-election campaign, but in the financial markets it raised the spectre of inflation. It means the Federal Reserve is almost certain to increase interest rates before the summer is out – some economists reckon before the next scheduled policy meeting on 30 August.

The White House wasted no time in making political hay, seizing on the news as evidence that its economic policies were work-

ing. In a hastily arranged appearance before television cameras, President Bill Clinton hailed the falling unemployment figures.

"We have the most solid American economy in a generation. And it's good news when Americans can have high job growth, strong investment and low inflation," he declared.

The Dow Jones share price index, more than 117 points lower at lunchtime, closed 113 down at 5,588.14. Bond yields shot up to

7.19 per cent, their highest level for more than a year. The shock came only two days after the Fed's policy-making Open Market Committee opted to leave US interest rates unchanged.

The upset sent shares in London lower too, with the FTSE 100 index closing more than 17 points lower at 3,743.2.

"This has spooked the markets," said Brian Fabbri at the investment bank Paribas in New York, speaking above the uproar on the trading floor.

David Shulman, chief economist at Salomon Brothers, was among those forecasting a significant correction in share prices. "Stocks are going to go down. My guess is that a 5 per cent dip is coming out of this right now."

In his statement, President Clinton looking to his race for re-election against Republican candidate Bob Dole, sought to extract the greatest political advantage from the data. Claiming that his administration had

created 10 million new American jobs, he said: "We promised to take these economic challenges head-on. Our critics said it wouldn't work. Today's news once again proved them wrong."

Many traders may have been in a lull after the Independence Day holiday on Thursday, when the American markets were closed. They were jolted awake, however, when the industrial average lost 86 points in the first 30 minutes of yesterday's half-day trading, triggering the

New York Stock Exchange's curbs on automatic trading.

Some on Wall Street cautioned against overreaction, however. Maria Fiorini Ramirez, president of the investment firm of the same name, said: "I think the economy is in a better balance than the market is pricing itself to."

The culprit behind the nosedive in US shares was a far bigger-than-expected increase in employment – the third such surprise this year. The number

of people employed on non-farm payrolls rose by 239,000 to 119.5 million, and April's and May's increases were revised up.

Manufacturing employment was down 7,000 during the month, but surged by 233,000 in services. The growth in jobs took the unemployment rate down to 5.3 per cent, lowest since June 1990. "Unemployment could drop to 5 per cent by the end of the year," J P Morgan said.

Comment, page 19

## Lyonnais accuses Sumitomo chiefs in copper scandal

NIC CICUTTI

Credit Lyonnais Rouse, the broking arm of the French state-owned bank, yesterday said that copper deals it entered into with Sumitomo Corporation were always fully authorised by senior officials inside the Japanese firm.

The French firm's statement yesterday made it the fourth company to turn the spotlight of the inquiry for the £1.2bn losses incurred by Sumitomo firmly on the Japanese firm itself.

Merrill Lynch, the giant US securities firm, Winchester Commodities of the UK and Global Minerals and Metals of New York have all said Mr Hamanaka was not acting alone but had the backing of his company.

Roy Leighton, chairman of Credit Lyonnais Rouse, said: "[We] are satisfied that all credit lines and contractual documentation were properly processed and authorised by officials designated by Sumitomo to have such powers.

"Such authorities were not held in the hands of Mr Hamanaka. Credit Lyonnais Rouse has consistently provided the London Metal Exchange and regulators with timely reports on client positions and other matters in accordance with their requests."

Mr Leighton indicated yesterday that Sumitomo had provided his firm with additional proof that those signing relevant documents on its behalf were properly authorised to do so.

It is understood that the names of those who approved Mr Hamanaka's trades, or who may have acted independently of him, have already been passed on to UK regulators, including the Securities and Futures Authority and the Securities and Investments Board.

All credit lines extended to Sumitomo were approved by Credit Lyonnais credit committees in London and Paris and followed internal procedures based on SFA requirements.

Mr Leighton's comments renewed speculation, which initially surfaced soon after the extent of Sumitomo's losses were revealed, of the extent to which executives within the firm knew and approved of the rogue trader Yasuo Hamanaka's activities.

Sumitomo has repeatedly claimed that while some of his book was known, Mr Hamanaka lost the bulk of his money on separate unauthorised activity, which he kept track of in a secret under-the-counter book.

However, Sumitomo's position was also rebutted yesterday by Ashley Levett and Charles Vincent, two Winchester Com-

modities traders, who dealt with the Japanese firm.

The two dealers, who retired from the businesses in the past few months and now live in Monaco, claimed in separate interviews yesterday that key trades they carried out were approved at Sumitomo board level. This included one of the biggest deals entered into by Sumitomo in 1993, codenamed Radr, involving the purchase of a million tonnes of copper over two years, worth up to £1.9bn.

Meanwhile, one influential copper trader yesterday claimed that Sumitomo still has a long position in copper totalling 1.5m tonnes and disposing of it could depress prices down to \$1,500 a tonne over the next 18 months.

Herbert Black, a Canadian dealer who co-owns American Iron & Metal, said the rate at which it was being disposed of should be speeded up. "I think they are holding at least a million and a half tonnes, and I think the Chinese are long an additional quarter of a million tonnes."

Mr Black said: "There should not be a backwardation at this time. I think the LME is opening the door to future lawsuits because Sumitomo has already acknowledged that they had fraudulent positions."

Comment, page 19



## Post Office blames rise in postage on Treasury

of the unprecedented cash demands put on the Post Office by the Government. We would much preferred to have maintained our price freeze for some time to come," he added.

He was speaking as the Post Office unveiled a fall in pre-tax profits for last year from £472m to £422m despite continuing healthy growth in letter volumes and the first operating profit

from its Parcelforce business.

The decline was mainly due to a drop in Royal Mail profits from £449m to £411m as it felt the effects of increasing competition from electronic communications, couriers and overseas postal operators.

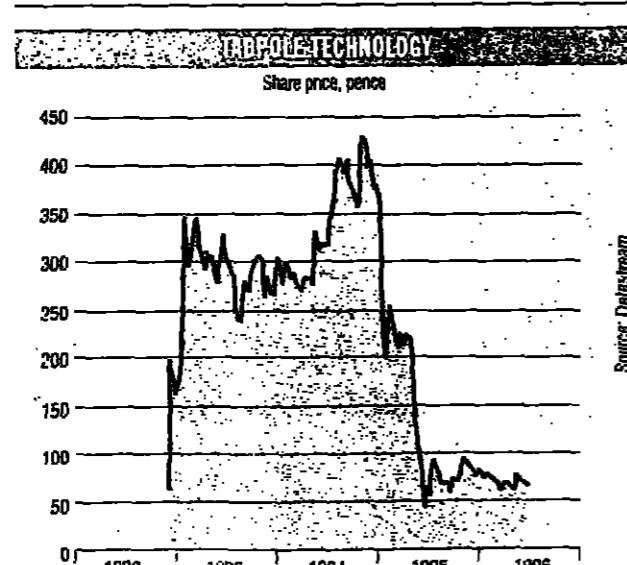
Sir Michael also ruled out privatisation of the Post Office this decade because of the likelihood that the Conservatives

would be out of office or surviving on too slender a majority to risk reviving the idea of selling the business off.

The increase in the cost of a first class stamp to 26p and second class postage to 20p will bring in £150m in a full year, helping the Post Office meet the more demanding cash targets set by the Treasury.

The Post Office is preparing for the imposition of tougher Government performance targets which will require it to cut Royal Mail costs by about £500m over the next three years.

Comment, page 19



## Grey quits Tadpole with £110,000 pay-off

MAGNUS GRIMOND

George Grey, the founder of troubled notebook computer maker Tadpole Technology, resigned yesterday as chief executive with a pay-off expected to be around £110,000. His departure comes just over a year after the ousting of Geoff Burr, head of Tadpole's US operations, who received £116,000 to ease his search for a new occupation.

Mr Grey has been replaced by the 50-year-old Bernard Hulme, veteran of British computer maker ICL and most recently in charge of the international busi-

ness of California-based Santa Cruz Operations, a leader in the US software market for the UNIX operating system.

News of the management changes pleased the stock market, which fell out of love with Tadpole after a series of profit warnings and mounting losses caused the share price to plunge last year. Tadpole's shares rose 3p to 61p yesterday, still some way off the 440p they hit in November 1994.

Mr Grey, who founded the company in 1984 and still owns around 2.9 per cent of the shares, came under pressure to resign last year after losses

mounted and the Stock Exchange ordered an investigation into dealings in the shares. He was paid £104,000, including his pension in 1995-96. His pay-off will be linked to his salary, although he will also receive around nine months' pay for the current year.

He was seen as the wrong man to carry the company forward, according to Robert Booth, finance director. "Tadpole has always been regarded as an amazing company. We have had a number of industry firsts for our technology, but we never had the sales and marketing expertise to market the

products." There had been no pressure from institutional shareholders. "We came to our own conclusion. It has been obvious for some time that our problems lay in the marketing area."

Recent difficulties were a symptom of the lack of strategic and market expertise", Mr Booth said, adding that Mr Hulme would fill that gap.

However, Mr Booth added that it was a great tribute to Mr Grey that he had taken the company so far, with annual turnover of nearly £25m.

The group was badly hit by IBM's decision last year to withdraw its notebook computer

designed by Tadpole and replace it with its own products. Mr Grey's departure comes just as the group was having some success in wrestling with its problems. Losses mounted from £1.29m to £9.55m last year, but interim results in May showed losses cut from £5.94m to £1.66m.

The group has said it will announce new business and products from a 1994 partnership with Digital Equipment of the US and expects to cut its losses in the second half. Brokers forecast a deficit for the year to September of £2.8m-£3.2m.

## Blowing the lid on what top managers actually do

ROGER TRAPP

Wall Street financier Stephen Roach's recent change of heart may have helped put "downsizing" out of fashion, but that does not mean organisations are going to stop getting smaller.

Indeed, management consultants Richard Koch and Ian Godden suggest that the process has a lot further to run. In their new book *Managing Without Management*, they say too many managers are taking up too much of the companies for which they supposedly work.

Going beyond the enthusiasm for such concepts as "delayering" and "empowerment", they argue that "management is now constraining the growth of large corporations and preventing them from taking the next strides in growth and shareholder value creation. It is taking an increasing share of the wealth, it is adding complexity to the decision-making processes and organisation structure and it is not devoting time and effort to the marketplace".

They stress that they do not really want to abolish management – just most managers. Do-

ing this requires dividing management into three categories: high-value, low-value and negative-value to customers. The latter should "definitely" be abolished, more because of what it does to an organisation's ability to serve customers than because of its cost". The others should be reallocated from management to "doing".

This is essentially what ABB – the Swedish-Swiss engineering group whose chief executive is famous for cutting 90 per cent of headquarters staff – has done. Personnel work, for in-

stance, is carried out by line managers rather than by a huge corporate department. Similar initiatives have been adopted by US rival General Electric. But Mr Koch and Mr Godden claim these two organisations are still too complex and too focused on internal issues as opposed to those of the customer.

Achieving a life without managers depends on other factors, though. In addition to simplicity, this personal and unconventional leadership is famous for cutting 90 per cent of headquarters staff – has done. Personnel work, for in-

## Somerfield gets a cool welcome

NIGEL COPE

Somerfield has received a lukewarm response from potential investors ahead of the publication of its results on Monday and a pathfinder prospectus later next week.

One analyst said the £500m float had only "an even money" chance of getting away while a leading City fund manager said the company's bankers were "becoming nervous" about its prospects. It is possible that the flotation would be pulled if the pricing fell below a certain level.

The adverse reaction follows admissions by the company that the new issues market has become more difficult in recent weeks. "There have been a lot of floatations and there is a bit of indigestion out there," one source close to the company said. One analyst said: "From what I hear, the institutions aren't that interested."

There have been a number of recent new issues which have been priced at the upper end of expectations and then proved a disappointment. One example is Jarvis Hotels which came to the market last month priced at 175p. Yesterday the shares closed at 172p.

Somerfield is the biggest non-privatised float of the year with 20 per cent of the shares being offered to private investors. David Simons and four other directors stand to receive a bonus of £5m as a result of the flotation, though Mr Simons has said he will invest the bulk of his entitlement in Somerfield shares.

City investors had been positive. Tony MacNair of Nat West Securities, which is broker to the issue, said that "more than half of institutions were favourably disposed towards the float with the obvious caveat of the price."

City doubts about the flotation coincided with rumours that the company's backers have prepared contingency plans should the float fail. This would see backers swap their debt for equity, followed by a rights issue that would raise around 250m which would be injected into Somerfield. The company said it had no knowledge of such a plan.

Somerfield, which was born out of the disastrous Isosceles buyout in the late 1980s, has struggled to throw off the dead weight of its past. It has been changing its stores to the Somerfield format, though a third of the chain still trade under the old Gateway name where sales are weak.

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STOCK MARKETS				INTEREST RATES				CURRENCIES			
FTSE 100	3743.20	-17.40	-0.5	3857.10	3639.50	4.06		£/D	2.41	2.39	178
FTSE 250	4367.20	-3.90	-0.1	4568.60	4015.30	3.42		£/Y	2.39	2.37	176
FTSE 350	1884.80	-7.20	-0.4	1945.40	1816.50	3.92		£/C	2.35	2.33	182
FT Small Cap	3189.10	-5.55	-0.1	2244.36	1954.06	2.98		£/F	2.31	2.29	182
FT All Share	1868.75	-6.72	-0.4	1924.17	1791.95	3.84		£/I	2.29	2.27	182
New York	5568.11	-114.88	-2.0	5778.00	5032.94	2.19		£/M	2.21	2.19	182
Tokyo	2233.42	-60.4									



## COMMENT

There were too few traders around for the half-day holiday session to make it the howler it might have been. But the bears could be out in force again come Monday, when the full complement of dealers return to their desks'.

## Cash is such a comfort when the Dow hiccups

Is this the big one? With Wall Street down over 100 points by the close of play London time yesterday, it certainly looked as if that long-expected correction in US equity markets might finally be under way. Once again, it was the monthly jobs report that threatens to burst the bubble in share prices.

In the event, the day's fall in the Dow Jones index turned out to be less dramatic than its 171-point drop following March's strong employment figure. There were too few traders around for the half-day holiday session to make it the howler it might have been. But the bears could be out in force again come Monday, when the full complement of dealers return to their desks.

Their case is a mighty strong one. The bond-to-equity yield ratio matched its 1987 pre-crash peak yesterday, levels of new issues have set a record this year thanks to hi-tech offerings, and the flow of new investment in mutual funds has been unsustainably high. Furthermore, yesterday's employment figures make clear that the US economy is accelerating rather than slowing, and that wage inflation is creeping up not falling back. Other forward-looking economic indicators have been delivering the same message. It is a racing certainty that US interest rates must begin to move up again from here on in.

If you think the reaction of shares bad enough, just look at bonds which have taken on the pallor of the terminally ill. The benchmark Treasury long-bond yield

returned to its May 1994 level. This is where the real danger for equities lies: the last time bonds were at this level, the Dow Jones index was more than 50 per cent lower than it is now. What that indicates is that equities have become seriously overvalued.

None of this necessarily means Wall Street is heading for a mini-crash, dragging London with it. Financially, the world is a more stable place than it was in February 1994 or October 1987. Inflation is lower, currencies have corrected their serious misalignment, and above all, the industrial countries have set their economic policies on a course of fiscal retrenchment and anti-inflationary rigour that will ultimately underpin the financial markets. None the less, being out of Wall Street is a much more comforting feeling than being in it right now.

### Sumitomo's role raises serious doubts

It is easy enough to dismiss the claims of a couple of recently established copper trading firms that Yasuo Hamanaka did not act alone, and that other senior people in Sumitomo knew more than they care to admit about what was going on.

They would say that, wouldn't they, because both Hampshire-based Winchester Commodities and Global Minerals and Metals of New York have a lot of explaining to do about their close relationship with

Mr Hamanaka. His business made the owners of these two recently established firms wealthy beyond a lottery winner's dreams in a very short space of time.

But the picture is transformed when the same claim about wider involvement by the Sumitomo hierarchy is made by the commodities subsidiary of one of the biggest banks in the world, Crédit Lyonnais. Furthermore, the statement by Crédit Lyonnais Rouse is only a more detailed version of what Merrill Lynch, another big name that must be listened to, said in a statement a fortnight ago.

Both have said that their dealings with

Sumitomo, which have been central to the events in the copper markets over recent years, were authorised not just by Mr Hamanaka but at senior levels in the Japanese company, and with all the paperwork completed and delivered in proper order.

This is a serious blow to Sumitomo's credibility. The affair has come full circle from the company's original claim that Mr Hamanaka was a Nick Leeson-like rogue trader to an overwhelming suspicion that Sumitomo knew far more than it has so far admitted. It may well be that Mr Hamanaka did indeed go off the rails and attempted to defraud the company, as his employers have alleged.

But the charge Sumitomo must fight to disprove is that during Mr Hamanaka's long career it also approved of and financed his regular attempts to corner the copper mar-

ket and manipulate prices. In the Barings case, the worst that could ultimately be said about Mr Leeson's superiors is that they were incompetent. They connived to give him as much finance as he needed for his reckless trades, but they didn't understand the risks he was taking, or that he was trading on their account. The verdict on the Sumitomo lot, once the regulators have done their work, could end up a good deal more serious.

### Posties lay a golden egg

A penny on postage may not quite cancel

out a penny off income tax, but one glance at the Post Office's latest figures shows why it has become too much of a cash cow to be sacrificed on the altar of privatisation. Sir Michael Heron, the organisation's chairman, has a couple of other good reasons why the Post Office won't be privatised this side of the millennium. The way he figures it either the Conservatives will be out of office shortly or they will be returned by such a slender majority that ministers won't be able to risk incurring the wrath of the Tory shires by risking the idea of Royal Mail privatisation.

There is, however, a more compelling case for keeping the business in the state sector and it lies in the quite staggering contribution the humble postie now makes to

the public finances. Over the next three years the Treasury will raise close on £1bn from payments made by the Post Office through the mechanism of the External Finance Limit. These sort of cash-book financial controls may make the blood boil around the Post Office. But since they are enough to finance half-a-penny off income tax or abolish inheritance tax altogether ministers are unlikely to want to alter things.

Do not be lulled into supposing that Post Office profits have peaked, just because they fell last year for the first time in six years. The fall is largely due to the decision to pump extra investment income back into the Royal Mail and take some asset write-downs in Parcelforce.

The 1p rise in postal prices being introduced on Monday will be enough to add £150m to the bottom line alone, while the Post Office is about to be saddled with even tighter efficiency targets by Government which should extract another £500m out of the Royal Mail's cost base over the next few years.

Faced with those sort of sums, why should any Government be in hurry to kill the goose that lays the golden egg? The Post Office learnt long ago not to expect too many favours from the present administration. Unfortunately for its executives, the Post Office may be an even more tempting target for Labour in its search for electorally pain-free ways of financing public spending pledges on health and education.

## Merrydown toasts Dogs' success with Rhubarb

## MAGNUS GRIMOND

Fresh from its success with Two Dogs, the alcoholic lemonade from Australia, the East Sussex cider maker Merrydown is launching alcoholic rhubarb on unsuspecting UK drinkers.

Rhubarb Rhubarb, named by Two Dogs inventor Duncan MacGillivray, is 5 per cent proof and revives memories of a generation ago when Merrydown sold its own rhubarb wine.

Merrydown is hoping the tip will repeat the success of Two Dogs, which it revealed yesterday had helped return it to the black last year after two years of losses.

The alcoholic lemonade, launched last August, has with its main rival, Bass's Hoopers Hooch, retained 90 per cent of a market estimated to be worth £150m at the end of last year despite the appearance of over 50 copycat products. Merrydown is now preparing to launch into 16 European countries.

Richard Purdey, Merrydown chairman, said yesterday that Two Dogs' contribution was "undeniably a very useful boost in accelerating our recovery", which saw losses of £2.7m turn into profits of £2.03m in the year to March. The figures were boosted by the absence of

£2.2m of exceptional charges taken the previous year, but underlying margins tripled to 7.6 per cent. A final dividend of 7.5p, raising the total to 4.5p for last year, compares with just 1p.

Demand for Two Dogs was spurred by last summer's hot

### Midlands brewers pay £7.5m for Mercury stake

Two Midlands brewers are paying £7.5m for a two-thirds stake in Mercury Taverns, a group formed specially to buy 111 pubs from Bass in 1993, writes Magnus Grimond. The price being received by NatWest Ventures and Murray Johnstone Values Mercury at £11.4m, which compares with the £2.5m that the Mercury management, backed by the venture capitalists, paid for the original business in 1993. Mercury is understood to remain highly geared.

The latest transaction, which will leave management with one-third of Mercury's equity, involves the formation of a 50:50 joint venture between Burton-on-Trent-based Marston, Thompson & Everard and Wolverhampton & Dudley breweries. The two

brewers will take on the beer supply agreements for Two Dogs' introduction was unlikely to be repeated. A new £500,000 advertising campaign is just starting in the UK.

The core cider business also did well out of last year's summer. Mr Purdey said volumes of the group's brands, including Merrydown Vintage and Merrydown Original, exceeded the 15 per cent growth recorded by the market. The group increased its market share from 3.7 per cent to 4 per cent and Mr Purdey reaffirmed his view that Merrydown would do well out of the industry's consolidation.

This had seen some brands disappear and more emphasis on brand-building by the remaining players, he said. Prices had recovered 15 to 20 per cent since hitting bottom in January 1995, when the recent price war amongst cider groups was at its height.

Mr Purdey said that Merrydown would reveal in September how it proposed to deal with the impending 50 per cent duty increase on stronger ciders over 7.5 per cent alcohol.

Merrydown's shares closed a penny higher on the news at 140p. They have more than doubled since touching a low of 67p in January 1995.

## Merger gives Harveys listing

## NIGEL COPE

Lord Harris, the Carpetright chairman and Conservative Party benefactor, secured his second stock market vehicle yesterday when the £80m merger between Harveys, the home furnishings chain, and Cantors, the furniture retailer, was confirmed.

The Harris family, which controlled a 43 per cent stake in the Harveys home furnishings chain, will see its stake in the new company reduced to just over 20 per cent, valuing it at £16m.

Sir Harry Solomon, the Harveys chairman will become chairman of the new company which will be re-named H&C Holdings. Lord Harris will sit as a non-executive director. Most of the stores will be re-branded as Harveys.

Sir Harry said: "The industry is very fragmented and provides us with a unique opportunity to be a major player. We had a number of options. We could have gone it alone or bought other companies. But his gives us a quotation."

a good deal and I'm very enthusiastic about it."

However, Cantors staff criticised the company for failing to keep workers informed.

As part of the deal, Cantors has announced a placing of an open offer to raise £8.3m to fund the costs of the merger and to provide working capital. The one-for-three placing and offer is priced at 165p.

The merger is on the basis of 883 Cantors shares for every 50 Harveys. This values each Harveys share at £29.14.

## Lloyd's capacity remains steady

## PETER RODGERS

Managing agents in the Lloyd's market expect insurance capacity to rise only marginally next year to £10.17bn from £9.99bn, Lloyd's said yesterday.

The tiny rise in the figures, released as the market prepares for Monday's start of the first of a groundbreaking series of capacity auctions, suggests agents are still cautious about the outlook for insurance rates. Capacity is a measure of the total amount of insurance premiums the market can accept in 1997.

The auctions will allow members to bid for capacity on the syndicates of their choice, turning membership into a tradeable commodity with a market price.

Paul Sandlands, managing director of Richmond Underwriting, said he expected much more interest in the auctions than the first time round last year, when the procedures were on trial.

He expected corporate investors in the market would show a "significant interest for the first time" and prices to rise. One advantage of the auctions

is that members can readjust their portfolios by buying and selling in the market. Some agents, including Mr Sandlands, believe that eventually the way to get in and out of the Lloyd's market will be at auction.

The first will be completed a few days ahead of the key meeting of Lloyd's members in the Royal Festival Hall on Monday 20 to approve the £5.1bn reconstruction and renewal plan on which the rescue of the market is based.

With hopes rising that the vast majority of members will vote in favour, Lloyd's also appears to be making headway in negotiations to remove the most serious obstacle to this rescue. This is the threat that the US

authorities will deem the plan to include the issue of a security, which would prevent the rescue going ahead in its present form in the US. Lloyd's said: "Hopes remain high that we can resolve this by the end of next week."

Lloyd's is expected next week to announce profits for 1993, the latest accounting year, of more than £1bn.

• Bardon bought El Gardner of the US for a total sum of \$25m (£16.16m). The company said \$10m was paid in cash on completion and \$15m is in a 12-month loan note. The book value of Gardner's net assets at 31 May was \$10.8m.

• Newman Tonks, the building materials group, sold its Norwegian hardware and locks unit for £16.45m to Swedish group ASSA Abloy. The company said the sale reduces the group's gearing, which reached over 80 per cent on the acquisition of NT Dor-O-Matic Inc in March, to around 50 per cent.

• Pearl Assurance said the Government approved its plan to reward shareholders with a huge payout from surplus life insurance funds, raising hopes that other British insurance companies could follow suit. Its owners, Australian Mutual Provident Society, will gain nearly £1bn, while Pearl's 2 million policyholders will receive 90 per cent of a special £350m bonus.

## IN BRIEF

• Redland told analysts trading volumes had recovered to near normal levels following a seasonally weak first quarter. Redland said the upturn, which began in April, continued into June "and is expected to continue in the second half of the year". German housing permits, a key lead indicator of demand for Redland's German sales, fell 3 per cent year-on-year in the four months to 30 April.

• Deutsche Babcock's shares slumped as much as 30 per cent to DM50 (£21) amid market rumours of a financial crisis at the German engineering group. It was the latest bout in a wave of speculation that has wiped almost 70 per cent off Babcock's share price since the beginning of the year.

• Ladbroke sold its long leasehold interest at 20 Farringdon Road in London, which is occupied by broker Merrill Lynch, for £67.3m to Capital & Income. The proceeds will be used to reduce debt and provide funds for reinvestment in its core leisure businesses.

• Minoro sold its interest in Liberty International, formerly TransAtlantic Holdings, to SBC Warburg and UBS, for £56.6m. Before the sale, Minoro held 4.7 per cent of the ordinary shares and 9.81 per cent of the preference shares.

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## 125,000 Sids chase British Energy



On the road: Robert Hawley has just returned from Japan

Private investors had submitted 125,000 applications for shares in the nuclear generator British Energy by last night, making the public offer about half-subscribed, writes Michael Harrison.

The number of applications is running above the level at the same stage in the flotation of Railtrack when 100,000 investors had signed up for shares with six days to go before the offer closed.

The Government's advisers on the British Energy sale estimate that about £250m worth of applications have so far been submitted by small investors compared with the £500m or so of shares being set aside.

They also deleted suggestions that institutional interest in the offer was proving weak in the US and Japan, saying bids for shares from US institutions had been delayed by Thursday's public holiday while the Ener-

gy roadshow, led by chief executive Robert Hawley, had only just returned from the Far East.

The public offer closes next Wednesday and, with share

shops having logged 1.7 million registrations, it is expected to be at least twice subscribed.

The institutional offer is already fully subscribed at 200p-230p a share valuing British Energy at around £1.5bn, the middle of the Government's £1.26bn-£1.96bn range. The final valuation could rise if institutional demand picks up before the international book-building exercise closes next Friday.

Some investors have been deterred by worries of falling electricity prices hampering British Energy's ability to pay dividends. But the early levels of public and institutional interest suggest that the offer has been priced sufficiently low to succeed.



## Recommended Increased

### Offer for

### Southern Water

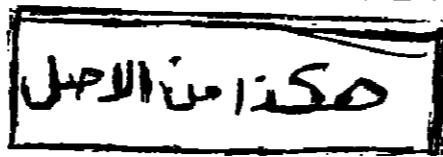
Post your Form of Acceptance to arrive by 1.00pm, Tuesday 16th July, 1996.



If you have not received your Form of Acceptance or have any queries please phone 0800 137 743

The Directors of ScottishPower are the persons responsible for the information contained in this message. Those Directors confirm that, to the best of their knowledge and belief, having taken all reasonable care to ensure that such is the case, the information contained in this message is in accordance with the facts and does not omit anything likely to affect the import of such information. The Directors of ScottishPower accept responsibility accordingly.

ScottishPower reserves the right to extend the Increased Offer.







## sport

# Armstrong joins the drop-outs

### Cycling

ROBIN NICHOLL

with the Tour de France

Demanding television schedules and cruel weather have made Tour de France life harder than usual, and yesterday the former world champion Lance Armstrong joined the list of drop-outs.

Armstrong who on Thursday came close to blows with the French rider Gérard Heulot yesterday threw in the towel after 75 kilometres. The Tour doctor, Gérard Porte said: "He is totally exhausted from his racing so far this year."

Armstrong was not alone. In all 14, including Wednesday's stage-winner Cyril Bougat, quit yesterday, and three others were eliminated for failing to beat the finishing deadline. That brought the list of missing in action to 31 in the first week.

For those that completed the stage the slippery roads again proved a test of nerve and agility. First home in Aix-les-Bains was a damp but happy Dutchman Michael Boogerd who escaped with a kilometre remaining for his first significant victory.

Laurent Jalabert, France's great hope to unseat Miguel Indurain, was third, but his fellow countryman Stéphane Heulot still has the yellow jersey.

Yesterday Heulot lost his team-mate Eddy Seigneur, which means more work for the remaining eight.

On Wednesday the Armstrong had been angry at Bougat's wild riding at the

Besançon finish, which brought down the American's teammate Laurent Madouas. It was a sign of the twitchiness existing among riders who have been tackling rain-slicked roads since the Dutch start at Den Bosch on Saturday. They have regularly fallen behind the schedule set by the organisers, by as much as an hour on three occasions.

"It is not easy with the rain and the strong headwinds," Heulot said. "It is not that we do not want to go faster. We just cannot. It is slippery and we have to be careful all the time, and it is making us nervous."

The Frenchman Richard Virenque enjoys the Alps. He has twice won the red polka dotted jersey of best climber, but he too is apprehensive with the first big climbs due today. "We could do with some sunshine," he said. "Some of us are sick already and if the weather continues like this we will get worse."

Today they face the 2,000 metres Col de la Madeleine and 1,968m Cormet de Roselend followed by the knock-out blow for many, the 14km of six per cent gradient to Les Arcs with the finish just over the 1,700m summit.

Because of late starts, to assist television programming, and late finishes, because of headwinds and a general anxiety to make it to Paris in just over two weeks, the organisers have tried to ease matters.

They started yesterday's 207 kilometres from Arc-et-Senans punctually, and the riders responded with a 40kph pace in

spite of rain, accompanied by thunder and lightning, that tested the resilience of riders, and spectators, alike.

John Hendershot heads the team that keeps Armstrong and his Motorola men supple for each day's racing. It has never been an easy life in the backroom tuning men and machines, and current schedules are squeezing everyone's downtime.

"In such circumstances riders do not have time to recover," he said. "They no longer eat together [good for team bonding], as some are getting massaged while others are eating."

Then there is the travelling between hotels and starts and finishes. The riders have to understand however that the sport needs television coverage, so sacrifices have to be made.

For some team workers their job will get easier as teams thin out, but that is already

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# Collins not ready to relinquish hard-won respect

Out of the shadows: Steve Collins is the favourite for tonight's WBO super-middleweight title fight against Nigel Benn

Photograph: Allsport

**Glyn Leach**  
on the long road to glory for Ireland's boxing hero

reliant on relentless pressure and chin strength. He doubts Benn can stand the pace. "I'm too strong. I've come too far to lose," he says. "I know from looking at him that I can beat him."

Benn has an unjested reputation for having bad stamina and a weak chin, but when threatened, as by the dangerous Americans from Barkley and Gerald McClellan, when Benn was hypnotised by Paul McKenna, he moves up a gear. Benn rises to challenges. He blames over-training for his loss of the World Boxing Council title to Sugar Boy Maina four months ago, but Benn always struggles against slick boxers like Maina and a full-frontal brawl with Collins might prove right up his street.

Collins has fought long and hard for this late success and intends to maintain his current status far beyond this evening.

Despite the heroics of his nine-year career, Benn is the slight underdog. Collins might be too strong and insistent for the twice former world champion in what may be the last big domestic fight of a golden era in British middleweight, and later super-middleweight boxing that began with Benn's loss to Michael Watson in May 1989.

From this series of high-quality show-downs, Eubank emerged

as top dog through two victories over Watson, a win and a draw against Benn.

While the British scene was unsuccessful in WBA and European title challenges during an 18-month alliance with Barney Eastwood. Then, when Collins attended the first Eubank-Watson fight at Earls Court in June 1991, he wondered why he had not just got on a ferry all those years ago.

British grass looked greener.

The champions were paid well

and looked beatable to a strong, tough fighter schooled in American gyms.

By summer of 1990, Collins had taken a part-time job as a barmen in Brockton, Massachusetts. Only months earlier he had challenged Mike

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Collins has developed

Eubank and Benn at Match-

room, but first targeted another stablemate, Chris Pyati, who held the WBO middleweight title. Making the fight was not easy, however, and Collins grew so frustrated during his first year in England that he vowed to quit boxing if 1994 did not bring a world title fight. He now had three children and an undercard fight's pay did not stretch far.

Now did Collins enjoy supporting roles: "Boxing to kill time on somebody else's big night, while the television stations were waiting to go live with the main event, in front of a couple of hundred disinterested people who couldn't wait until the fight was over." You can see his point.

Pyati was finally beaten in

five rounds in May 1994 and the door opened for Collins to crash the big time with his wins over Eubank, featuring the controversial assistance of Tony Quinn, hypnotherapist and former sex guru. Two further defences have been negotiated, with Quinn noticeably absent from Collins's corner, at least physically, last time out.

Collins has developed

ragged but highly effective style,

time in Jersey...

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#### Terms and conditions

1. To enter our Ferrari Prize Draw you need to collect 4 differently numbered tokens and complete an entry form.

2. The closing date for entries is 26 July

1996. Send to: The Independent/Ferrari Prize Draw, PO Box 204, Welwyn Garden City, Hertfordshire AL7 1TZ.

3. For missing tokens or an entry form, please send separate SAE's to: The Independent/Ferrari, Token Request or Entry Form, PO Box 92, Welwyn Garden City, Hertfordshire AL7 1BT. Only 4 tokens are available per application. Requests must be received by first post 19 July 1996.

4. Employees and agents of Newspaper Publishing Plc or those of any other national newspaper company or any firm connected with the promotion are not eligible to take part, neither are their relatives nor members of their families or households.

5. The winner must co-operate for publicity purposes if required and accept that his/her name and photograph will be published in the paper.

6. Photocopies of tokens not accepted.

7. The promoter reserves the right in their absolute discretion to disqualify any entry or competitor, nominee, or to add to, or waive any rules.

8. No correspondence will be entered into. Proof of postage will not be accepted as proof of receipt. The promoter will not take responsibility for entries lost or damaged in the post.

9. Readers may enter more than once, but only one entry can be entered per postal application.

10. The prize will be available to the winner for one month between August and December 1996.

11. The winner must be between 25-70 years of age, have held a full driving licence for a minimum of 2 years and have a satisfactory driving record.

12. The prize draw is open to residents of the UK and the Irish Republic. The prize will be as stated, with no cash alternative. The Editor's decision is final.

Promoter: Newspaper Publishing Plc, One Canada Square, London E14 5DL.

**TOKEN 1**  
**FERRARI**



## sport

# Di Matteo seals move to Chelsea

### Football

RUPERT METCALF  
AND ALAN NIXON

The flow of foreign imports into the Premiership shows no signs of slowing. Chelsea signed another Italian international yesterday, while Manchester United completed the signing of two Norwegians and Nottingham Forest put a member of Croatia's Euro '96 squad at the top of their shopping list.

Chelsea's player-manager, Ruud Gullit, has signed Roberto di Matteo from Lazio in a club-record £1.9m deal. The 26-year-old midfielder, a member of Italy's Euro '92 squad with 15 caps, has signed a four-year contract and will link up with compatriot Gianluca Vialli and the French defender Franck Leboeuf – another close-season signing – at Stamford Bridge.

"I am very happy to be here," Di Matteo said yesterday. "I think with Vialli here the team is very strong. I have had many battles with him in the past – and he won!"

Nikola Jerkan, the 31-year-old Croatian international defender who plays for the Spanish club, Real Oviedo, is due to arrive in Nottingham this weekend to discuss terms. A fee of £1m has reportedly been agreed. Forest also expect to complete the £1.5m signing of the Welsh international striker Dean Saunders from Galatasaray on Monday.

Manchester United have

signed the Norwegian international defender Ronny Johnsen from another Turkish club, Beşiktaş, for £1.2m on a five-year deal, while his international colleague, the striker Ole Gunnar Solskjær, moves from Molde for £1.5m.

Solskjær will stay with his Norwegian club until the end of their season next month. Paul Parker, the former England defender, is set to leave Old Trafford for Marseille. The French club, now financed by Adidas, are also keen on the Aberdeen defender, Gary Smith. Another Norwegian defender, Oldham Athletic's Gunnar Halle, is a target for Coventry City, who are prepared to pay £700,000 for the veteran full-back.

Manchester City are ready to conclude the £1.5m sale of the Northern Ireland midfielder, Steve Lomas, to Wimbledon and are set to spend £400,000 on the Dundee United utility player, Christian Daily, who has also attracted interest from Spain's Celta Vigo and Italy's Cagliari.

Leicester City continued their preparations for life back in the Premiership by signing the 21-year-old midfielder, Mustapha Izzet, from Chelsea for £500,000. He spent two months on loan at Fulbert Street late last season. Leicester are also keen on the Manchester United reserve goalkeeper, Tony Coton, but face competition from Sunderland.

After completing the £2.65m signing of the Huddersfield Town striker, Andy Booth, Shef-

field Wednesday paid £300,000 for the Rotherham United goalkeeper, Matt Clarke. Peter Shreeves, the former Tottenham manager, has also joined Wednesday as first-team coach.

Rangers have completed the £2.6m signing of the experienced Swedish international defender, Joachim Bjorklund, from the Italian club, Vicenza. Heart of Midlothian are the favourites to sign the freed Middlesbrough striker Paul Wilkinson, who is also a target for Norwich City, Portsmouth and Luton Town.

East Anglian rivals Ipswich Town and Norwich City are locked in a legal dispute over the former Tottenham midfielder, Ian Crook. Last month, the day before Mike Walker returned to Norwich as manager, Ipswich signed the 33-year-old on a free transfer after he had been released by the Canaries as a cost-cutting measure. Walker wants Crook back at Carrow Road as player-coach, and has been successful in lifting an injunction gained by Ipswich to stop Norwich talking fresh with the player.

Gary Megson, who was replaced by Walker at Norwich, is the new manager of Blackpool. He succeeds Sam Allardyce, sacked last month by Vicki Oyston after she took over from her jailed husband, Owen Oyston, in the chair at Bloomfield Road. Megson will work with the club's football director, Billy Bingham, the former Northern Ireland manager.

NOTTINGHAM (6.50) PAID SAYED 7.20 Juicy Thing 8.20 Tari-  
ian 8.50 Lady Dignity 9.20 Sylvestra

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## sport

THIRD TEST: Tendulkar fails two short of his highest Test score before English openers survive uncomfortable closing overs

# India grind their way to safety

DEREK PRINGLE

reports from Trent Bridge  
India 521; England 32-0

Long before the first ball was bowled in this match, people were predicting a draw. It is still the most likely result after a slow-moving day where the greatest excitement centred around the 50-1 odds Ladbrokes were offering against an England victory, at the start of play.

However, with the pitch still shorn of pace, India's gradual accumulation of 521 has at least ensured that, even for mung punters, that particular result will remain out of reach. In many ways, it was an old-fashioned sort of Test match day too: sedate, serene and, until the last session, watched by a full house, seemingly immune to rafish sing-songs and Mexican waves. Perhaps those gathered were anticipating a milestone first double century by Sachin Tendulkar.

If they were, their disappointment came just after lunch when the little maestro fell for 177, two short of his highest ever Test score, made against the West Indies in Nagpur in 1994. But if his departure set back India's plans of scoring rapidly in the hope of declaring before the close, England's bowlers deserved some credit for a much-improved performance that possessed both vitality and aggression.

Unfortunately for Cork, it tends to manifest itself in persistent and over-the-top lbw appeals. A good strong appeal

has always been considered essential in enquiring for lbws. However, Cork's doltish histrionics verge on caricature, and can subconsciously set umpires against him. Yesterday he had Tendulkar plumb in front. Happily for Cork, his skin-shedding appeal could not persuade umpire Kandiah Francis, and the batsman survived until after lunch when he skied a misjudged pull to Min Patel at mid-on.

The mistake, almost identical to the tired shot he got out at Edgbaston, gave Mark Ealham his maiden Test wicket. On this surface, the Kent seamer has looked fairly friendly, but he knuckled down to his task of making scoring difficult, and the two wickets he finished with were earned with sweat rather than guile.

His team-mate, Patel, was less fortunate, and he has found that bowling spin without the turn against batsmen brought up in the sub-continent is a hazardous occupation and one that, since the days of that other Kent spinner, Derek Underwood, has rarely been held by one person for any great length of time.

Even when he resorted to the negative tactic of bowling over the wicket into the rough, he could not stem the run flow, and, just to cap a trying day, the cautious Manjrekar, who took over three hours for his fifty, swept him for six.

But if it was Manjrekar who provided Patel with the blessed relief of a first Test wicket, it was his sharp catch at short leg that provided another failure with the bat for Mohammad Azharuddin. One that, irrespective of the result of this game, has surely hastened Tendulkar's call to command.

With Azharuddin and Manjrekar gone, only Rahul Dravid of the recognised batsmen remained. As at Lord's he played beautifully, his wrists squash racket shots still managing to pierce Atherton's defensive fields. Able supported by the tail, he was last out, flashing wildly at Ealham, just 16 short of a first Test century.

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Photograph: Peter Jay

## Trent Bridge scoreboard

India won toss	
INDIA - First Innings	
(Overnight: 287 for 2)	
S C Ganguly c Hussain b Mulally ..... 126	
(55 min, 26 runs, 17 fours, 2 sixes)	
S Tendulkar c Patel b Ealham ..... 177	
(458 min, 360 balls, 26 fours)	
S V Manjrekar c Hick b Patel ..... 53	
(217 min, 144 balls, 5 fours, 1 six)	
M Azharuddin c Patel b Lewis ..... 5	
(17 min, 11 balls)	
R S Dravid c Russell b Ealham ..... 84	
(119 min, 32 balls, 12 fours)	
A Kumble lbw b Mulally ..... 0	
(4 min, 6 balls)	
J Srinath c Cox b Lewis ..... 1	
(8 min, 9 balls)	
B V Prasad run out (Stewart) ..... 43	
(78 min, 32 balls, 1 wicket)	
L V Ravi not out ..... 1	
(9 min, 8 balls)	
Extras (6, lb2, w7, nb13) ..... 38	
Total (597 min, 187 overs) ..... 521	
Fall (cont): 3-288 (Ganguly), 4-377	
Tendulkar, 5-385 (Azharuddin), 6-446	
Manjrekar, 7-453 (Kumble), 8-453	
(Stewart, 9-513 (Prasad))	
India: Lewis 37-19-93 (nb), w13 (7-0-23-1, 5-1-150, 4-1-90, 4-2-440, 5-2-11, 0-2-140, 3-1-12-1, 7-2-10-1); Cork 32-6-124-1 (nb4) (8-2-27-1, 3-0-29-0, 6-2-14-0, 7-2-22-0, 9-0-80, 5-0-24-0; Lewis 40-125-84 (nb1, w13) (13-4-9, 8-2-22-0, 2-0-8-0, 7-2-24-0, 7-2-15-1, 5-3-50, 3-2-1, 2-0-16-0).	
Umpires: K T Pandit and G Sharp.	

## Woosnam suffers from surfeit of sand

### Golf

TIM GLOVER

reports from County Wicklow

They had already said the rough was too thick, the fairways were too narrow, the wind was too blowy and, for all we know, the grass was too green and the black stuff too bitter. Yesterday Ian Woosnam tossed a new complaint into the cauldron at Druids Glen: there is too much sand in the bunkers.

Woosnam shot one under par for the day and, at one under for the championship, he is hardly placed for a tilt at the Murphy's Irish Open—although to listen to him after the second round you would have thought he was consigned to spending the weekend with the mother-in-law or, even worse, Howard Clark.

"The course is not too bad," Woosnam said, "but the bunkers are shocking. There's too much sand. I keep telling the

places. I've only been to a players' meeting once but nobody on the tour seems to listen, so what's the point? Nothing ever happens."

The little Welshman, who won the Irish Open in 1989, spared a thought for what he described as the "poor caddies." He said: "They are having a terrible time trying to rake the bunkers." If his wife, Glyneth, was complaining for him the complaint might carry more weight. As it is, Woosnam has a young professional caddie, Philip Morley.

Alongside Woosnam at one under par is the Londoner, Ricky Wilson, who thinks Druids Glen is the sort of course the Tour should play on every week, had gone to the top of the leaderboard when play was halted.

Resuming at two under, Monty reeled off nine pars, birdied by three successive birdies. Bernhard Langer, who had a 67 in the first round despite the fact that he was critical of the way the course has

been set up, was in trouble at the 13th. His drive landed in the creek to the right of the fairway and, after taking a penalty drop, he laid up short of the lake. He escaped with a bogey five. However, Langer was in the water again at the short 17th and a double-bogey five there dropped him back to level par.

The bunkers were made even more troublesome yesterday afternoon by a downpour and play was suspended for half an hour because of thunder and lightning. Colin Montgomerie, who thinks Druids Glen is the sort of course the Tour should play on every week, had gone to the top of the leaderboard when play was halted.

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## Exiles embark on unique tour

### Sailing

STUART ALEXANDER  
reports from Dieppe

While the Tour de France has become a thoroughly international affair, the threat of an overseas winner in sailing's equivalent, the Maritime race, which starts from here today, is only just gathering momentum.

Caris Dickson, the 23-year-old former Irish amateur champion, remained on the leaderboard with a birdie on the 11th and an eagle three at the 16th. At that point Murphy, who received a sponsor's invitation to the championship, was four under par, a stroke behind Montgomerie.

After the first round the Dublin bookmaker, Sean Graham, cut Langer's odds to 9-4 and Monty's to 3-1. They had Murphy at 28-1, which did not seem at all generous, but the boy from Kilkenny may yet repay Murphy's with a suitably stout performance.

Scars. Sporting Digest, page 24

35ft Jeanneau 1 designs go down the Atlantic coast in daily stages to Aracachon, near Bordeaux. They are then trucked across to the Mediterranean and St Cyprien in French Catalonia, take a dive down to Spanish Catalonia, and make their way to the finish in Nice.

Each of the 15 ports stages an exhibition at the dockside, the shore crews and their trucks race in convoy from stop-over to stop-over. The tourist crowds enjoy it, the shops and restaurants profit from it. Would that Britain, or even just the South Coast of England, had the same, but there is rarely the will even if there is the finance among the local authorities.

"This is the only event where students and amateurs can start on the same line, with the same equipment, as the best in the world," said Bruno Trouble, organiser of this \$1.8m (£1.2m) opening trip in its 19th year.

"In sailing this is a unique concept because the village and

venue changes every night. But it helps to make sailing very popular in France for the public, and at the same time sharpens the whole of French offshore sailing. In 18 years, 14,000 have taken part, and even Bertrand Pacé, who has gone on to win at world level after being a product of the tour.

For Dickson, now the Whitbread co-skipper of his former America's Cup rival, Dennis Conner, the Tour is a challenging mix of short and long races, concentrated effort, and needless competition.

"It's some of the best fleet racing in the world," he said.

In the Swedish Match Cup, in Stockholm, Russell Coutts beat Chris Law 3-0 to face Peter Gilmour in one semi-final, with Jesper Bank and Bertrand Pacé in the other.

The Republic of China will line up against both the local Aberdeen Yacht Club and Australia 2000, America's Cup syndicate in the 1996 Corum Cup in Hong Kong this October.

# Why it is wrong to blame bowlers

JON CULLEY

This has been a summer of relatively instant gratification for the England sports fan, so much so that after the emotional roller-coasters of Wembley and Wimbledon the patience required in watching a test match, particularly when the opposition bats for the best part of two days, poses unfamiliar demands.

This has been reflected in the mood of the crowd at Trent Bridge, who sat through the first day almost in monastic silence and did not warm up yesterday until tea, by which time the number of wickets on the board reflected a degree of success even if the runs did not.

When the other side is substantially as India is, the nature of the critical English observer to blame becomes clear. Here, the likes of Manjrekar, Min Patel and Alan Mullally, debutant and two-overs, as well as the inebriated Chris Lewis, back of one of his unbroken partnerships, have been compelled to harsh judgement.

In fact, given the nature of the Nottingham pitch, properly prepared as a genuine Test match surface, and remembering the previous measures with which the English are threatening none let alone miles down the line, David Lloyd, the coach, might well be fully supportive.

He described the handwork of the groundsmen, Frank Dalling as "a Test match pitch as you would expect it to be."

And, even armed with Dalling's view that it would "not turn the mouth", he refused to accept that it was too good a surface.

He was happy enough with his bowlers' efforts in securing only two wickets on the first day, so the compliments he was handing out last night came as no surprise. Mullally, in particular, coped with the demands impressively, shouldering the burden of 40 overs without ever threatening to become ragged. And Ealham, who has his doubts, can be satisfied that no one got hold of him, as some feared would happen.

England cannot contemplate winning this Test, but provided that their batsmen do not make a hash of things the draw that will win the series looks safe, although the raucous factions who became emboldened after tea yesterday may not find much to excite them even if they stay until Tuesday.



July 11 1996

## Court circular

### The fastest men in SW19

The top-seeded players are rarely slow in coming forward but when it would seem that they are, then they are the fastest server in the game, said Morgan.

Even at Wimbledon tournaments race over who's the quickest and the best of the men and IBM do their level best to settle the rows with their Computer Court speedometer.

This year several men are vying for the title of the fastest and in SW19 and all reckon one of the others is the master-blaster of Wimbledon.

The fastest Centre Court server so far was by Japan's Shuzo Matsumoto who clocked 135 mph, just ahead of Mark Philippoussis and the Dutchman Richard Krajicek.

Philippoussis would seem to take the plaudits because of a second serve, only slightly

slower but he will have nothing to do with it.

Philippoussis, or Scud as he is known on the circuit, says the triple champion Pete Sampras stopped: "When he [Sampras] gets on a roll he feels he can go for any part of the line," said Philippoussis, who served 44 aces at Wimbledon.

Sampras, beaten in the quarter-finals this year, disfigures and brings the Croat Goran Ivanisevic into the argument. "You've got no chance when Goran gets it in," you just have to guess at certain points," Sampras said of Ivanisevic who shot down 115 aces at the championships, serving once at 127 mph.

Ask the 1991 winner, Michael Stich, and he can't tell the two men apart. "Goran and Pete are the most difficult to play off grass," Stich said.



The Centre Court yesterday offered a view that has been off limits this week. Photograph: David Ashdown

### Stich's service for charity

The 10th seed at Wimbledon, Michael Stich, only reached the fourth round this year but has been pouring a lot of his energy into promoting a charitable foundation which, he and his wife, Jessica Stockman, have founded.

The Michael Stich Stiftung Charity assists HIV-infected children. When Capital provided by Stich plus the proceeds of a tennis event at Mainz in Germany has made heartening progress, "We should be to share some of our good fortune with those that need it,"

Stich said.

Stich, a native of Germany, has been pouring a lot of his energy into promoting a charitable foundation which, he and his wife, Jessica Stockman, have founded.

Donations or gifts for the foundation should be sent to:

Michael Stich Stiftung, Ferdinand-Maria-Strasse, 31, 6000 Mainz, Germany. Phone/Fax 06191 17 54 11.

### Monday is 'people's day'

With a third week looming at Wimbledon, All England club officials have confirmed that tickets for Sunday will be valid until the changeover, which is whenever that is.

"If you have a ticket for Sunday it will be valid for subsequent days. They are not part of the rain cancellation scheme," said a club spokesman.

If Monday play is required

no decision over prices has been made but the club are trying to ensure that any unused tickets for the show will be offered to the general public. The last time Monday play was needed, in 1992, 7,798 turned up creating a "people's day".

The record for a third Monday at Wimbledon was set in 1982 when 16,257 came in through the gates.

**QUOTE OF THE DAY**

"I have nothing to lose... I will have to attack, see what happens and see if the luck is with me this time." Arantxa Sanchez Vicario

**STATISTICS OF THE DAY**

11 - number of unseeded men's Wimbledon champions.

44 - aces served by Tim Henman.

26 - minutes spent on court by Steffi Graf yesterday.

10 - percentage of Centre Court seats given over to corporate hospitality.

### TODAY'S WEATHER

Morning fine, then showers.

Maximum temperature 18°C.

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# SPORT

THIRD TEST: England face an uphill struggle at Trent Bridge

BOXING: Steve Collins prepares for another big pay day

26

22

WIMBLEDON 96: Frustration for men's semi-finals as rain delays a finish in one and a start in the other

## Graf keeps date with Sanchez Vicario

JOHN ROBERTS  
Tennis Correspondent

 It was not yet noon, and the sun was still teasing us. Steffi Graf had completed her overtime, a final set to defeat Kimiko Date, 6-2, 2-6, 6-3, and was ready to nurse her sinuses. Arantxa Sanchez Vicario had practised and was resting in preparation to renew her rivalry with Graf in the women's singles final today.

Meanwhile, the four men whose names almost escaped everyone en route to the semi-finals were wondering how long the weather would hold. Eleven days at Wimbledon had reinforced their faith in taking one match at a time, though not necessarily in the space of 24 hours.

Todd Martin, the last seed on the lawns, and his American compatriot MaliVai Washington were sent out to make the best of it. The Dutchman Richard Krajicek and Australia's Jason Stoltenberg, conquerors of Pete Sampras and Goran Ivanisevic respectively, waited and hoped.

Martin tried to push things along, winning the opening three games against Washington, but his nerves seemed to tighten when he served for the set at 5-3. Although broken at this stage, Martin regained the initiative and secured a lead, 7-5, but Washington had been sufficiently encouraged to make the running in the second set.

In common with his opponent, Washington experienced difficulty when it came to serving out the set. Martin saved the first of three set points at 4-5 with a cross-court forehand. On the second, Washington found the net with a forehand.

When Martin hit a forehand wide to leave a third set point hanging, a spectator shouted, "Come on, Washington!" "OK," Washington said, glancing up, and proceeded to terminate a brief rally with a smash for 6-4. Although Martin took a 4-1

lead in the third set, spectators anticipated a lapse. Sure enough, he was broken when serving for set at 5-3, a forehand clipping the net cord and drifting wide.

A confident crosscourt backhand created a set point for Martin in the next game, but Washington served it away with an ace, after which neither player had another opportunity before the shoot-out.

**Unseeded Men's Singles Finalists**

1990 Bill Tilden (US) (2) bt. Wilmer Allison (US) 6-3 9-7 6-4.  
1983 Vic Seixas (US) (2) bt. Kurt Nielsen (Den) 9-7 6-3 6-4.  
1985 Tony Trabert (US) (1) bt. Kurt Nielsen (Den) 6-3 7-5 6-1.  
1986 Alex Olegario (US) (1) bt. John Newcombe (Aus) 6-3 6-4.  
1986 Rod Laver (Aus) 6-3 6-2 6-1.  
1985 Mark McMillan (Aus) 6-2 6-2 6-1.  
1983 Chuck McKinley (US) (4) bt. Fred Stolle (Aus) 9-7 6-1 6-4.  
1987 John Newcombe (Aus) (3) bt. William Rung (Ger) 6-3 6-1 6-1.  
1983 John McEnroe (US) (2) bt. Chris Lewis (NZ) 6-2 6-2 6-2.  
1988 Boris Becker (W) bt. Kevin Curren (SA) 11-6 6-7 7-6 6-4.

By now, ominous clouds were gathering, and the rain first began to spit during the tie-break. Washington asked the umpire to request the crowd to be quiet during rallies – such as they were – but he was unable to caption on a 3-1 lead.

He did, however, vigorously fight off two more set points when serving at 3-6, and Mar-

tin subsequently double-faulted on a fourth opportunity. Composing himself, Martin immediately delivered an ace to create a fifth set point, and he converted this one with a powerful service return for 8-6.

Play was then suspended for the first time, for 35 minutes, after which Washington appeared to return to the court more eager. He pounced on his opponent's rare loose serves, and was the beneficiary of Martin's tendency to be tentative with his volleys.

A combination of these factors cost Martin the fourth set, 3-6, and enabled Washington to square the match. Having denied his opponent four game points at 3-2, Washington passed him with a forehand return off a second serve to give himself a break point. And when Martin again missed his first serve, Washington's return unnerved him into hitting a backhand volley over the baseline.

They had been playing for two hours and 43 minutes, and the result was still in the balance – 7-5, 4-6, 7-6, 3-6 – when further rain delayed the start of the final set. The All England Club again did its best to entertain the dampened Centre Court spectators – showtime with Sir Cliff Richard on Wednesday, an audience with Sir Peter Ustinov yesterday. Who next, Michael Fish?

More reports, results, page 27

### THE INDEPENDENT CROSSWORD

#### Lost for words?

Turn to the Franklin Bookman Dictionary and Thesaurus.

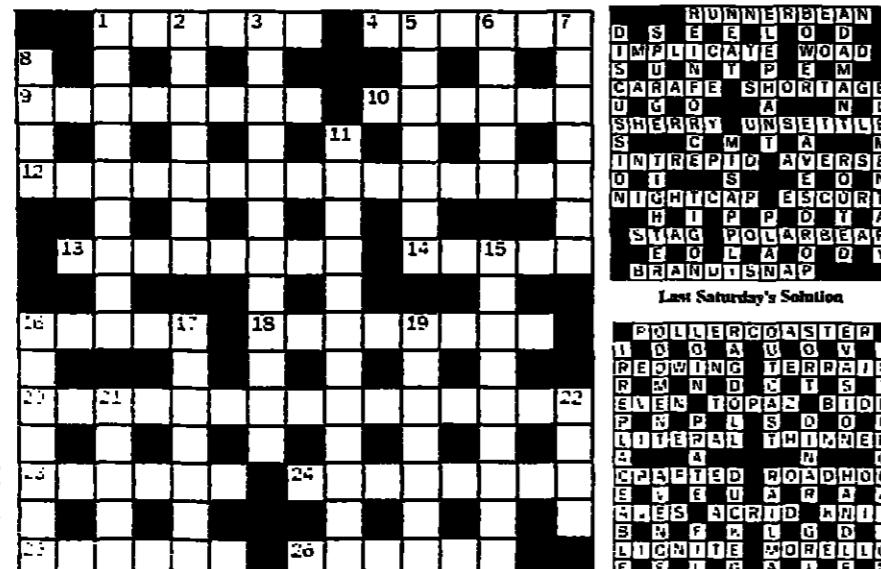
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By Phi

Friday's Solution



#### ACROSS

- Back in less than a minute! (5)
- Dog providing benefit (n)
- Giving power to reverse inflation in leather (8)
- Poss, a merit-based role as beneficiary of promise (6)
- Unprovable trigonometric proposition a series of emotional turns (8)
- Fine garment: It's headed! (5)
- English char moving back and in degre (5)
- Suspect left in part used for reflection (5)
- Wing found in single rope, part in chomps (2,2)
- Could it increase the effect of a blow on the nose? (4,5,6)

- Ideal place to find gold in one crev! On the contrary, quite the reverse! (6)
- An't he an upset resident of a capital cit? (6)
- City where the cream's a bit of (6)
- Theologian attending University supplying content of excellent quote (6)
- Fire armament: It's headed! (5)
- What's right for a theatre audience? (5)
- Police blocked by military officer (7)
- Cool coffee can served up includes drop of hooch – so it's not this! (5,9)
- Unexceptional culture of BBC return English to rant (5)
- Unpleasant row (4)

THE FRANKLIN SCRABBLE Mail order Friday's Scrabble: OBSERVER

Win a Franklin Bookman Dictionary and Thesaurus worth £100.

The first correct solution to this week's puzzle opened next Thursday win a Franklin Bookman Dictionary and Thesaurus worth £100. Answers and the winner's name will be published next Saturday. Send solutions to Saturday's crossword, P.O. Box 4018, The Independent, 1 Canada Square, Canary Wharf, London E14 5BL. Please use the box number and postcode and give your own postcode. Last week's winner was Alasdair Reid, Wexford.



Service with style: MaliVai Washington in action against Todd Martin yesterday

Photograph: David Ashdown

© Published by Newspaper Publishing PLC, 1 Canada Square, Canary Wharf, London E14 5DL, and printed at Martin Colour Print, St Albans Road, Watford

Back issues available from Histone Newspapers, 1980 906691.

Saturday 6 July 1986

Registered as a newspaper with the Post Office

THE INDEPENDENT  
SATURDAY 6 JULY 1986  
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